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NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1853.



ALBERT DURER.

A LBERT DURER is the acknowledged founder of the German school of art. His name illuminates the darkness in which his country had been shrouded, redeeming it from the barbarism to which it had long been consigned by the cultivated taste of other nations. In fact, by his bold and masterly genius, Germany at once stood forth before the world as the rival of her polished Southern neighbors.

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This great artist was born at Nuremberg on the 20th of May, 1471, twelve years before the birth of Luther, whose zealous disciple he became. He may, indeed, be immortalized as the first painter of Protestantism; for he not only lived during the exciting times of the Reformation, and bravely identified himself with the struggling cause, but the influence of its doctrines may be distinctly traced in

his works. He was also the friend and correspondent of Melancthon, whose portrait was engraved by him, as was also that of Erasmus.

The consummation of art, through the success of its great prince, Michael Angelo, may be said to have been the immediate occasion, under divine Providence, of the Reformation. It is well known that the immense sums required for the completion of St. Peter's church, at Romethat magnificent monument of this artist's genius-created the necessity for the sale of indulgences by Leo X. The poor Augustine monk, seated in his confessional at Wittenberg, was shocked beyond expression by the criminals who came to him with sins against every command of the decalogue, for which they manifested no repentance; and, instead of promises of amendment, they displayed their duly paid letters of indulgence. Luther boldly declared to his flock from the pulpit that "they would do much better to contribute for the love of God to the building of St. Peter than to buy indulgences for the purpose." This was the first rumbling of the thunders of the Reformation, which waxed louder and louder till the world was shaken by them.

In the earliest times religion was the parent, the creator of art. The artist arose from his worship or aroused himself from his eestatic visions, to embody on the canvas, or in the yielding marble, the divine forms which had manifested themselves to him. He was inspired also with the lofty destination which awaited his beautiful creations: they were to adorn magnificent temples; they were offerings to deities; they were to awaken in the multitude something of the same lofty emotion which had stirred his own soul.

Even after the introduction and corruption of Christianity, the painters, the "old masters," as they are termed par excellence, continued to be the high-priests to the simple and teachable minds surrounding them. The artist felt that his work was still the highest manifestation of his faith, revealed by his touch in the pictured saints, the withering demons, the virgin mother, and the Redeemer of mankind. The often illiterate ecclesiastic went forth among the rude rabble, bearing aloft the delicately carved crucifix, instead of eloquent persuasion; or the multitude were

drawn beneath the richly-colored domes of the churches, or they were invited to the shrines, where beamed the angelic beauty of the Madonna. Fanciful and grotesque as were many of these creations, like the crude creed which produced them, they were nevertheless powerful instrumentalities upon the plastic mind of those early times.

Albert Durer recognized in his art the same high mission; but his more northern and more vigorous mental character, with the stirring and reflective influences which surrounded him, gave to his handling of sacred subjects an entirely different style. His conception and management of whatever themes he undertook is peculiar and original. Scarcely any other artist is so easily recognized by even the inexperienced student; a singular blending of the real with the mysterious, the dreamy with the positive, is seen in all his works.

The father of Durer was a goldsmith of some celebrity, who had acquired his craft, then regarded as scarcely inferior to the fine arts, under some of the famous artisans of Bruges. His son's familiarity with his craft doubtless gave him much of the facility and delicacy of touch which he afterward displayed in his wonderful engravings. He must also have proved himself an expert workman in the precious metal; for in 1486, when he was but fifteen years of age, he had completed his apprenticeship with his father, who, although he bitterly regretted the loss of so much time, then placed him under the tutorship of a pious old painter, named Michael Wohlgemuth. In the quiet seclusion of his studio, which harmonized with the gentleness of his nature, the handsome young artist labored patiently and diligently, apparently unconscious of the remarkable powers which were one day to develop themselves, and give immortality to his name. His three years of apprenticeship with his Bible-reading old master having expired, the artist, then nineteen years of age, set out on his travels through Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy. We find from his journals that he was absent four years; but no incidents of his adventures are recorded. though the various scenes through which he passed must have greatly influenced his character and the growth of his genius. He returned in 1494, and the same year an event occurred which should have gilded his future with sunlight, but, on the contrary, it saddened the remainder of the gentle painter's life with melancholy. This was his marriage with Agnes Frey, a girl of uncommon beauty, as she is represented in the portraits painted by her husband.

It is said that the clear perception of the artist detected an expression of sullenness and irritability under this lovely exterior which filled him with misgivings; but he yielded to what he seems to have regarded as a decree of fate, and when his forebodings proved but too wellfounded, he patiently suffered the consequences of his mistake.

His own writings only mention that " Hans Frey negotiated with my father to give me his daughter in marriage, and with her a dowry of two hundred florins. Our nuptials were celebrated on the Monday before St. Margaret's day, 1494." Two such opposite natures could hardly live together in harmony without the intensest affection, which might have balanced their dissimilar qualities and made them of mutual service. The artist was but twenty-three when this unfortunate marriage took place. He was gentle, dreamy, inclined to melancholy, and perhaps also wanting in resolution and concentrativeness. His bride was active, energetic, imperious, and avaricious. She obtained complete control over the yielding husband, who sacrificed everything rather than have strife, of which he entertained the utmost horror. It is said that she often threatened him with chastisement unless he resumed his labors at her command, and she sometimes locked him in his studio for hours. A quaint old writer, in a sketch of the great painter, naively remarks :-

"I cannot tell whether those may be easily reconciled who say that Albert Durer was very ill married, and those who say when he drew the holy virgin he took his wife's face for the model."

Prince Anthony Ulric, of Brunswick, writes in a letter to a friend:—

"You see our Durer exposed to the same fate as Socrates, to the continual persecution of his wife, which did not hinder him from producing works that are yet the admiration of the Italians."

This would seem to give "confirmation strong" to the first assertion, though it does little toward "reconciling" the two. To his most intimate friend, Willibald

Pirckheimer, Durer gives wise counsel upon the news of his marriage—

"I hear that you have taken to yourself a wife; take care that she prove not also a master."

Durer's timidity of character is shown in the fact that his first plate was not given to the public till he was twenty-seven years of age. It represented the Three Graces bearing a globe on their heads, on which is inscribed 1497. It was marked with so much ease and spirit that some of the writers of the time have asserted that the design was copied from Israel von Meckenon, a somewhat celebrated engraver, who, as has been proved by the researches of later biographers, on the contrary, reproduced this, with many other etchings of Durer, though in a much inferior style. The success of his engravings very soon gave him an enviable notoriety, though it was also the cause of some vexation, through the fraudulent attempts of others to avail themselves of the results of his skill. The famous engraver Mark Antony, of Bologna, has been accused of copying the works of the new aspirant to public favor; but this is a mistake. It is undoubtedly true that his style was modified after seeing some of the etchings of Durer; probably those which accompanied his portrait to Raphael. It is pretty well authenticated that the knavish counterfeiter was another Mark Antony, surnamed Franci, from his having been a pupil to Francesco Francea. Some of the forged proofs having come into Durer's hands with his own name distinctly signed upon them, he crossed the Alps and commenced an action against him; and the offense would have been severely punished by the magistrates of Venice, but for the intercessions of the generous artist he had so meanly wronged, whose only demand was that he should be forbidden the use of his increasingly brilliant name.

Durer's first painting, as might have been predicted of so handsome an artist, was the portrait of himself. Notwithstanding his extreme modesty, he seems to have possessed a perfect appreciation and even enjoyment of his own remarkable beauty. He often speaks of it with his usual frankness in his letters to his friend Pirckheimer. Why should he not? Why should the artist, with his keen perception of the beautiful, be ungrateful or unmindful of the gifts bestowed upon himself?

He is described as possessing a commanding figure, and a body worthy of being the temple of so exquisite a mind. His features were remarkably regular, his eye bright, his hair abundant and glossy, and his nose aquiline; while the slender elegance of his neck, his expansive chest, sinewy limbs, and hands of exquisite delicacy, completed his personal attractions. This portrait was executed during the year following that of his "Three Graces." He represents himself before an open window with his hands at rest, the better to display their elegant proportions. He is dressed in a black and white striped tunic, a mantle is thrown over the shoulder, and his fine hair falls in long luxuriant curls, after the fashion of his time. This picture is still preserved in one of the galleries of Florence. Another picture of himself was painted for the "divine Raphael." It is described as having been drawn "on canvas without colors or touch of a pencil, only hightened with shadows and white." Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the great Italian expressed the warmest admiration for Durer's genius, and that the courtesy was acknowledged by the gift of his own portrait in return.

In 1506 we find Durer, whether with the consent of his Xantippe or not we cannot say, in Venice. His fame was now established, and, as with "lions" of later times, his repose paid the penalty of his notoriety. Quiet hours for his beloved art were only to be gained by the strictest concealment. His studio was thronged with the most distinguished noblemen and artists, happy to sun themselves in the light of his renown. He there made the acquaintance of Giovanni Bellini, whom he describes in one of his letters as "a good and pious man, insomuch that I have conceived a great affection for him."

While here he executed an altarpiece, which, as soon as it was conveyed to its destination, was visited and admired by the Doge and all the high functionaries of the city. Some painters unknown to fame attempted to disparage the barbarian, as they contemptuously styled the German who had created such a sensation in the home of Italian art; but the better judges, those of established reputation, acknowledged the genius of their foreign rival, and some even con-

fessed to an attempted imitation of his style,

Still later we find our artist retained at the court of Maximilian, emperor of Germany, where he was treated with the greatest consideration, his royal patron delighting in the most familiar intercourse with him, listening to his elegant conversation with undisguised interest, and displaying on every occasion high esteem for his character and talents. The armorial bearings which in after times were adopted by the various associations of painters, are said to have originated in the following manner. The emperor directed a nobleman to hold a ladder, in order that the artist might ascend more securely to a part of a large picture on which he was engaged. The haughty courtier refused the royal request, as derogatory to his birth and pretensions. The emperor immediately conferred on the artist letters of nobility, and a coat of arms consisting of three shields on a field of azure; thus making their claims equal in respect to dignity, though he assured the offending aristocrat that, while he was noble only by birth, the other, in addition to his newly-granted honors, was illustrious by a genius which no royal hand could confer. Charles the Fifth and his brother Ferdinand, of Bohemia, were also personal friends and admirers of the artist. Christian II., king of Denmark, entering Munich just before Durer's departure from the city, sent for him, requesting him to paint his portrait, for which he gave him generous remuneration. He also invited him to an entertainment graced by the presence of queens and princes. But, amid all these marks of royal favor, the painter's sensitive nature suffered acutely from his domestic griefs, and also from the envious intrigues of less favored art-Sometimes malicious plots were concocted by low-minded court-painters, who feared the loss of their position and emoluments.

During a visit to the Netherlands, about the fiftieth year of his age, he was received with almost regal honors; splendid banquets were given him by the artists of the different cities, and he was conducted from them to his lodgings by torch-light processions. But many anxieties were mixed with these triumphs. He painted six portraits in Brussels, for which he received no remuneration; and

of his residence in Antwerp he records:-

"I have here made many drawings and portraits, the majority of which have brought me nothing."

He is said to have been reduced to such extremity at this time that he was obliged to sell a copy of his picture of Charles V. for an English pocket-handkerchief. We are unable to say to what further necessity this protégé of royalty might have been brought, through the carelessness of his patrons or the malice of his enemies, had it not been for the kindness of a rich citizen, who loaned him one hundred florins. The debt thus incurred he was soon enabled to repay, through the munificence of his new patron, the king of Denmark.

These must have been trying times to the avaricious Agnes, whose fear of poverty was a continual source of terror. With increased years her ill-regulated temper became more intolerable; her constant demand was, What was to become of her should she be left a widow? The broken-spirited artist sank beneath these increasing anxieties, and the ill-health which they produced, into a melancholy frame of mind. In his saddest hours, however, he derived strength and consolation from the great truths which the Reformation had disclosed, and which had penetrated his soul. The last labor of his hand betrays the subject which absorbed his attention, and is worthy of his wellearned fame. It is a painting of the Apostles John, Peter, Mark, and Paul, known as the "Four Temperaments." The character of each is clearly and vigorously expressed. Beneath the pictures are painted appropriate texts from their writings. This work, which is preserved as one of the chief attractions of Munich, was intended by the artist for the town-hall of Nuremberg, his native city, as the last memorial of his attachment to the Lutheran faith. They were removed in 1627 by command of Maximilian, who ordered copies for their original destination.

Reason at last gave way beneath the troubles and infirmities which increased upon him; and on the 6th of April, 1528, Albert Durer closed his weary eyes for the last time on the scenes of earth. Thus died the great founder of the German school of art, at the age of fifty-seven, after a life of griefs and anxieties, which must have been felt

with the keenest intensity by his sensitive and poetic nature. The analysis of his character displays a rare combination of qualities, and excites the deepest interest. Imagination would seem to be his most distinguishing peculiarity; yet his education, and the subjects to which he devoted himself, indicate a taste for the real and the positive. Mathematics, architecture, even military science, engaged much of his attention. Sad and somewhat severe as is his style, his letters to his long and faithfully-attached friend, Willibald Pirckheimer, are frequently characterized by gayety and abandon; and from their uninterrupted intimacy, these are, perhaps, the truest pictures of his mental habits. His nature was eminently noble, and his gifted mind made itself recognized, even by those who met him with envy or prejudice; and these his gentleness and generosity seldom failed to disarm. His conversation is described as fascinating to all who came within the sound of his voiceso unassuming in its style, and yet so filled with high sentiments and profound knowledge. It is doubtless true that melancholy was the prevailing tone of his mind. One of his biographers asserts that his picture entitled "Melancholy" was the first expression of the sentiment in art, as even the word was then unknown in the German language; though Goethe, three centuries afterward, so minutely described this grief of gifted minds.

The picture is itself a poem, though it was perhaps necessary for a poet like Goethe to understand and interpret it to less keen perceptions. It represented a female figure sitting in a dejected position by the sea-shore, whose face, in the severe beauty of its outline, is said to resemble his vixenish "thorn in the flesh." She is enveloped in drapery of metallic folds. The geometrical and astronomical instruments, evidently just laid aside, show her dissatisfaction with these higher pursuits; while the closed book, the forsaken ladder, and the folded wings, indicate the baffled aspirations which have wearied her. Her beautiful head is supported by one hand, while the other listlessly holds a pair of compasses, which have traced circles emblematic of the endless existence in which her reflections are lost; a bunch of keys falls from her waist; the sun-dial, surmounted by a bell, hangs on the wall; the symbolical scales and hour-glass are

suspended near her. The sun is fast sinking into its ocean-bed, and a hideous bat, inscribed melancholia, already indicates the dreaded darkness which is settling over

her spirit.

Unlike most of the artists of his time, he excelled in every department of the beautiful which he undertook, and his labors were various and numerous. Notwithstanding the fancies in which he indulged his pencil, he was an accomplished mathematician. Besides his fame as a painter, he took high rank as an engraver and sculptor, and he is not without claims to credit as an author. He published a work containing "Instructions for Measuring with the Rule and Compass," with sixty-three copperplate engravings. Another on Fortifications, with nineteen plates from his own hand. But his most celebrated production in this department is his "Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body," in four books, which has been translated into many languages. In this, he argues that what are regarded as the deformities of nature are the result of harmonious arrangement-a theory since developed by other writers.

The MS. of a similar work, on the Proportions of the Horse, is said to have been stolen from him; and his biographer adds, that "though he knew very well who was the thief, he would rather suffer the loss and vexation in private, than swerve from his usual moderation and mildness, as he must have done if he had brought an action against the robber." A volume of letters, journals, and political essays was issued after his death, entitled "Relics of

Albert Durer."

The characteristics of his style in art were no less novel and peculiar than his mental nature. It was imbued with the mysticism of the German mind. Many of his pictures are complete poems; frequently they are mixtures of allegory and sublime conception—wild, spectral, full of imagery which awes the beholder. Even common objects and figures are invested with a mystery which occupies and sometimes harasses the mind. Many of them are embodiments of his dreams, one of which, in water-colors, now in a Vienna collection, is thus described in the inscription accompanying it from his own hand:—

"On Thursday night, the eve of the Pentecost, in the year 1525, I had this vision in my sleep. What torrents of water fell from the heavens! This water struck the earth about four miles from me with such force, such reverberation and noise, the whole country was flooded, and such a mortal dread seized me, that I awoke. I again fell asleep. Then the remainder of the water fell nearly as abundantly as before, some at a greater distance, some nearer. It seemed to fall from such a hight, that to my mind the descent occupied a long time. But as the flood approached nearer and nearer, the deluge became so rapid and resounding that fear seized me, and I again awoke. My whole body trembled, and it was long before I could recover myself; but in the morning, when I rose, I painted what I had seen. May God order all for the best!

"ALBERT DURER."

His works with the pencil and burin are so numerous, that the bare catalogue would swell the present article far beyond our limits. A brief allusion to some of the most remarkable must suffice. His painting of Adam and Eve was celebrated by a poet of his time, who represents an angel gazing on the pictured pair, and exclaiming, "You are handsomer than when I drove you out of the garden of Eden."

The influence of his warm and enduring friendship with Pirckheimer is seen in many of his pictures. The figure of the latter is frequently introduced, as in his "Martyrdom of the Christians," and in his painting of "the Virgin crowned by Angels." Among the persons bowed in worship around her is his friend; also his royal patron, the Emperor Maximilian. This work is now in possession of a convent in Prague. Another tribute of affection to his friend was given in the painting executed on the death of his wife, the amiable Crescentia-a perfect contrast in character to his own life-partner. The deathbed scene is touchingly represented: a kneeling priest repeats the prayers for the dying, while another administers extreme unction to the failing wife, who feebly holds a crucifix and an expiring taper. Words of consolation to the weeping husband are inscribed in golden letters above the picture.

Among his earliest and most remarkable works are a series of engravings illustrative of the Apocalyptic visions, sixteen in number. They are full of his mystical and sublime power. The eighth embodies some of the new religious ideas with which the world was then shaken. Beneath the flashing swords of the destroying angels have fallen the crowned emperor, the mitered bishop, the cowled

monk, and the hooded nun.

His oil paintings are not numerous. Seven of them are in the Belvidere palace, at Vienna, among which are portraits of his father, at sixty years of age; his revered old master, Michael Wohlgemuth, when he was eighty-two; and his own picture, dated 1500. Two pictures of the Virgin, and his famous representation of the Trinity, are also in this collection.

The gallery of Florence contains the Adoration of the Magi, the Apostles Philip and James, and two portraits, one of Durer and another of his father, which once belonged to the collection of Charles I., of

England.

His native city, Nuremberg, possesses Hercules fighting with the Harpies, and full-size figures of the Emperors Sigismund and Charlemagne. His picture of the Lord and Lady is an impressive one. A full-dressed cavalier accompanies his stately bride through pleasant fields and over flowery walks; but the figure of Death conceals itself behind a scathed tree, which they have just passed. His fleshless hands press the hour-glass, with its nearly-exhausted sands, to his brow, and the glaring eyes look greedily after the unconscious pair. His Death's Head, Death's Horse, and the War-Horse, are famous works in his peculiar style, which, as has been said, was too indistinct, too profuse-in short, too Germanic-to be recognized by all times and centuries as the perfection of art.

Many of his carvings on wood, stone,

and ivory, are preserved among the royal collections of his native country. Almost all the principal cities display with pride some medallion or altorelievo from the great master's hand.

A late writer gives the following description of the cemetery where his remains were placed, and beside which repose those of his devoted friend, Willibald Pirckheimer:—

"It is impossible to imagine a more gloomy place. Not one of those country graveyards, so full of nature's poetry; no weeping willows drooping their melancholy branches; no dark towering cypress mounting toward the skies; no flowers, green turf, or garlands, pious offerings from the living to the memory of the dead. The tombs, ranged in long rows, like the beds of the pa-

tients in a hospital, are merely flat stones laid over the graves. No railing incloses them, no cross surmounts them; their burying-place might be compared to a camp-bed set up for a night. Meanwhile, the lichen spreads it dusky stains, and the mass of rank verdure announces that oblivion is already beginning to swallow up the memory of those beloved beings to whom the epitaph promises eternal tears."

His tomb-stone is simply inscribed :-

Me. Al. Du.

QUIDQUID ALBERTI DURERI MORTALE FUIT
SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO

EMIGRAVIT VIII IDUS APRILIS MDXXVIII.

Our own Longfellow pays the following just tribute to the great German, in his beautiful poem entitled "Nuremberg:"—

"Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,

Lived and labored Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,

Like an emigrant he wander'd, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies;

Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

"Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,

That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;

But thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard."





THE TREASON OF ARNOLD.*

IFE has strange companionships. I Names that awaken most opposite sentiments are sometimes wonderfully linked in one inseparable history. The virtuous Abel is associated with the infamous Cain; Cæsar with Brutus; Aaron Burr with Alexander Hamilton; and the noble Andrè with the treacherous Arnold. Brief was the career of the former—but his end was glorious, even in its ignominy. Strangely diversified was the life of the traitor, and his sun set in darkness.

BENEDICT ARNOLD was born at Norwich, in the State of Connecticut, on the 3d of January, 1740. He was early apprenticed to the business of an apothecary, with some distant relatives in his native city. Here he manifested the most ungoverned passions, the most reckless cruelty, and the wildest daring. At sixteen, he enlisted in the army without the knowledge of his friends, who being greatly distressed, obtained his release, only to have him run away the second time. His mother was hurried to her grave by grief at his wicked conduct. Having served out his apprenticeship, he commenced business in New-Haven, first as a druggist, and afterward as a general merchant. His enterprise brought him success; but his want of principle, his impetuous passions, his spirit of revenge, and his disregard of public sentiment, multiplied him enemies. In March,

1775, he was chosen commander of a military company. Shortly afterward news of the battle of Lexington was received, and placing himself at the head of sixty volunteers, they violently equipped themselves from the public magazine, and set out for the north. Reaching Massachusetts, he proposed to surprise and capture Ticonderoga, a plan which had already been thought of in Connecticut. Being commissioned a colonel in the service of Massachusetts, and his plan approved, he hurried off to the scene of operations. True to his vile temper, he came in conflict with the company from Connecticut, and a dispute arose about the supreme command; but he was at last compelled to yield. He proved himself on all occasions a man of most intrepid bravery, but at the same time revealed elements of character that brought him in continual collision with those around him. His very presence seemed the signal for dissension. His unparalleled expedition through the wilderness to Quebec; his unvielding resistance on board the Congress galley; his heroic achievements at Ridgefield, or even his rash exploits at Behmis's Hights, can never be forgotten; but almost every scene is marred by a difficulty. At the last-named place, a difficulty with General Gates ran so high, that in his passion Arnold demanded a passport for himself and suite to General Washington, which Gates gladly granted. In less than three years, in fact, from his patriotic harangue on the Green at New-Haven, he had quarreled with most of his companions.

Some of the cuts in this article are altered, by permission, from those in "Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book"—a capital work, published by Harper & Brothers.

In his mad heroism at Behmis's Hights, on the 7th of October, which resulted in victory to the Americans and honor to himself, he received a wound in the leg, which fractured a bone, and laid him aside in Albany for the winter. Before the end of May he joined the army at Valley Forge; but such was the state of his wound, that he could not perform active service, and Washington appointed him to the command of the city of Philadelphia, just then evacuated by the British. The instructions to General Arnold were rather unlimited in their character-a great misfortune certainly, when the temper of the man is considered. His want of discretion brought him at once, as military governor of the city, into collision with the civil authorities of the colony. Under specious pretexts, he prohibited the removal, sale, and transfer, of all goods in the city; at the same time appointing agents of his own for this business, charging enormous profits, most of which found their way into his own private purse. His whole rule was one of extortion and oppression.

Fond of show, and proud of his station, he had located himself in a large mansion, once occupied by William Penn, and was living in most splendid and extravagant style. He drove a coach and four, kept a retinue of servants, and gave costly banquets. To do all this, his means were utterly inadequate, and his pecuniary embarrassments in consequence became very great. To relieve these he presented large claims to Congress for money alleged to have been spent in the public service in Canada; but these claims, much to his chagrin, were not allowed. He was incensed, and may have fancied it no more than just, to make reprisals on the public. Scarcely had he been a month in office, as commander of Philadelphia, before he proposed to Washington that he should be put in command of the navyhaving, as we doubt not, a distant vision of rich prizes and large personal gainsbut the commander-in-chief discouraged the thought, and it was abandoned.

Such was his conduct at Philadelphia, that, finally, the President and Council of Pennsylvania preferred against him charges of an abuse of power and criminality. These were brought before Congress, but finally referred to Washington for a military adjudication.

Arnold, in the mean

time, resigned his command; and being out of employment, was anxious to see his case disposed of. Even the necessary delays were to him most vexatious. Moreover, he continued to reside in the city, an object of detestation to the inhabitants, who, no longer fearing his power, did not conceal their feelings. He was openly assaulted in the street, and besought Congress in vain for a guard of twenty men. All this increased his wrath and disaffection to his country. These feelings were not at all diminished by the decision of the court-martial, by which he was convicted on two counts of the indictment, and sentenced to be reprimanded. In this he was greatly disappointed and mortified, and no doubt began almost to hate the cause for which he had fought and bled. He had even now conceived the thought that he might make the Americans repent of their illtreatment of himself.

Another important event had occurred, which tended to prepare the way still more effectually for his alienation from the cause of his country. He had recently been united in marriage to Miss Margaret Shippen, daughter of Edward Shippen, one of the tory residents of Philadelphia, who, a few months before, had welcomed the British troops, and fêted them on their entrance into the city. She was beautiful in person, of graceful manners, and rare accomplishments. Arnold loved her passionately-an affection, in truth, that seemed to survive every other noble feeling that had possessed his soul. This lady may not have been in any way the partner of his guilt, but the friendly disposition of her father's house to the British cause brought him into company with many British officers. His regard for them naturally increased in proportion to the decline of his sympathy with the "rebels."

Among the intimate friends of his wife This was a gallant was John Andrè. young soldier, not less pleasing in person or manners than the lady herself, for whom she would have been a far more worthy companion than for him who sought her hand with splendid equipage. He possessed a fine literary taste, coupled with a passionate fondness for the fine arts. Many sketches from both his pen and pencil still exist. While residing in London he became enamored of, and was betrothed to, a lady named Honora Sneyd; but the father of this lady forbidding the

union, life became to him a blank, and he forsook his business, hoping to drown the murmurings of his heart in the din and excitement of battle. He joined the army that came to America in 1775. His amiability, genius, education, and bravery, soon made him a general favorite; and, on a vacancy occurring, he was made adjutant-general.

With Andrè, Arnold's wife had kept up a correspondence, and Arnold thus found a way to communicate with General Clinton. At this early day his letters were, doubtless, of a treasonable character, but anonymous, and not so explicit as to forbid his acting as circumstances might determine.

Before proceeding to so fearful a step he paused, and sought relief from his pecuniary embarrassments in another way. About a month after his trial he renewed his petition to Congress for a settlement of his claims, but was so pertinacious and insolent in his manner-so quarrelsome to all, both friends and opponents, that the patience of his friends was exhausted, and his enemies were disgusted and provoked. Of relief from this quarter he despaired. He next unbosomed himself to M. de la Luzerne, the French minister. He complained of the ingratitude and injustice of his country, and intimated that it would be for the interest of the French king to attach himself to his interests. Luzerne refused the bribe, and seized the occasion to reason with the traitor, and, if possible, gain him back to duty. But he wanted money, not advice, and went away indignant. His case now seemed desperate. Soured with his friends, distressed for money, the future seemed very

In this state of mind, West Point suggested itself. He knew this post and its dependencies would be of almost priceless value to Sir Henry. It was the key to all that country. It would put under his control the navigable waters of the Hudson River, and in some degree facilitate intercourse with Canada. Its possession would, moreover, essentially interfere with the

communication of the Americans between the eastern and other colonies, and that in many respects no sum would be too great to pay for its surrender. Nothing seemed wanting but to get its command. He had always plead his wounds as a

reason why he could not enter active service: but these now began rapidly to heal. and his patriotism seemed to be newly aroused. He talked much and earnestly of liberty, and seemed eager to join his companions in arms. Finally he began to suggest to his friends in Congress and to those who had influence with Washington that, although he could not endure much riding on horseback, he might possibly take the command of West Point. At last he prevailed on Robert R. Livingston to write to the commander-in-chief on the subject, and Arnold managed to appear in the camp just after the letter had arrived. Under pretense of private business in Connecticut, he passed through the camp and paid his respects to Washington, saying nothing, however, on this subject. On his return from Connecticut he again visited the camp, and made the proposal to the Arnold joined the army just chief. as Washington was about crossing the Hudson in view of an attack upon New-York, and at once inquired if any post had been assigned him. The commander-inchief replied that he was to take command of the left wing, the post of honor. Arnold did not conceal his disappointment, and Washington, after a conference with him, seeing his heart set upon West Point, gave him the command of "that post and its dependencies in which all are included from Fishkill to King's Ferry." The commission is dated Peekskill, August 3,

Arnold promptly repaired to the Highlands, and established his head-quarters at the house of Colonel Beverly Robinson. His appointment to this station revealed to Sir Henry Clinton the importance of the propositions made to him, which hitherto he had regarded as of little value; for it had been clear to his mind from several considerations that his correspondent was no less a person than General Arnold. The correspondence had hitherto been solely by letter, in ambiguous style and with feigned hand, and on the part of Arnold with the signature of

im Anderson!

Sir Henry Clinton had employed Andrè in the correspondence, which, on their part, was in corresponding style and under the signature of

Justavus

It was now necessary to have a personal interview, and Arnold ·

insisted that Andrè should be sent to confer with him on the subject. As money was one of Arnold's chief objects, it was necessary to know what price would be paid for his honor. He accordingly writes, under the date of August 30, in the usual feigned style, closing thus:—"A speculation of this kind might be easily made with ready money."

The hint was understood, and Andrè was fully authorized on that subject.

Everything was now in readiness for the completion of the bargain.

Arnold's first plan was to receive Andrè within the lines, and even at his own headquarters, as a person devoted to the American interests, who had the means of procuring important intelligence. This was a safe ground; for secret agents had always been employed, and Arnold, with consummate address, on being appointed to West Point, had requested La Fayette to give him the names of all the spies employed by him in New-York, as his situation at West Point would enable him to hold more frequent intercourse with them. La Fayette refused, esteeming himself bound in honor to reveal the name of a spy to no one; but Arnold's real design was not understood until after his treachery. His plan for a meeting was communicated to Andrè, with information that, if he could make his way safely to the American outposts above White Plains, he would find no obstructions thereafter. This was not entirely agreeable to Andrè, who was not disposed to go within the American lines, or in any way incur the odious name of a spy. He therefore proposed a meeting at Dobbs's Ferry, which was neutral

Arnold, leaving his quarters on the 10th, went down the river in his barge to King's Ferry, and passed the night at the house of Joshua Hett Smith, about two and a half miles from the ferry on the road to Haverstraw. Early in the morning he proceeded toward Dobbs's Ferry, where Andrè and Colonel Robinson were in waiting. Being without a flag of truce he was fired upon by the British gun-boats

stationed in that part of the river, and, closely pursued, barely escaped to the opposite side of the river. He went down toward the ferry, and remained till evening, but no meeting took place. He now returned to his head-quarters at the Robinson house, and began to make arrangements for another interview. Knowing that Washington was about to proceed to Hartford to meet the newly-arrived French officers, and that, while his absence would favor the consummation of his plans, it was of the utmost importance that no movement should be made that could excite suspicion until after his departure. In two days Arnold wrote to Andrè in his commercial style, intimating that a person would meet him on the west side of Dobbs's Ferry, and conduct him to a place of safety where the interview could be had. Sir Henry Clinton, who was not less anxious than Arnold for the completion of the scheme, had sent Colonel Robinson up the river on board the Vulture, with orders to proceed as far as Teller's Point. As Arnold's head-quarters were in Robinson's confiscated mansion, the Colonel found a ready pretext for writing to him in reference to the restoration of his property. The letter was directed to General Putnam, but was inclosed in one to Arnold, requesting him to hand it to Putnam. This of course gave intimation that Robinson was on board the Vulture. These letters were sent by a flag to Verplanck's Point, where Arnold received and read them on the very day that Washington commenced his journey to Hartford, and only a few hours before the arrival of the chief on the opposite shore. The traitor mentioned the contents with all frankness to several officers, and, with seeming integrity, laid the whole matter before Washington, asking his advice. The chief disapproved of an interview with Robinson, and the traitor dared not risk it, but replied to Robinson, ingeniously adding as a postscript :-

"I expect General Washington to land here on Saturday next, and I will lay before him any matter you may wish to communicate."

Thus informing him of the time of the chief's return.

The letters of Arnold were given to Clinton, and the next morning Andrè proceeded to Dobbs's Ferry under positive instructions not to go within the American lines, change his dress, or in any other way act as a spy. It was thought Arnold



SMITH'S HOUSE.

would visit the Vulture, but his own plan was a different one, and less hazardous to himself. He went to Joshua Hett Smith, and, as Smith alleges, without disclosing his real intentions, engaged him to meet Andre, whom he represented as a person of consequence from New-York, with valuable intelligence from the enemy, and conduct him within the American lines, the interview, should it be protracted, to be at his house. In view of this Smith took his family to Fishkill on a visit, and returning stopped at Arnold's head-quarters for instructions. The General gave him a flag of truce, sent an order to Major Kieise at Stony Point to supply Smith with a boat, and directed Smith to visit the Vulture the following night, and bring the person he expected on shore. Smith failed in this at the appointed time, as Colquhon, one of his tenants, whom he relied upon as oarsman, refused to go. Colquhon was at once dispatched to Robinson House with a letter announcing the failure, which, by riding all night, he delivered at dawn. Early in the forenoon Arnold himself went down to Verplanck's Point, and thence to Smith's house. While here a letter was handed him from the captain of the Vulture, remonstrating against a violation of the rules of war by a party at Teller's Point. This letter, although signed by Sutherland, was in Andre's hand-writing, and was designed to inform the traitor that he was on board the Vulture. He now hastened preparations to send Smith to that vessel the ensuing night. ordered a boat to be sent to a certain place in Haverstraw Creek, and Colquhon and his brother, threatened with punishment by

Arnold if they continued to refuse, at last consented to go. It was near midnight when the three, with muffled oars, pushed off from the shore. The night was tranquil and serene; the stars shone brightly; the water was unruffled, except by the gentle current; silently the boat approached the Vulture, and was hailed by the sentinel on board. All on board the vessel but Andrè, Robinson, and Captain Sutherland, were ignorant of the plot, and the boat was ordered alongside with many coarse nautical epithets. The noise was heard below, and orders were at once sent that the gentleman should be shown into the cabin. Smith bore the following sealed letter from Arnold :-

"This will be delivered to you by Mr. Smith, who will conduct you to a place of safety. Neither Mr. Smith nor any other person shall be made acquainted with your proposals. If they (which I doubt not) are of such a nature that I can officially take notice of them, I shall do it with pleasure. I take it for granted that Colonel Robinson will not propose anything that is not for the interest of the United States as well as himself."

This was to guard against the consequences, should the letter fall into other hands.

Major Andrè was introduced to Smith as John Anderson, and they both descended into the boat, and were soon out into the stream. They landed at the foot of a great hill, called Long Clove Mountain, on the west side of the river, about six miles below Stony Point, where Arnold lay concealed in the bushes; and Smith, first having found him, conducted Andrè thither. They were left alone; and, for the first time, amid the gloom of night, Arnold's lips uttered words of treason. As morning approached, Smith crept into the bushes, and reminded the conspirators that the boat must depart from its present station before daylight. There was much yet to be done before the object of their meeting could be entirely effected. Smith and the boatmen were hence allowed to return up the river, and Andrè, mounting the servant's horse, accompanied Arnold to Smith's house. He was dressed in his uniform, but completely covered up in a long blue surtout. As they proceeded the voice of the sentinel, demanding the countersign, startled André, and awakened his fears; but it was too late to recede. They reached Smith's house just at daybreak, and at that moment heard a cannonade in the direction of the Vulture. Colonel Livingston, hearing that the vessel lay so near the shore, had opened a sharp fire from Teller's Point, which led the Vulture to hoist her anchors and drop down the river. Andre, who, from the upper chamber, could see the firing, watched it with anxious solicitude, but felt relieved when it had ceased.

During the morning everything was arranged. Arnold was to weaken the various posts under his command; a link from the great chain across the river, at Constitution Island, was to be removed and weakened, so that this should form no barrier to the passage of vessels; and the British troops, already embarked, under pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, were to be ready to move up the river at a moment's warning. supplied Andrè with the needful explanatory papers, which were put between his stockings and his feet, with instructions, in case of accident, to destroy them. All being completed, he gave Andrè the following pass :-

> "HEAD-QUARTERS, ROBINSON HOUSE,) " September 22, 1780.

"Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to White Plains, or below, if he choos he being on public business by my direction."

B. Annold Mfing

Arnold went up the river in his barge, believing his abominable scheme complete. Before he left he urged Smith to return Andrè to the Vulture as soon as it was dark. Andrè waited till evening, and then applied to Smith to take him back to the vessel; but Smith positively refused, offering to ride half the night with him on horseback, if he would take a land route. There was no alternative, and Andrè yielded to the force of circumstances. Contrary to Sir Henry's instructions, he had been prevailed upon by Arnold, in case he took a land route, of which something had been said, to exchange his military coat for a citizen's dress. Thus disrobed, a little before sunset, on the evening of the 22d, accompanied by Smith and a negro servant, they crossed King's Ferry, tion of the city, beyond a certain line in

and turned their faces toward the British camp. Smith was jocular, and assumed to be quite unconcerned, but Andrè was silent and reserved.

They met no special interruption until between eight and nine o'clock, when, about eight miles below Verplanck's Point, they were hailed by the sentinel of a patrolling party. Smith dismounted, and went through a most searching examination by Captain Boyd. Even his pass did not screen him from the curious and wondering inquiries of this officer. Andrè, in the mean time, was anxious almost to trembling. Smith answered and prevaricated as well as he could, stating that himself and Mr. Anderson were on their way to meet a person at White Plains, from whom they expected important intelligence, and that they must proceed as expeditiously as possible. Boyd now magnified the perils of their journey, to which Smith listened with open ears, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Andrè, resolved to tarry for Andrè spent a weary and the night. restless night at the house of Andreas Miller, and at the first dawn of light was up and prepared for his journey. Once more on his way, he became more cheerful and talkative, and they journeyed on till they came within two and a half miles of

Pine's Bridge, which marked the limit of the American territory. Here they partook of a frugal breakfast, at the house of a good Dutchwoman, and the company parted, leaving Andrè to pursue his journey alone over the neutral ground.

This was a territory of several miles between the two armies, occupied by neither. It was, however, infested with two species of banditti, known respectively as Cow Boys and Skinners. professed to adhere to the British, or lower party, and the second to the Americans, or upper party. Andrè, fearing the Skinners, and preferring to fall into the hands of the Cow Boys, who Boyd had said were most numerous on the Tarrytown road, after crossing the bridge took that di-

There was at this time a law of the State of New-York, which authorized any person to seize, and convert to his own use, all cattle or beef that should be driven or removed from the country, in the direc-



SCENE OF ANDRE'S CAPTURE.

Westchester county. It so happened that, on the morning that Andrè crossed Pine's Bridge, a party went out near Tarrytown to look for booty of this kind. Four of the party were detailed to watch the road from a hill above, and three of them, viz., Paulding, Van Wart, and David Williams, were to lie concealed in the bushes by the stream near the post-road. Such was the position of the parties when Andrè approached. The capture is best related, as given by Mr. Sparks, from the testimony of Paulding and Williams, at the trial of Smith:—

"Myself," said Paulding, "Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, were lying by the side of the road about half a mile above Tarrytown, and about fifteen miles above Kingsbridge, on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the 23d of September. We had lain there about an hour and a half, as near as I can recollect, and saw several persons we were acquainted with, whom we let pass. Presently, one of the young men who were with me said, 'There comes a gentleman-like looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him.' On that I got up, and presented my firelock at the breast of the person, and told him to stand, and then I asked him which way he was going. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I hope you belong to our party.' I asked him what party. He said, 'The Lower Party.' Upon that I told him I did. Then he said, 'I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute, and, to show that he was a British officer, he pulled out his watch. Upon which I told him to dismount. He then said, 'My God! I must do anything to get along,' and seemed to make a kind of laugh of it, and pulled out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to pass all guards to White Plains and below. Upon this he dismounted. Said he, 'Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the general's business;' and said he was going to Dobbis's Ferry to meet a person there and get intelligence for General Arnold. Upon that I told him I hoped he would not be offended; that we did not mean to take anything from him; and I told him there were many bad people on the road, and I did not know but perhaps he might be one,"

Paulding asked his name; he told him it was John Anderson, and produced General Arnold's pass, when he would have let him go, if he had not before called himself a British officer.

"We took him into the bushes," said Williams, "and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did; but, on searching him narrowly, we could not find any sort of writings. We told him to pull of his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about; but we got one boot off, and searched in that boot and could find nothing. But we found there were some papers in the bottom of his stocking next to his foot; on which we made him pull his stocking off, and found three papers wrapped up. Mr. Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his foot within his stocking.

"Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said 'Yes,' and told us he would direct them to any place, even if it was that very spot, so that we could get them. I asked him whether he would not give us more. He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr. Paulding answered, 'No; if you would give us ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step.' I then asked the person who had called himself John Anderson if he would not get away if it lay in his power, He answered, 'Yes I would,' I told him I did not intend he should. While taking him along, we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade. He begged us not to ask him questions, and said when he came to any commander he would reveal all.

"He was dressed in a blue over-coat, and a tight body-coat, that was of a kind of claret color, though a rather deeper red than claret. The button-holes were laced with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn over with the same kind of lace. He had on a round hat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches, with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots, and thread stockings."

The nearest military post was at North Castle, where Colonel Jameson was in command. To this place Andrè was taken by his captors. Jameson examined the papers, saw they were of the most danger-

ous character, and in the undisguised hand of Arnold, yet he strangely resolved to send Andrè at once to Arnold. He wrote to the General describing Andrè, the mode of his arrest, and the papers, and started him under escort for West Point. The papers were dispatched to General Washington. Major Tallmadge, who was absent at the time, on his return expressed his surprise at the strange course that had been pursued, and through his persuasion Andrè was brought back and sent for safe keeping to Colonel Sheldon's quarters, Lower Salem, which were further within the American lines. Considering escape hopeless, Andrè penned a letter to General Washington, which he handed open to Major Tallmadge, who read with amazement both its contents and the rank of his prisoner. It was noble in its style and language. We have room but for the following extract :-

"It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security. The person in your possession is Major John Andrè, adjutant

general to the British army.

1

"The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held, as confidential, (in the present instance,) with his excellency Sir Henry Clinton. To favor it, I agreed to meet, upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence. I came up in the Vulture man-of-war for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the ship to the beach. Being here. I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

" Against my stipulations, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and must imagine how much more must I have been affected by a refusal to reconduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New-York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus, as I have had the honor to relate, was I betrayed (being adjutant general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

"Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true on the honor of an officer and a gentleman. The request I have to make to your excellency, and I am conscious I address myself well, is, that in any rigor policy may dictate, a decency of conduct toward me may mark that, though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable, as no motive could

be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor."

With such skill had the whole plot been conducted that no suspicion of Arnold's fidelity had been aroused. When he had reached his head-quarters, after leaving Andrè, he conversed freely with his aids about the important information he expected from New-York, and even on the day that was to complete his scheme of guilt, he was as calm as usual.

Washington returned on the 24th, by an unexpected route to Fishkill, where he was detained over night by M. de la Luzerne on important business. Very early in the morning, however, he sent off his baggage, and at dawn was in his saddle anxious to reach Arnold's head-quarters for breakfast. When opposite West Point, Washington's horse was discovered to be turning into a narrow road that led toward the river. La Fayette said to him:—

"General, you are going in the wrong direction; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us, and that road will take us out of the way." Washington smilingly replied, "Ah, I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me; I must ride down and examine the redouts on this side of the river, and will be there in a short time."

With the exception of two aids-de-camp who rode on to explain the detention, the officers remained with the chief. The aids found the breakfast waiting, and with the family at once sat down to eat. Before they arose, a messenger came in with a letter for Arnold, which he opened and read in the presence of the company. It was Jameson's letter, and contained the first news of Andrè's capture. Agitated as he must have been with emotion, he yet concealed it. He informed the officers he must immediately leave on important business for West Point, wishing them to apologize to General Washington for his absence, and promised soon to return. Having ordered his horse, he immediately left the table and went up to Mrs. Arnold's chamber and sent for her. He hastily told her they must instantly part, perhaps forever, for another messenger might in a few moments arrive, which would lead to his arrest and certain death. struck, Mrs. Arnold swooned and fell senseless to the floor. Not daring to call for help, he left her in that state, his in-



ANDRE ARRESTED.

nocent babe but one year of age sleeping in the cradle. He sprang to his horse, made all speed for the river, by a steep path little used, and still called *Arnold's Path*. At Beverly Dock he entered a boat, and directed the six oarsmen to pull out into the middle of the stream. He quickened their activity by promises of



BEVERLY DOCK.

reward, and by saying he was in haste to board the Vulture with a flag, and return in time to meet General Washington. He ordered them to pull direct for that vessel. As they approached King's Ferry, Arnold held up a white handkerchief, which answered Colonel Livingston and the Vulture for a flag of truce. The boat reached the vessel in safety, and Arnold getting on board introduced himself to Captain Sutherland, and informed the

oarsmen they were prisoners. They indignantly asserted their freedom, seeing they had come on board under the protection of a flag. But Arnold was inexorable, and they were forced to remain. The captain, however, despising Arnold's baseness in this matter, set the coxswain on shore on his parole, and they were all subsequently released by Sir Henry Clinton.

Washington reached Robinson House soon after Arnold left; took a hasty breakfast, and concluded to proceed to West Point, and meet Arnold there. Hamilton remained behind, and all expected to return to dinner. No salute greeted the commander-in-chief as he approached the shore; and Colonel Lamb, on seeing him, expressed his surprise, and apologized for the neglect, saying, in answer to a question of the chief, that General Arnold had not been there for two days.

Washington was surprised, but proceeded to examine the works, and at about noon returned to Beverly Dock. While ascending from the river, Hamilton was seen approaching in a hurried and anxious manner, and whispering to the general, they both retired for a time. It seems that, during their absence, the dispatch from Colonel Jameson had arrived, and also Andrè's

letter, and that Hamilton had read them. There was now the clearest evidence of Arnold's guilt; and the first thing was, if possible, to intercept the traitor; but he had several hours' start, and all effort was vain. All necessary precautionary measures were at once taken.

Washington was calm. Ignorant of the extent of the treason, he kept his own counsel, except as he advised with La Fayette and Knox. Atdinner time he said, "Come, gentlemen, since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony." He had, however, been greatly affected by the sufferings of Mrs. Arnold, who, no doubt, had been up to this hour ignorant of her husband's guilt.

"She, for a considerable time," says Hamilton, in a vivid description of the scene, "entirely lost herself. The general went up to see her. She upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved; another, she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct."

Washington received during the day a most insolent letter from the traitor, written on board the Vulture, asking protection for his babe, and wife, whom he declared to be "as innocent as an angel." Then came also a letter from Beverly Robinson, in relation to Andrè, demanding his release—claiming that he went on shore under a flag of truce, and had a permit from General Arnold to return to New-York; but the chief could not be terrified or moved from duty.

Colonel Jameson received orders to send Andrè to the Robinson House, and although the orders arrived at midnight, and it was very dark, and raining fast, yet Andrè was aroused, and with a strong guard under Major Tallmadge, set off immediately. They arrived by the dawn, and rested for the day. At evening he was taken over to West Point, and on the morning of the 28th was conveyed under a strong escort of cavalry to Tappan. Of these journeys Tallmadge has left a minute account. On the way Andrè conversed freely, and seemed to be anxious to know how Washington would view his case, and absolutely propounded to Tallmadge that unpleasant question. He was

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PAULDING'S MONUMENT.

reminded of the case of Nathan Hale, an officer of scarcely less worth than Andre himself, who had recently been hung as a spy by the British. Andre replied, "But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike." Tallmadge replied, "Yes,



VAN WART'S MONUMENT.

precisely similar, and similar will be your fate." At this he seemed greatly troubled.

When Washington arrived at Tappan, he ordered a court of inquiry, consisting of fourteen general officers, of which Green was president. Andre made a plain, ingenuous statement of the facts in the case; acknowledged that he came ashore in the night without a flag, and left his case to the honor of the soldiers who composed the court. After a long and

o The patriots were duly rewarded by Congress for their faithfulness. Paulding's monument is at Peekskill, in the graveyard of an old wooden church, where his remains lie; it was erected by the corporation of the city of New-York. That of Van Wart is at Tarrytown, in the burying ground attached to the Presbyterian Church, and was erected by citizens of Westchester County in 1829. David Williams was buried with military honors at Livingstonville, Broome County, New-York.

careful consideration of the case, the Board reported :—

"That Major Andrè, adjutant-general of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death."

On the next day Washington approved their decision, as follows:—

"Head-Quarters, Sept. 30, 1780.

"The commander-in-chief approves of the opinion of the Board of general officers respecting Major Andre, and orders that the execution of Major Andre take place to-morrow, at five o'clock, P. M."

The youth and noble bearing of the prisoner made a deep impression upon the court, and their feelings would have prompted his release; but there could be no question of the equity of the verdict or sentence. There was, indeed, a general desire to save his life, both on the part of the British and Americans. The only mode possible to the Americans was to exchange him for Arnold, and hold the traitor responsible for all the acts of his victim. This was informally suggested to the British; but the high sense of honor which was characteristic of Sir Henry Clinton, could not allow it to be entertained. The British employed all possible efforts. Sir Henry wrote to General Washington, and a deputation was sent to confer with him. Arnold himself wrote a letter, which it was hoped might help the case, but really injured it. It was full of language most hypocritical and malignant-even threatening a terrible revenge if Andrè were executed, and charging Washington with torrents of blood that would flow in con-The letter could meet with sequence. only disgust and contempt; but had it been consistent with duty, the nobleness of Andrè, and his pitiable situation, would ·have obtained the elemency of Washington; but duty was plain, and he was unwavering.

Andre betrayed all this while no fear of death, but the manner exceedingly distressed him. When the sentence was communicated to him, he betrayed no emotion, only remarking, that since he was to die, there was yet a choice in the mode. He could not bear the thought of hanging as a spy—he was anxious to be shot, and thus die the death of a soldier—and for this privilege he earnestly besought Wash-

ington. But as the extent of the treachery was then unknown, and as it seemed necessary to do all that could be done to deter others from similar conduct, the request was denied. The various and protracted conferences on these matters made it necessary to postpone his execution to the following day. Andrè, in the mean time, procured his military suit, and calmly awaited the hour of his fate. On the last morning he sketched with a pen a likeness of himself, sitting by a table, the original of which is in the Trumbull gallery, Yale College: the likeness is good. On the second of October, 1780, at twelve o'clock, he suffered death at Tappan. The spot is now designated by a stone, about three feet in length, placed here a few years since by a citizen of New-York, on which is chiseled, "ANDRE, EXECUTED OCT. 2,



The scene was one of most affecting interest. Doctor Thacher, then a surgeon in the Continental army, has left us the following account:—

"Major Andre is no more among the living. I have just witnessed his exit. It was a tragical scene of the deepest interest. . . . principal guard-officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates, that when the hour of execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and, while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter his room in tears, he exclaimed, 'Leave me, until you can show your-self more manly.' His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and, having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guardofficers, 'I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you.' The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled. Almost all our general and field officers, excepting his excellency and his staff, were present on horseback. Melancholy and gloom

pervaded all ranks, and the scene was awfully affecting. I was so near, during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement, and to participate in every emotion the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major Andre walked from the stone house in which he had been confined between two of our subaltern officers, arm-in-arm. The eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fears of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment he displayed. He betraved no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward and made a pause. 'Why this emotion, sir?' said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said, 'I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode.' While waiting, and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation -placing his foot on a stone and rolling it over, and choking in his throat as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon, and at this moment he appeared to shrink; but, instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said, 'It will be but a momentary pang;' and, taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost marshal, with one, loosely pinioned his arms, and with the other the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks not only of his servant, but of the throng of spectators. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck, without the assistance of the awkward executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the handkerchief from his eyes, and said, 'I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended, and instantly expired. It proved, indeed, 'but a momentary pang.' He was dressed in his royal regimentals and boots. His remains, in the same dress, were placed in an ordinary coffin and interred at the foot of the gallows.

"Thus died, in the bloom of life, the accomplished Major Andrè, the pride of the royal army, and the valued friend of Sir Henry Clinton. In 1831, by command of the Duke of York, his remains were disinterred."

Every possible honor was paid to the memory of Andrè. His memory has been embalmed in verse by his friend Miss Seward, and his king has caused to be erected a beautiful monument to his honor in West-

minster Abbey. A pension was settled upon his family, and his brother received the honor of knighthood.

Arnold received, as the price of his treason, an office lower than his rank in the American army and about \$50,000. He lived to be loathed by all that knew him, and abhorred by himself. At the close of the war he went to England, where none but the necessary attentions were shown him, and insults were frequent. What his situation and feelings in after life must have been the following scene will tell:—

"Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand was about going, a beggar and a wanderer, to a strange land.

"'Is there an American staying at your house?' he asked the landlord of his hotel.

"The landlord hesitated a moment, and said:
"There is a gentleman up stairs, but whether an American or Englishman I cannot tell."
"He spinted the year and Telleryad who in

"He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who inlife was bishop, prince, and prime minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

"In the far corner of the dimly-lighted room sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression.

"Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a

"Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feeling and offices, pouring forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile! I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or hope. You are an American. Give me, I be seech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends.'

"The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast—his eyes looking still from behind his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward—his voice was full of meaning.

"'I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one, in all America?"

not a friend, not one, in all America?"
""Who are you?" he cried, as the strange
gentleman retreated toward the next room.
"Your name?"

""My name! —with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"My name is Benedict Arnold!" He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair gasping the words—"Arnold, the traitor!"

Arnold returned to England, and died in London on the 14th of June, 1801, aged sixty-one years.

o "On opening the grave, the moldering coffln was found about three feet below the surface. The roots of a peach-tree, which some sympathizing hand had planted at the head of his grave, had twined like a net-work around the young hero's skull."



JOHN O. CHOULES, D.D.

100 any one who has once cast his eyes on Dr. Choules, it will be no information to say that he is a remarkable man. He shows at once that he is a hearty, cheerful, and benevolent Englishman, thoroughly Americanized. With a head and brow not unlike those of Webster, he has an eye which, even through his spectacles, can pierce you through and through; and when he looks over his spectacles, evidently meaning to read your thoughts, he will make any rogue in the world tremble. He is just the man whose benevolent countenance invites a poor fellow-being to stop him in the street that he may tell his troubles; and he is, too, just the man to hear the whole tale, and then to study day and night to make the poor fellow happy; nor will he cease thinking till the object be accomplished. We could detail half a dozen cases within our own knowledge where he has taken poor lads who had not a friend on earth, educated and prepared them for life, and rejoiced in making them gentlemen. But we can scarcely give him credit for these kindnesses, for to him all this is perfectly natural; and in performing acts of kindness, especially those which can never be repaid, he only acts out the natural instincts of his heart. We never knew a man more devoid of self. He labors incessantly, but almost always for others; and will assuredly die without wealth, excepting the conscious feeling of having greatly served the Church and the world.

We have spoken of the Doctor as an Englishman. He was the son of pious Methodist parents who resided at Bristol. They were the personal friends of such men as Adam Clarke, Miles, Pawson, Bradburn, Reece, and other honored and kindred spirits, who have now passed away from earth. We need not say that the parents of John O. Choules were distinguished for piety; for at the houses of those who were not so, the good old-fashioned men of whom we have spoken would not have been frequent visitors. The early years of John were spent among the Christian people to whom his parents belonged; but by the time he had reached the age of twelve years, both those parents had "passed into the skies," and he became identified with the family of his maternal uncle, Henry Overton Wills, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Bristol, eminent for his active piety, and a manager of the Whitefield Tabernacle of that city. Of the paternal kindness of this guardian of his youth, we have heard the Doctor speak with tearful gratitude.

His uncle wisely determined to give him the best education which that noble

city could furnish, and placed him under the care of the Rev. Thomas Evans, master of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, a gentleman highly distinguished for his classical learning and fine taste. Afterward he was removed to Devizes, in Wiltshire, and placed under the superintendence of Richard Biggs, Esq., of a reputation at least equal to that of the Bristol It will be readily believed that the student would carry his natural ardor into his academic duties, for it has always been his leading characteristic, that what " he knew not he searched out." At this early period he became acquainted with John Harris, now "the eloquent orator," the distinguished divine, and the not less distinguished Principal of the celebrated Congregational College at St. John's Wood, London. Between them a warm and strongly attached friendship exists to this day.

For a short period John O. Choules endeavored to apply his energies to business, but could not draw his attention from books and from active benevolent efforts. Before he was eighteen he had become a Christian; and on September 9th, 1818, he united with the Baptist Church, Broadmead, in his native city, under the pastorate of the beloved and truly learned Dr. John Ryland. His new friends were at once impressed with the adaptation to usefulness which he so clearly manifested, and placed him, to pursue his studies introductory to the college course, under the late Rev. William Anderson, of Dunstable, Bedfordshire. This self-made man, though never popular as a preacher, possessed a mind of firm and comprehensive grasp, learning equally profound and clear, and a severity of criticism and of manners seldom met with. No man whose studies were directed by Mr. Anderson could rest on the surface of things; and we suspect that were Dr. Choules asked to tell the most important period of his youthful training, he would point to the straw-plait town of Dunstable, and to the study of William Anderson. With this gentleman he stayed some two years, preaching on the Sabbath in the neighboring pulpits of his own and other denominations with much acceptance.

He was now fully prepared for Bristol College, under the presidency of his venerated pastor, Dr. Ryland, of whom Dr. John Pye Smith used to bear a true witness when he described him as one of the

very first theologians of his day. We could, however, almost venture to say that, next to the profound lectures of the Doctor, Mr. Choules would derive most advantage from the "glorious library," as the students usually describe it; assuredly one of the finest collections of theological books in the world. Would that, in any denomination of Christians, we had such a library in the United States!

Toward the completion of his collegiate studies, Mr. Choules began to feel that, to a dissenting minister, especially to a young Baptist minister, little of a very inviting prospect could be presented in England, and with his usual promptitude he resolved on making the United States of America his residence for life. In 1824 he arrived at New-York, where he spent the following winter in occupying the pulpits of that city; and in the spring of 1825 became the principal of Red Hook Academy, in Dutchess County, in that State. Here he stayed but little more than two years, during which period, however, he acted on the minds of a large number of young men, not a few of whom have since become distinguished on the bench, in Congress, and in the pulpit. Here he began to acquire that public influence which has ever since been increasing, and which has never been used but for the advantage of society.

But it was not to be expected that our friend could long be hid, or that the Baptists would allow such a man to be buried, as the phrase runs, in a school. The ancient and honorable Second Baptist Church at Newport, in Rhode Island, formed so long ago as 1656, has always been distinguished for the piety, the learning, and the success of its pastors. One of these, the Rev. William Gammell, in the midst of a most eloquent and successful ministry, was suddenly called away by death, in the full vigor of forty-two, during the spring of 1827. The attention of the Church was almost immediately directed to Mr. Choules, as his successor. He was ordained its pastor September 27th in that year, the venerable Dr. Gano, of Providence, preaching the sermon. This large congregation was not only sustained, but greatly enlarged. God was pleased to give them under their new pastor a very blessed revival of religion; very large additions were made to their numbers and efficiency; and during six years Mr.

Choules occupied the position of its pastor with growing acceptance and success.

In 1833, the exceeding low state of his wife's health induced him to request his dismission from the pulpit at Newport, which was most reluctantly granted, and he became pastor of the Baptist Church at New-Bedford, Massachusetts. But the object of his removal was not realized. Mrs. C.'s health continued to fail, till death removed her from a scene of suffering to one of eternal rest.

At New-Bedford, as previously at Newport, the ministry of Mr. Choules was successful, and large accessions were made to his Church.

In 1835 Mr. Choules visited England, and in London a friendship with the present writer, which had previously begun by correspondence, became matured by much personal intercourse. Here he preached extensively; and from the pulpits of his now deceased friends Dr. Ryland, Abraham Booth, William Jay, and many others of the same class, he taught and preached apostolic doctrine. On not a few religious platforms was he seen, and was always heard with more than acceptance. In every class of society he became known, and received many proofs of cordial regard.

Not long after his return to New-Bedford, the family of Mrs. Choules (his second wife) determined on a removal to Michigan; and with the view of being nearer to them, Mr. Choules accepted a call to the First Baptist Church at Buffalo. Here he labored with great diligence, acceptance, and success; but it was soon discovered that his constitution would ill agree with the cold winds from the vast Lake of Erie. His health failed, bronchitis threatened entire cessation from pulpit labor, and after three years he was compelled to leave a station of great interest and importance. He removed to the city of New-York, where he supplied the Sixth-street Baptist Church for about two years, and in every possible way devoted himself to usefulness, both from the pulpit and the press.

In 1843, a number of wealthy Baptist families having erected residences on Jamaica Plains, one of the most lovely suburbs of Boston, they determined on building a church edifice, and invited Mr. Choules to settle with them, with a view of collecting a Church and society. He

acceded to their request, and one of the most beautiful church edifices in New-England soon added a fine ornament to the delightfully situated village. A prosperous Church was soon collected, and the commodious building crowded. Here he added to his usefulness and his income by receiving into his family, for mental and moral training, some five or six youths from wealthy families in New-York and elsewhere: and here, as we more than once visited him, we fondly hoped he was located for life. In all his settlements he had been happy, never once having any difficulty with his people, and certainly no prospect of difficulty ever presented itself at Jamaica Plains. Perhaps no pastor ever enjoyed greater happiness.

But who among us can say with any degree of confidence that a pastor is settled? The Church at Newport had never forgotten their beloved preacher, and more than one intimation was given him that he must return. In the early part of 1847 this Church was involved in great trouble: schism entered, division took place, and "the ways of Zion mourned because few were found in her solemn assemblies." In their state of distress, the few who were left turned their eyes to their old friend; and the public voice declared that Dr. Choules was the only man who could, under God, restore union and prosperity to the society. The Church of his first love recalled him, but the Church at Jamaica Plains answered with a decisive no. The call was renewed, and a committee sent on to urge its object with all the parties concerned. At length it was referred to a council, who after deliberation, to the great joy of the Church at Newport, advised his resumption of the pastorate there. On July 1st, 1847, he again became the pastor; the scattered elements of the Church and society began again to unite, and they have long since once more presented a very united and cheering aspect. At no period has its union been more complete than at present, and at no time have the additions been of a more gratifying character.

We should do great injustice to the subject of our sketch if we did not write a page as to his literary character. In 1826, the College at Princeton conferred on Mr. Choules the honorary degree of A. M.; and the College at Georgetown, Kentucky, followed it in 1846 with a diploma of D. D.

These were honors granted without solicitation, and which have been well sustained. We do not pretend to be acquainted with even half of the literary labors of the incessantly laborious Doctor; but we do know that his fine taste induces not a few authors to confide their MSS, to his careful, and often elaborate examination and We do know that for improvements. years past he has been the gratuitous editor of many magazines and papers. We remember, too, funeral sermons for General Harrison and Daniel Webster; a long historical sermon on the Church of which he is pastor; a series of lectures on Oliver Cromwell, carefully prepared and extensively delivered, which have done much to correct the public opinion as to that extraordinary man. We remember, also, two quarto volumes on the History of Missions, which first brought us in contact with him, and was one of the first publications to give him fame; he has also continued Hinton's History of America; and edited, with many curious and valuable notes, Neal's History of the Puritans, and Forster's Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England.

Dr. Choules continues to prepare young men for college or for business, and, if we are correctly informed, has now eight or nine such residing in his family. In 1851, with three of these youths, he took a tour in Europe, and on their return the tutor and his pupils published a joint production under the name of Young Americans Abroad, which volume, we understand, has had a large sale. We will add here that the Doctor has an excellent library, of which an account appeared last year in one of the popular New-York Magazines, with the title, Hours in a New-England Study.

It is tolerably certain that the readers of the National Magazine will not say either that Dr. Choules is an idle man, or that here is a sketch of him destitute of incident. Idle! His activity is incessant, and has sometimes extremely vexed us. We have more than once sat down with him, according to previous engagement, for a cozy hour about matters and things of a literary character, and have just entered on our inquiries, when we have been greeted, "Well, now, you really must excuse me, but pressing emergency calls me away;" mentioning some case of distress which must be relieved; or some

instance of a poor lad that must be provided for; or some poor widow to whom he has engaged to render a service; or some poor prisoner for whom he must obtain a pardon;—yes, we have been vexed with him, and could only be satisfied by the recollection that our loss was the gain of others.

We have spoken of Dr. Choules on the platform, and few men in this country have performed more labor of this kind, or with more acceptance, than he. But, after all, it is in the pulpit that he appears to the greatest advantage, especially to those who have heard him most frequently. He is never dull, never wordy; nor did we ever see any of his hearers asleep. He has formed his taste very much on the study of the old Puritan divines, combining with them much of the more logical thinking and condensed style of the best men of the present day. Accustomed in his youth to hear such preachers as Hall and Fuller, Bunting and Newton, Ryland and Parsons, his profiting by them appears to all. Though in age he has passed over half a century, he was never more attractive to young persons than at present; and it is tolerably certain that he will think and feel as a young man to the day of his removal from earth. May that day be far distant, and when it arrives may it bring holy triumph to himself! To his friends, and to a large portion of the community, it will be a season of no small grief.

GENIUS.—Genius is lord of the world. Men labor at the foundation of society; while the lonely lark, unseen and little prized, sits, hard by, in his nest on the earth, gathering strength to bear his song up to the sun. Slowly rise basement and monumental aisle, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower; and when the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold, and the fabric stands perfect and wondrous, up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wheel, to the pinnacle, and, standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, he pours out his celestial music till his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when the song is done, and, mounting thence, he soars away to fill his exhausted heart at the fountain of the sun, the dwellers in the towers below look up to the gilded spire and shout-not to the burnished shaft, but to the larklost from it in the sky .- Kidd's Journal.



THE TEST OF LOVE.

"THE sun will set in a few minutes, and we have still ten miles to go. At our present rate of movement, my dear Deslaurius, we shall never arrive."

The speaker was a fine young man, about twenty-five years old, mounted on a powerful horse, which he managed with ease. His companion, who appeared to be some ten years his senior, instead of quickening his pace, pulled up his steed.

"My dear Sénéchal," said he, in a tone of the utmost composure, "at what hour this morning did we start?"

" At seven."

"And 'tis now five. Trotting for ten hours together, with only a few minutes' respite, may suit an experienced horseman like you very well; but I frankly confess that it has tired me exceedingly."

"If trotting fatigues you, we can gallop."

"Much obliged, friend, for your kind offer."

"You do n't intend, I presume, to sleep under the canopy of heaven?"

"No, my dear fellow," replied Deslaurius, blowing on his numbed fingers; "but I see beyond the next turn of the road half

a dozen smoking chimneys, and already I fancy that the delicious odor of the country hodge-podge soup has reached my nostrils."

"What can that matter? You know that a more fitting repast awaits us at La Martinière.

"Know, friend Sénéchal, that truffled partridges, ten miles off, would not tempt me half so much as a smoking bowl of vegetable soup separated from my mouth by only the length of a spoon, even should

that spoon be pewter."

"Nonsense!" cried Sénéchal; "you shall not play me so false. You know very well we are expected this evening at La Martinière, and you ought to remember what dreadful anxiety our non-arrival

would cause my beloved Juliet."

"Well, well," said Deslaurius, with a quiet smile; "you are really very young for your years. 'Dreadful anxiety indeed!' I'll tell you what, your 'beloved Juliet' will eat her supper with an excellent appetite, saying perhaps once or twice, when at a loss for conversation, 'T is strange that these gentlemen do n't come.' Then, when closing the piano, preparatory to retiring for the night, she may probably remark, 'M. Gaston will certainly arrive to-morrow morning; shall I wear my green or my blue dress?' And there 's ' dreadful anxiety' for you, my poor boy!"

"You talk thoughtlessly, Deslaurius; but I forgive you, because as yet you do not know my Juliet. One reason for my wishing you to be present at our marriage is, that her virtues and attractions may forever vindicate her calumniated sex in your skeptical eyes, and teach you what admirable qualities a woman may possess."

"So be it, then," rejoined Deslaurius, in a half-comic, half-doubting tone.

By this time the poor tired horses had stopped of their own accord at the door of a snug-looking country inn.

"I defy all the Juliets in the kingdom to make me stir from this to-night," remarked the elder traveler, as he stiffly got off the saddle.

"As you please," rejoined his friend. "Sup on brown bread and rancid bacon, and sleep on a flock bed between coarse damp sheets; but for my part I shall start again, as soon as my horse has had a feed

To any other traveler than M. Gaston Sénéchal that inn-kitchen would have

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seemed an attractive resting-place. On a clean shelf, half vailed by a snowy-white napkin, stood a row of crusty, light-brown, freshly-baked loaves. A savory stew was simmering on the fire, before which a pair of plump fowls were revolving on a spit, with a gentle hissing sound. The bright tin and copper kitchen utensils, ranged against the wall, gleamed cheerily in firelight. A large cat was purring lazily on the hearth, in amicable companionship with the house-dog, that lay at full length. cherishing his nose between his fore-paws. while the crickets chirruped cheerily among the warm wood-ashes.

"Supper, if you please, madame; and have a bed prepared," said Deslaurius, as they entered, to the mistress of the inn.

" Certainly, monsieur; and for the other gentleman ?-

" I shall start for La Martinière as soon

as my horse is fed." "For La Martinière!" repeated the hostess; "I fear monsieur wont reach it to-night."

"What should prevent me?"

"The late heavy rains have swollen the Galliotte, so as to make the ford impassable by night, and going by the bridge would take you a round of more than twenty miles. Languin, the muleteer there, will tell you the same."

"Tis all true," said the personage in question, who, seated in the chimney corner, was busily discussing a loaf and goats' cheese. "No one but a madman, or some one tired of his life, would attempt to ford the Galliotte now that 't is as dark as a wolf's mouth."

"Then," said Gaston, sighing profoundly, "let two beds be prepared."

Pending the appearance of supper, Deslaurius fell asleep in a straw arm-chair. and when aroused by the welcome announcement that the meal was served, he saw his companion in the act of putting up his pencil and closing his book, having been evidently penning some stanzas to the absent object of his attachment.

The muleteer had retired to the stable. and his place was occupied by a table covered with a cloth as white as snow. The ragout and the fowls, done to a turn, and smoking hot, were served on earthen plates adorned with a pattern of unheardof flowers and impossible birds. After supper the hostess conducted the travelers into a snug double-bedded room, adorned

with many colored prints of shepherds and shepherdesses, together with sundry historical, Scriptural, and mythological personages.

After a wretched sleepless night, the next morning found M. Gaston Sénéchal in a high fever, while his body was covered with spots.

"Madame!" called Deslaurius, "have you a doctor in this village?"

"Yes, monsieur, we have; he's called Doctor Meslier."

"Then send and tell Doctor Meslier to come hither immediately."

In a few minutes the physician arrived; and, after a careful examination, pronounced that his patient had the small-

"Dear Annibal," said Gaston, the moment they were left alone, "hasten, if you love me, to La Martinière, and relieve my Juliet from her terrible suspense. Assure her and her family that a vexatious but temporary illness detains me here. You need not alarm her by telling its real nature at present. Go, dear friend; and by returning quickly you will prove my best physician."

Deslaurius, having earnestly recommended Gaston to the care of the hostess and the doctor, mounted his steed, and having safely crossed the now passable ford, pushed on with all possible dispatch toward the dwelling of the young lady of whose praises he had heard so much.

The fine demesne of La Martinière belonged to M. Duravin, formerly a wealthy banker in Paris; but now, having been attacked by paralysis, he was wholly confined to his country-house. His wife and daughter, however, regularly spent the winter in Paris, and plunged into all its gayeties. Gaston had met Juliet Duravin at a fashionable party, and on a superficial acquaintance had speedily become attached to her. As he was young, handsome, rich, and of a good family, there was no obstacle to their union, and the marriage was fixed to take place in January. It was now about the middle of December.

Ten o'clock struck as the sorely-tired Deslaurius rang for admittance at the halldoor. A servant in splendid livery answered the summons.

"Can I see Madame and Mademoiselle Duravin?"

"The ladies never rise before noon."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the visitor, whose

appetite had once more become inconveniently sharp; "and when do they breakfast in this hospitable mansion?"

"At one o'clock."

The cloud deepened on our friend's brow.

"Can I see M. Duravin?"

"Monsieur wishes to see M. Duravin?" repeated the lackey, as if he doubted whether he had heard aright.

" Yes."

"M. Duravin, madame's husband?"

" Exactly."

"Then I shall have the honor of conducting monsieur to his room."

Deslaurius followed him through several long passages into a remote apartment, heated by hot-air pipes to an intense degree of warmth. The ex-banker, enveloped in furs, and with a lack-luster eye and hanging lip, was shivering in an easy chair.

"Monsieur," said his visitor, "my name is Annibal Deslaurius."

"Shut the door!" interrupted M. Durayin.

"It is shut. I am the intimate friend of your intended son-in-law, Gaston Sénéchal."

"Will you shut the door?"

"Monsieur, all the doors, I assure you, are shut quite close," said Deslaurius, ready to faint from the heat. "I have some unpleasant tidings to announce," continued he.

"Unpleasant tidings! Then keep them to yourself, I beg of you. My nerves wont bear to be excited. And, I beseech you, shut the door—it must be open—don't you see how I shiver?"

The embassador bowed, and silently retired, wiping his streaming brow.

"Well!" he thought, "Gaston will have a delightful father-in-law. If the rest of the family answer to this sample, it must be a charming household!"

He found the servant waiting in the ante-chamber.

"Would you like to earn a louis-d'or?"

A low bow. "What can I do to serve monsieur?"

"Quick! get me some ink, with pen and paper."

In a moment he was supplied.

"Take this letter," he said to the servant, "and if within five minutes you bring me an answer from Madame Duravin, the money shall immediately be yours."

The lackey vanished with astonishing celerity, and returned almost as rapidly.

"Monsieur, the ladies are dressing; they request you will wait for a few minutes. Have the kindness to walk into the saloon."

Meantime, a confused sound of ringing of bells, opening and shutting doors, and footsteps hurrying to and fro, was heard overhead. Deslaurius bethought himself of beguiling the tedious time of waiting by a minute examination of the room in which he was, hoping thence to derive some information touching the character and pur-

suits of its occupants.

"It is evident," thought he, after having glanced around the elegant apartment with a critical eye, "that these ladies think themselves handsome, or they would not have so many large mirrors in every possible direction. I see no trace of embroidery or needlework. But here are books—let's see what their studies consist of. Ha!" exclaimed Deslaurius, after having read the titles of several scattered volumes; "I do n't think our intended mother-in-law is particularly scrupulous about her reading."

A piano stood open, and the visitor commenced turning over the songs, whose ownership was marked by an interlaced J. and D. His brow darkened; all were supremely silly—some decidedly immoral.

"Alas! my poor Gaston!" he mut-

After the lapse of nearly an hour, two fashionable-looking women entered the room. Juliet was certainly very showy, with large blue eyes and a profusion of fair hair. Her mother, bowing graciously, said: "Monsieur Annibal Deslaurius?"

A low bow was the answer.

"You are alone?"

"Yes, madame. I have left Gaston at the village of Moriez, suffering from what will prove, I hope, a slight illness."

Juliet remained unmoved.

"And you hastened on," said madame, "to prevent our feeling uneasy; how very kind! Have you breakfasted?"

"I have not, madame; and will frankly own that I feel very hungry."

Without replying, the lady offered Deslaurius an ornamented box, filled with perfumed chocolate lozenges.

"A cutlet and a cup of coffee would suit me much better," thought he.

"You have just come from Paris," said

madame, heaving a gentle sigh. "Ah! my daughter and I have not been able to go there this month, on account of M. Duravin's melancholy state of health. You can tell us what is going on. Have there been many balls at the Tuileries? Will fur be much worn this season? Have you read the last new novel? Tell us everything; have pity on us in our dismal solitude."

"Ah! my dear Gaston," thought Annibal, "if thy papa-in-law is somewhat silent, thy mamma-in-law takes care to make up

for the defect!"

At length breakfast was announced; and, during the progress of the elegant meal, our friend continued to make himself so agreeable to the ladies, that Madame Duravin, as she touched his hand at parting, said: "Should M. Sénéchal not be able to accompany you to-morrow, remember that at all events we shall expect you here. I have still a thousand questions to ask you about dear Paris!"

On arriving at the inn, Annibal found Dr. Meslier waiting for him at the door. He briefly informed him that his friend's illness had increased, and threatened to prove of a very serious character. "And thinking," continued the worthy man, "that he would be taken better care of and

"that he would be taken better care of and more closely watched in my house than at the inn, I have had him removed thither." In a few minutes they arrived at the

doctor's pretty, neat, vine-covered dwelling.

The door was opened by a simply-dressed young girl, who seemed surprised at the

sight of a stranger.

"This is my daughter Margaret," said the doctor, imprinting a hearty kiss on her fair forehead.

Gaston, who was by this time quite delirious, did not recognize his greatly alarmed friend, and repeated almost incessantly the name of Juliet. Three anxious days passed without any improvement. On the fourth, Dr. Meslier took Deslaurius aside, and said: "I think you ought to go to La Martinière, and acquaint the family with our poor friend's very dangerous condition. If Mademoiselle Juliet wishes to see him once more, she should lose no time in coming."

"And," asked Deslaurius, while a large tear rolled down his cheek—"if, during my absence, you should be called away to some other patient, who will watch by

Gaston?"

" My daughter."

"How! would you expose that tender young girl to such a hideous spectacle as the poor fellow presents; to say nothing of the risk of infection?"

"O, Margaret is a brave girl, accustomed all her life to help me in visiting and nursing my poor patients. Many of them say that she, not I, ought to have the diploma; for that her kind offices and gentle words do them more good than my prescriptions."

When about half-way between the village and La Martinière, Deslaurius met a servant coming from the latter place.

"Ah! monsieur, I am thankful I have met you. I was going to Moriez, to inquire for M. Sénéchal. The ladies are dreadfully uneasy about him."

"Don't stop me," cried Deslaurius, angrily, giving vent to his ill-humor; "when people are 'dreadfully uneasy,' they don't wait without sending for three days!"

Walking noiselessly into the saloon on his arrival, Annibal surprised Madame Duravin studying the last book of fashions; while her daughter, seated at the piano, was singing a gay song of more than questionable tendency.

"Ah, here you are at last, monsieur!" said the elder lady. "How is poor Gaston?"

"For aught I know, he may at this moment be dead."

Both ladies screamed aloud.

"Yes; if you wish to see him once more, you have no time to lose."

"Germain, order the carriage immediately!"

Pale and trembling, both mother and

Pale and trembling, both mother and daughter hastened to put on their bonnets and mantles, for once in their lives without looking in the glass.

"Have I judged them too hardly?" thought Deslaurius.

"What is the nature of his illness?" asked Madame Duravin.

"The small-pox."

The mother and daughter exchanged glances, and a painful silence ensued.

"Then monsieur," said madam, at length, "you must be aware that it would be quite out of the question for us to go to M. Sénéchal."

"Out of the question!" repeated Deslaurius.

"That frightful malady is highly in-

fectious, and I should be unmindful of my duty as a mother were I to expose my precious child to such a risk. Tell your friend that we both feel most deeply for him, but we are assured that you will watch over him like a brother. We will send every day to inquire about him, and meantime (putting her lace handkerchiet to her eyes) no one can express what we shall suffer!"

"Peace, old actress!" thought Deslaurius, as he rose suddenly and fled, feeling himself to be in imminent danger of saying something more sincere than complimentary.

On his return, he found Margaret watching by the sick man's pillow.

"Hush!" she whispered; "he sleeps."
In the feverish restlessness of his slumber, Gaston let his pillow fall. Margaret gently raised the head, covered with the hideous eruption, and made a sign to Annibal to replace the pillow.

"Are you not afraid of infection?" asked he, thinking of the ladies at La Martinière.

"I have been vaccinated."

"So was Gaston."

"Then why do you watch him your self?"

"Gaston is my friend; that makes a great difference."

"He is our guest, monsieur; how then could we neglect him?"

Deslaurius was silent, and sat for some time watching the doctor's daughter, as she busily converted some old linen into lint. There was nothing exalted or poetical in the employment; and yet Margaret, in her simple cotton frock, seemed in his eyes a thousand times more charming than the brilliant Juliet, dressed in silk and lace, and running her jeweled fingers over the keys of her grand piano.

"Will Mademoiselle Duravin come to visit her betrothed?" asked Margaret.

" No; she is afraid."

"Afraid! I thought she loved M. Sénéchal?"

"So she does, after the fashion of a Parisian wax-doll, which has neither mind nor heart."

"You are too severe, M. Deslaurius."

"Time will tell," muttered he.

Next morning the invalid was decidedly better; and in a few days his host had the pleasure of pronouncing him quite out of danger.

" Have Juliet and her mother been here very often?" asked the patient, when restored to consciousness.

Deslaurius, in reply, gave him a detailed account of the two visits he had paid to La Martinière.

"Strange!" said the young man, sighing

" Look at Mademoiselle Margaret," said Annibal. "That you are not lying in the village church-yard, you owe, under God,

to her devoted care."

"How came it that you were so brave, while Mademoiselle Duravin was so cowardly?" asked Gaston.

"Because I had nothing to lose," replied the young girl, simply; "Mademoiselle Duravin has beauty-I have none."

Gaston, for the first time, looked at her attentively. He did not think her handsome: he thought her charming.

Meantime, Madame Duravin's domestic punctually accomplished his dayly pilgrimage to Moriez; but he had strict directions never to cross the doctor's threshold, and his pockets were a perfect magazine of camphor, ether, and thieves' vinegar.

"Look at these two heartless women!" Annibal would exclaim; "if we had all got the plague, and the yellow fever combined, they could not be more afraid of us!"

"Ah, my dear Deslaurius," Gaston used to reply, "be more lenient toward them. Recollect that one of them will be my wife, the other my mother-in-law."

"More simple you," was the muttered response. Then aloud: "And when will you make your triumphal entry into 'that dear house,' as you poetically called it on the first night of our arrival?'

"At the end of a month."

"Better wait a little longer, until the traces of your illness shall have quite disappeared, and the fair Juliet may see you as you were before."

Very reluctantly the patient consented. However, he beguiled the time, and aided the progress of convalescence, by accompanying Margaret on her missions of mercy throughout the country.

One day, Deslaurius met Germain, and said to him: "Tell your ladies that they need no longer send to inquire for M. Sénéchal. He is fast recovering, and I shall have the honor of waiting on them to-morrow."

The next day, accordingly, he went to

daughter, most elegantly dressed, prepared to receive him.

"Welcome, dear Monsieur Annibal." said madame; "I know that we owe our dear Gaston's recovery in a great measure to your devoted care, and in my daughter's name, and my own, I thank you most sincerely."

"Thank God, madame, not me."

"We shall see him soon?"

"To-morrow, I hope."

"This cruel malady has not altered him?"

" Morally speaking, Gaston is the same as ever-kind, sincere, faithful, sweettempered, and," he added, turning toward Juliet, "more than ever attached to mademoiselle."

"How you rejoice me!" cried the mother; "dear, excellent Gaston! Ah, my child will indeed be a happy wife!"

"Physically speaking," continued Deslaurius-Juliet fixed her eyes on him.

" Not to deceive you, you would scarcely recognize him. The malady has committed fearful ravages on his face. But what signifies beauty compared to more sterling qualities ?"

"Is he very ugly?" asked Juliet.

"Alas! mademoiselle, truth obliges me to say it is even so. You will have abundant opportunity of convincing yourself on the subject."

The two ladies exchanged a meaning glance.

"Don't you agree with me. Monsieur Deslaurius," said madame at length, "that it would be well for M. Sénéchal to return at once to Paris? The physicians there may possibly find some means of restoring his appearance. Country physicians are very well in their way, but in these matters they have not the skill of Audral or Bouillaud; and for my part, I do n't think he ought to delay another hour."

"Your idea, madame, is excellent; I shall hasten to communicate it to my friend." And rising, he took leave of the ladies with a low ceremonious bow. "May I never enter this cold-hearted house again," he exclaimed, as he set

spurs to his horse.

"My friend," said he to Gaston, on his return, "pay your doctor, pack up your clothes, and let us be gone. We have no longer anything to keep us here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that if you marry Mademoiselle La Martinière, and found both mother and Duravin, I will never speak to you again;"

and he then briefly explained what had passed. "You see," he added, "these two coquettes turn you off because they think that you are pock-marked. When will you set out?"

"Not now; I shall remain."

"Without me, then, it must be. Choose another bride-man. I both pity and despise your folly."

Next morning, Gaston took his friend by the arm, led him toward the window, and raising the muslin blind, desired him to look out.

In the court beneath, Margaret stood distributing soup to a crowd of poor people.

"My dear friend," said Gaston, "there is my wife. I loved Mademoiselle Duravin with my head—I love Margaret with my heart. And now," he added, smiling, "I hope you will defer your departure, and be my bride-man after all!"

One of the happiest wives in Paris is Madame Sénéchal. I cannot say as much for Mademoiselle Duravin, who, at the end of six months, married the elderly Marquis de ——.

"A splendid match!" her mother says.

[For the National Magazine,]

SACRED MUSIC.

THE Bible has the honor of holding the earliest history of music. No record has a hymn older than that of the morning-stars. The family of song can refer to no more ancient parent than Jubal, "the father of such as handle the harp and organ." The most distant voice of melody is from the land of the Hebrews.

To the Christian it must be a satisfaction to find the eldest hymns written upon the pages of Scripture, and the patriarch musicians first appearing among the people of God; for it is a part of that vast testimony which proves that there is nothing "lovely and of good report," nothing which is a pure, all-pervading charm to our humanity, that does not receive the recognition of religion.

Religion must also have the praise of keeping music in its highest and holiest province. Over the battle-marches of slaughter, its angels have been singing of "peace on earth." The solemn psalmody of the temples of Zion has ever been pouring its holy refrain along the banqueting places of earth; and while the children of

the world have been singing their choruses to the god of pleasure, even the little children of Jerusalem have been singing their hosannas to the Highest. The music of the world has been too often the song of the Sirens, who lived upon the coast of Italy, and lured the voyager to destruction by the melody of their voices: the music of Faith has a seraph-song, calling us toward the shore of endless safety. The world has often used music as did the Florentines during their dreadful plague in 1348, who amused themselves with music and dancing, in order that they might banish thought; while sacred music has ever been trying to awaken the largest and most solemn reflections concerning life and eternity.

Again, it is from religion that music learns its vastest hopes for the future. Its revealings give intimations of wonders of sound in the eternal world which are yet unreached, of a "new song," which no man has yet learned. It is in listening to the choir of the "hundred and forty and four thousand," and of those who "stand upon the sea of glass with the harps of God," that music is to learn the most glorious

prophecies in melody.

Haydn said to Reynolds, the painter, when shown the picture of Mrs. Billingston, the celebrated singer: "Yes; it's like, very like; but you have made a sad mistake!" "How?" inquired Reynolds. The answer was, "You've made her listening to the angels; you should have made the angels listening to her." But sweetly as that woman may have sung, it will ever be found that Reynolds was right in making the singer listening to the angels; for it is in the region of celestial song that the musician will ever find the loftiest study and vastest suggestions of the mysterious power of sound. The true artist sometimes feels the need of eternity, with its enlarged expression for the utterance of some of the wondrous hymnings of the spirit.

> "Melodies he could not utter, O'er Beethoven's soul would roll."

We think that many, in hearing the exulting and inspiring hymn or anthem from a choir, have felt that they have been carried on the glorious swell and ascendings of sound nearer to the eternal world. On the rapt uplifting voices of the singers we have been borne to such a hight, that

we could almost hear the breaking in of the chantings of the choir of God.

When music thus reaches its sublimest field, we feel that we need the tones and emphasis of eternity for a still higher ascension. A writer in one of the English reviews, speaking of the religious compositions of Handel, reveals the feeling of soul to which we have referred above. He remarks:—

"We feel that the sculptured grandeur of his recitative fulfills our highest conception of divine utterance-that there is that in some of his choruses which is almost too mighty for the weakness of man to express-as if those stupendous words, 'Wonderful! Counselor! Prince of Peace!' could hardly receive justice, except from the lips of angels and archangels, as they shout them through the vast Profound in tremendous salvoes of sound. We feel in that awful chorus, 'And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,' that those three magical notes which announce, in claps of thunder, 'That all flesh-shall see - it, toge - ther,' might better belong to an order of etherial beings with wings, that they might rise spontaneously with the sounds, than to a miserable race merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel that they stand upon it when they hear them."

We think, also, that it is eternity only that can fulfill in real life the tones which here on earth are but the vocal imagery of its spiritual existence. On earth we hear and make music; there the soul itself shall be music. Here we tremble and wonder at the power of the hymn, and of the shouting chorus of the heavenly worshipers; there the hymnings of the adoration will tremble, and burn, and shout within us. Here we sing the home-songs of heaven, as a traveler sings his homesongs in a foreign land; there we shall sing as the returned traveler sings within his home-doors with his wife and children around him.

It is the promises of faith, the incoming of the eternal melodies that touch our faltering human lips, as the finger of Christ touched the tongue of the dumb man and gave speech to his chained soul. It is the inconceivable refrain of eternity, which pauses just outside of life, which is ever suggesting to the musician that there are keys he has not yet struck, and that there are qualities of sound the vocalist has not yet attained. It is this unreached ideal, that comes like a second descending of God upon the plains of Shinar, not to confound our voices, but to speak of a harmony in heaven, that the nations do not yet understand. It comes with the startling sweetness of the song of the heavenly host upon the plains of Judea, bidding us go and worship the Saviour, and thus get ready to sing the song of the Lamb.

We appreciate too little the impulse and elevation which a revealed eternity, with its concealed wonders and voiceful silence, gives to all that is beautiful and pure in the soul and in art. A traveler in the lofty passes of the Alps, says:—

" I heard a music overhead from God's cloudy orchestra-the giant peaks of rock and ice, curtained in by the driving mist, and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its folds-such as mocks all sounds our lower world of art can ever hope to raise. I stood calling to them in the loudest shouts I could raise, and even till my power was spent, and listening in compulsory trance to their reply. I heard them roll it up through their cloudy world of snow, sifting out the harsh qualities that were tearing like demon screams of sin, holding upon it as if it were a hymn they were fining to the ear of the great Creator, and sending it round and round in long reduplications of sweetness, minute after minute, till, finally receding and rising, it trembled as it were amid the quick gratulations of the angels, and fell into the silence of the pure empyrean.'

Thus the dim and lofty passages of eternity, which lie just along the borders of life, catch up our holy thoughts and hymns, and rolling them up its mysterious hights, and sending them round its solemn scenery, they gain a greater richness and purity as they approach nearer to God, and finally bending with the choral melody of the saints, they sing with the angels.

This inspiration of the Eternal is so much needed, we wonder not that Haydn says: "When I was occupied upon this 'Creation,' always before I sat down to the piano I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise him worthily." In ending our thoughts, we may just suggest a high proof of the holy and divine quality of music: it is, that the dying ofttimes seem to hear it breaking in from the other world,—

"As the shining ones receive them, With the welcome-voiced psalm, Harp of gold and waving palm."

The departing soul, in thus hearing voices of melody from out of the excellent glory, as the transfiguration of the celestial life is passing upon it, and as the descending cloud of divine light is encircling it, gives to music the purest and highest honor it may receive.

[For the National Magazine.]

"MOODUS NOISES;" OR, CONNECTICUT EARTHQUAKES.

HOWEVER familiar our readers may be with the renown of Connecticut for her statesmen, poets, and philosophers, or for the genius of her inhabitants, by virtue of which she can turn out, each perfect in its way, every variety of Yankee notion, from a clock to a wooden nutmeg; a Connecticut earthquake, as a distinctive appellation, will probably be, to most of them, something of a novelty. It may not, therefore, be an uninteresting question to consider whether her claims to distinction, as furnishing something near the real thing, are well founded.

The particular portion of the State which is the seat of these phenomena is the northern part of East Haddam, in and about the village of Moodus. This town is situated on the east side of Connecticut River, about fifteen miles below Middletown. The local name for them is "Moodus noises," or, rather, they are thus denominated when comparatively slight; but when severe, earthquakes.

There is good reason for supposing that they have occurred in this region from time immemorial. The Indian name for the town was Mackimoodus, which is said to denote, in their language, the place of noises.

The carliest account of them which we have been able to obtain, is contained in a letter addressed to Mr. Prince, of Boston, dated August 13th, 1729, by the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, the first Congregational minister in East Haddam. His account of them is as follows:—

"As to the noises, I have something considerable and awful to tell you. Earthquakes had been here, (and nowhere but in this precinct as can be discerned; that is, they seem to have their center, rise, and origin among us,) as has been observed, for more than thirty years. I have been informed that in this place, before the English settlements, there were great numbers of Indian inhabitants, and that it was a place of extraordinary Indian powwows, or, in short, that it was a place where the Indians drove a prodigious trade at worshiping the devil; also, I was informed that, many years past, an old Indian was asked what was the reason of the noises in this place? To which he replied :- 'That the Indian's God was angry because Englishman's God was come here."

After expressing his ignorance as to whether there be any diabolical agency in

their production, he proceeds as follows:-

"I have myself heard eight or ten sounds successively, and imitating small arms, in the space of five minutes. I have, I suppose, heard several hundred of them within twenty years, some more, some less terrible. Sometimes we have heard them almost every day, and great numbers of them in the space of a year. Oftentimes I have observed them to be coming down from the north, imitating slow thunder, until the sound came near or right under, and then there seemed to be a breaking, like the noise of cannon shot or severe thunder, which shakes the houses and all that is in them. They have, in a manner, ceased since the great earthquake."

The great earthquake to which reference is here made, we are informed by Dr. Field in his "Statistical History of Middlesex County," occurred on the 29th of October, 1727.

"Ten or twenty years after this," says the same author, "they became again very frequent and violent, and excited the attention of the neighboring towns, and of the learned and inquisitive throughout the colony."

The most violent, however, of these noises, of which we have any information, took place on the 18th of May, 1791, and is within the recollection of many now The first shock was felt about ten o'clock P. M., and was followed a few minutes afterward by another. became gradually lighter, but continued at intervals, varying from fifteen to sixty minutes, through the night, and until the middle of the next forenoon, or later. The newspapers noticed an earthquake, which was perceived as far distant as Boston and New-York, about the time or the first shocks in East Haddam. In this place they were attended, as is said, with a violent roaring of the atmosphere, and the earth was agitated to such an extent that a number of stone walls were thrown down, and several chimneys shattered and untopped: one, which stood near what is called the Falls, on Moodus River, was cleft from top to bottom. Some, who were in their houses at the time, think they were lifted a foot, though this is probably too strong a statement. The noise and undulations appeared to come from the north or north-west, as is the fact generally when any direction is noticed. worthy of remark, that the same observation has been made in many of the earthquakes which have occurred in the United States. At the time of the great earthquake, also in 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, the agitation would seem, from all accounts, to have extended farther in this general direction than in any other, for on the same day the waters of Lake Ontario were violently agitated. Whether this agitation preceded the shock which destroyed the city, we have not at hand the means of ascertaining.

Trumbull, in his "History of Connecticut," quotes a letter purporting to have been written in East Haddam, which, in speaking of the shocks above referred to, concludes as follows:—

"The next day stones of several tons weight were found removed from their places, and apertures in the earth, and fissures in immoveable rocks, ascertained the places where the explosions were made. Since that time the noises and shocks have been less frequent than before, though not a year passeth over us but some of them are perceptible."

Not doubting the correctness of this statement, we had expected to find the fissures and rocks here spoken of without difficulty; however, after diligent inquiry of those who have lived on the ground from that time to the present, we have only learned of one stone which was said to have been thus moved. The person who visited it thinks it would weigh nearly a ton. It was lying on a declivitous bank of a river, and had, apparently, been jostled from its former bed higher up the bank. A force necessary to move it under the circumstances stated, however, comes far short of the idea conveyed in the letter above quoted. As to the fissures, they are numerous in the rocks of the region; but not more so than in other parts of the town, nor indeed than elsewhere. So far as appears, these effects are such as have never been witnessed in that region before or since. This would be sufficient to make them matters of public interest and notoriety at the time-so much so, that they should be easily pointed out after a lapse of less than forty-eight years;* but those who have lived in the region from the time of the earthquakes referred to to the present, are unable to point out the rocks and fissures, although they can readily tell the number of stones thrown from a particular chimney, and point out the place of the stone walls which were thrown down. On the whole, we think it quite possible that

For a time after these severe shocks they were less frequent, and, when heard, were not violent. On a pleasant day in July, in the year 1810 or 1811, they again occurred so severe as to excite the fears of some of the inhabitants, though less so than in 1791.

Having been a resident of that portion of the town in which these shocks are usually the most severe, we have enjoyed a few opportunities of witnessing them. One shock was felt on the 8th of August, 1840, at about half-past three in the afternoon. The day was clear and warm. Contrary to what would appear to have been usually the fact, if the newspaper accounts were not exaggerated, it was more violent in some of the towns north than in East Haddam. At the latter place, before it was known how far it extended, some called it an earthquake, and some a Moodus noise; which, from what has been before stated, may serve as an index of the estimate of the inhabitants as to its comparative severity. The next, worthy of note, commenced about eight o'clock on a warm and moist evening in June, 1844. Some idea of its severity may be formed from the fact, that although soundly asleep at the time, we were waked, and went to the door, supposing some one had discharged a gun near the house; nor were we dispossessed of the idea until we bethought ourselves of the Moodus noises. They continued through the night, and until afternoon of the following day, becoming, as usual, gradually lighter; the intervals between them varying from twenty to The atmosphere during sixty minutes. the day was warm and humid, as the evening before. A close attention to them left no doubt on our mind as to their cause being subterranean. As to the apparent motion, it was less distinct than we had expected; if there was any, we should say unhesitatingly that it was from the north or north-west. Still, that the expectation of finding it so may not have been father to the impression, is more than we dare aver. From the absence of any accounts of earthquakes in other parts of the State

the statement may have been made on the authority of hearsay testimony, and that more was stated than what actually occurred. Certain it is, that upon a subject of this nature, there is a natural and common tendency to go beyond what a rigid investigation of facts will justify.

[°] Our inquiries on this subject were made in 1839.

at the time, we infer that, on this occasion, they were perceived only by the inhabitants of the town and vicinity.

Those who have witnessed them for a series of years, uniformly assert that, after they are uncommonly severe, they are less frequent than at other times. agree also in saving that they are less

frequent than formerly.

As they occur ordinarily, they are sometimes as sudden as the explosion of a gun, at other times there is a rumbling both before and after the shock; but always, if any direction is spoken of, apparently coming from the north or north-west, as has been before mentioned. They are variously compared to the effect which would be produced by a heavy log falling from the garret to the cellar, or let fall from a hight upon the ground near the house: sometimes to a tremendous blow upward, and appearing to be but a short distance beneath the surface; and sometimes to a heavy wagon moving with great velocity over frozen ground, and suddenly stopping before the door. There is usually so much trembling or agitation of the earth, that trees and other erect bodies may be seen to vibrate at a considerable distance.

No sufficient reason exists for believing that there is any connection between them and the state of the atmosphere or time of day. Fissures have been produced by severe shocks, but so superficial as to be soon obliterated. There is not the slightest evidence that flame, smoke, steam, or anything of a gaseous nature, issued from them at the time of the severe shocks in May,

1791, or at any other period.

The preceding account embodies all the facts, in regard to the phenomena themselves, which we consider worthy of notice. As might be expected, many and marvelous are the legendary tales told in reference to them. One only will be given, which will serve as a specimen of the whole. It appears that, somewhere between 1760 and 1770, a transient person, calling himself Doctor Steele, came into the town, and spent some time professing to examine into the cause of the noises, and having no other ostensible business. He ascribed them to carbuncles, and spent his nights exploring the country in search of them, frequently attended by inhabitants of the town. It so happened, however, that, at the time of finding the treasure, he was alone. Returning to his lodgings with it,

the whole house was so illuminated that people at a distance supposed it to be on fire. So peculiar also was the effulgence of this carbuncle, that it could be concealed by nothing but lead, and a person was dispatched that night to Middletown for the purpose of obtaining it. He told the inhabitants that no more noises would be heard for a time, as he had removed their cause; but as there were more carbuncles growing, they would return again. As predicted by him, they were not heard for some time afterward.

It is, we suppose, from the fact that they are peculiar to the region that they are regarded by many, if not most of the inhabitants of the town, as peculiar in their character-something sui generis. A careful examination of the phenomena attending them, however, we think, can leave no doubt in the minds of any who are disposed to view them with the eve of reason, not only that they are earthquakes, as commonly understood, but that they are produced by the same cause or causes. Although they are not characterized by all those scenes of terror and devastation which frequently attend the earthquakes of southern Europe, as well as portions of our own continent, yet the rumbling noise, the agitation of the earth, and vibration of erect bodies, the frequent apparent progression and repetition of the shocks, as well as the fissures in the earth, are all circumstances well known to attend earthquakes generally; and, in the absence of anything which gives the phenomena in question a distinctive character, are sufficient to establish their identity. All the difference would seem to be in degree, rather than in kind of force or forces producing them.

But the question very naturally suggests itself, What is it that produces them here? What is it that thus distinguishes this comparatively small spot on the great surface of our Union? There is nothing in the geological character of the region, as we think, which sheds any light on the question. The rocks are all of the primitive formation, mica-slate and gneiss predominating; the strata of which are, in some places, intersected by nearly vertical veins of granite. The rocks upon the surface are frequently tinged with the oxides of iron. Some of the springs of the region, being impregnated with the same metal, indicate its existence beneath the

surface. These circumstances, however, are common to geological formations, in

other respects similar. In the north-west part of the town, and bordering upon a stream called Salmon River, is the village of Leesville. This village may be regarded as somewhere near the north-western limit of the area, within which, different individuals who have been conversant with the shocks would say they are most severe. This village is bounded on the north by a high sand-hill, which, as to position, may be regarded as a spur to the range of hills running nearly north and south, back of the village. This sand-hill, extending nearly at right angles to those back of the village, about to the eastern bank of Salmon River, is bounded, rather than formed by, a ledge of mica-slate, which presents toward the river a nearly perpendicular front from fifteen to twenty-five feet in hight. This is called Basin-hill, from its having upon the top, and about one hundred feet east of the river, an excavation. This excavation is in form somewhat like a hollow hemisphere, its rim or edge being very nearly a circle of eighty or ninety feet diameter; its depth, however, cannot at this time be more than from thirty to forty feet. From the loose nature of the materials of which the basin as well as the entire hill is composed, being sand and rounded pebbles, the depth of the basin is constantly decreasing, and must have done so for ages; while, from the same cause, its diameter must have been as constantly, though in a less degree, increasing. This excavation, allowing for the effects of time and the elements in decreasing its depth, and regarding it as it probably was at its formation, it must be acknowledged is somewhat remarkable; and, viewed in connection with the fact of earthquakes occurring in its immediate neighborhood, at once suggests the idea of a crater. There is, however, in and about it, an entire absence of lava or any other substance indicating the action of fire. The uniformly rounded form of the pebbles and stones, shows that they have been subjected to violent or long-continued attrition. This form would obviously be given them on the supposition that they had been borne from a distance above to their present position; possibly when an accumulated mass of water first made its way through the region where the river now runs. The same effect

might also be produced upon them by sufficient agitation, if they were thrown from beneath the surface by escaping steam or other gaseous bodies. However, from the entire absence of anything indicating igneous action, we are disposed (to borrow convenient terms from geologists) to adopt the Neptunian, rather than the Plutonic theory, in regard to the formation of the hill. This view, perhaps, derives some confirmation from the fact, that for thirty rods or more below the hill there is the same deposit of sand, almost entirely destitute of the stones and pebbles found in the hill above. An inspection of the hill is sufficient to show that the basin is not produced by a substratum of rock, which gives it its form; nor can it in any sense be regarded as a valley formed by surrounding hills, as the ground descends in all directions for quite a distance from it. Whatever may have produced this singular excavation, we think the idea of an eddy or whirlpool, on a scale corresponding to the mass of water necessary to have formed the hill itself, quite as plausible as that it is the result of any force proceeding from beneath.

So far as may be inferred from the expression of views of those who have witnessed the shocks for a series of years, the more common opinions would seem to be, that they are produced by the decomposition or combustion of some mineral substance connected with beds of coal, or by falling rocks beneath the surface. But although combustion of gases in coal-mines sometimes occurs, and, under circumstances favorable to its development, the same thing happens in beds of that ore of iron, known as iron pyrites; these phenomena always manifest themselves so differently from what occurs in the Moodus noises, as to afford no ground for referring them to the same cause. Well-settled geological principles, moreover, render the idea of the existence of coal-beds in the region where these shocks occur, almost, if not quite, an absurdity. Were further objection to this view necessary, we might apply to it the remark which we make in reference to the combustion of gas in beds of iron ore; that is, that it is unreasonable to suppose any disturbing cause, proceeding from them, should produce a sensible shock so far distant as New-York and Boston, without producing any more violent local

It would seem to be a legitimate inference, from all the circumstances connected with these shocks, that the cause, whatever it may be, is at different times located at different distances from any one central point; perhaps varying both as to distance beneath the surface, and in other directions also. This we infer from the fact, that, when they have been felt in remote parts of the State, or even out of it, they have not been much more severe in East Haddam than when they have been limited in extent to this town and its neighborhood.

The manner in which they occur generally, seems further to justify the inference that there is a previous want of equilibrium of force, (whether of steam or gas confined in separate cavities, or galvanic, we will not say, though we think the latter more probable,) and that the proximate cause of the shocks is an effort to establish this equilibrium. When they have been unusually severe, for a time after they have been less so than usual; and when there is a succession of shocks, each one is invariably lighter than the preceding-facts which harmonize with the galvanic theory. Where there is only a single shock, we may suppose the same thing accomplished at once, which, under other circumstances, is attained by a succession of discharges.

That we may the better judge of the plausibility of the galvanic theory, it may be worth while to consider, for a moment, how the views of those most conversant with such subjects, as well as established principles in natural science, bear upon it. We may remark, that it is only within a comparatively short period that earthquakes have received that rigid investigation to which their importance in the list of natural phenomena justly entitles them. Most, if not all the theories in relation to them, have been based upon the supposed existence of fires in the interior of the earth. While there is no doubt that these subterranean fires are a common cause, it seems to be a question with geologists, whether they may not sometimes be produced by other agencies. Professor Silliman, speaking of the theory of earthquakes and volcanoes, says :-

"It is undoubtedly obscure, and attended with many difficulties, especially in the extent to which the view of igneous action is carried by most geologists of the present day." Mr. Bakewell, an English author on geology, remarks:—

"It may deserve consideration, whether an interruption to the magnetic or electric currents which circulate through the earth, may not sometimes occasion earthquakes."

Other writers might be quoted to the same effect. When we consider that galvanism and magnetism are proved to be nothing more than electricity, their distinctive characters depending merely on the mode by which they are elicited; that this fluid pervades all terrestrial bodies, although frequently in a latent state; that it may be called into activity by mechanical power, by chemical action, and by heat; we discover an agent existing in nature, such as would not only lead us to expect a priori effects similar and equal to what occurs in the region of the Moodus noises, but capable even of producing all those scenes of terror and devastation witnessed in connection with earthquakes in different parts of our earth. If the chemist in his laboratory, by a few metallic plates, immersed in a weak solution of acid, can elicit a power which will cause metals to crystalize when in a state of solution, will decompose water, and fuse substances which resist the action of the most powerful furnaces; what may we not expect from the operation of the same power in that great laboratory of nature, the earth? If we may not trace its connection and operation, there is no want of ocular proofs of its existence.

We know, moreover, that those changes are constantly going forward which must disturb its equilibrium; and considering the vastness and variety of materials which make up the mass of the earth—their arrangement, and, in short, the variety and extent of circumstances favorable to its development, we are certainly warranted in the conclusion that we have beneath us an energy fully adequate to all those displays of power which we witness, in common electricity, around us and over our heads.

With these remarks we dismiss the subject, avowing our belief that although, perhaps for many years to come, the phenomena we have been considering may remain among the areana of nature, whenever they shall be explained, galvanism, or some force allied to it, will be found to play an important part in their production.

DEATH UNMASKED.

66 THE pain of death," says a popular I writer, " must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease; for when life ebbs sensibility declines." This is quite true; for as death is the final extinction of corporeal feelings, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor-a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains whose sides exhibit every climate in regular gradation: vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and when the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." " If this be dying," said the niece of Newton, of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die." "The very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago." The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that whole pages might be occupied with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas, he replied; "I am now in a state in which

I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

A second and common condition of the dying is, to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained; but we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterward that he had done it from the information of his attendants.

The delirium of fever is distressing to witness; but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had occupied the entire man, could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any man were inclined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the callousness is real, in the unflinching manner in which bad sores are rolled upon that are too tender to bear touching when the sense is restored. there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself; and to die is to awake in another world. More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers, unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death, readily mistake increasing langour for total insensibility; but those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not deaf -that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless.

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returns. Montaigne, after his accident, passed for a corpse; and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was toward blank rest, and not for recovery. "Methought," he says, "my life hung only upon my own lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go."

In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learned to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored; and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements, which look like a wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system, which have no relation to pain.

There is hardly an occasion when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma, which, in fact, is a sufficiently distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the determination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, had a seizure which all but carried him off a few months before he succumbed to the disease. A cordial gave him unexpected relief, and his first words were to express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light, indeed, must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath; since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstasy.

Hard as it may be to control emotions with the very heart-strings ready to crack, pity demands an effort, in which the strongest affection will be surest of success. Tears are a tribute, of which those who bestow them should bear all the cost.

When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his servant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He

had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smooth the bed of death; but unreflecting (we too often note the result) turns it rather to a bed of thorns. It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the aspect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better, and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters—I know not why." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain ?- No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The whistling of the wind, and the waving of the trees, brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect :-

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow, Breathe soft or low; and wave your tops, ye

pines; With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!"

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a single sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips.

Commonly, the hand of death is felt but for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is nothing painful in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting, and the poet, in one and the same breath, bade him hail and farewell! "Good day and adieu!" said he: "it will be a very long adieu!" and instantly died.

In sudden death, which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same : some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life, some with a half-completed sentence on their lips, some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound; many with a single sigh; many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances there are two or three minutes of contest and distress; and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of the attack, there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But, upon the whole, there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors, and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared.

When there are only a few beats of the pulse, and a few heavings of the bosom, between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious There is, then, no foundation for the idea that the pain of dving is the climax to the pain of disease; for unless the stage of the agony is crossed at a stride, disease stupefies when it is about to kill. If the anguish of the sickness has been extreme, so striking from the contrast is the ease which supervenes, that, without even the temporary revival which distinguishes the lightening before death, "kind nature's signal for retreat," is believed to be the signal of the retreat of the disease.

Pushkin, the Russian poet, suffered agony from a wound received in a duel. His wife, deceived by the deep tranquillity which succeeded, left the room with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed to the physician, "You see he is to live; he will not die." "But at this moment," says the narrative, "the last process of vitality had already begun."

Where the symptoms are those of recovery, there is, in truth, more pain to be endured than when the issue is death—for sickness does not relinquish its hold in relaxing its grasp. In the violence which produces speedy insensibility, the whole of the downward course is easy, compared to the subsequent ascent. When Montaigne was stunned, he passed from stupor to a dreamy elysium. But when returning life had thawed the numbness engendered by the blow, then it was that the pains got

hold of him which imagination pictures as incident to death. Cowper, on reviving after his attempt to hang himself, thought he was in hell; and those who are taken senseless from the water, and afterward recovered, reëcho the sentiment, though they may vary the phrase.

This is what we should upon reflection expect. The body is quickly deadened and slowly restored; and from the moment corporeal sensitiveness returns, the throes of the still disordered functions are so many efforts of pain. In so far as it is a question of bodily suffering, death is the lesser evil of the two.

We come then to the fact, that to die means nothing more than to lose the vital power; and it is the vital power which is the medium of communication between the soul and body. In proportion as the vital power decreases, we lose the power of sensation and of consciousness; and we cannot lose life without at the same time, or rather before, losing our vital sensation, which requires the assistance of the tenderest organs.

IMPORTANCE OF LIGHT AND AIR.

R. MOORE, the eloquent author of "The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind," says: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant being deprived of heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beauteous and reasonable thing. Hence, in the deep dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all the privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun; and that those are decidedly the healthiest, cateris paribus, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is a wellknown fact that epidemics attack the inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and exempt them on the opposite side; and even in endemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its

THE SHEPHERD OF SAINT BARBARA.

N the province of Murcia, which is notable for the stupidest people in all Spain, there lived in former times a very honest shepherd, named Pedro Cinta. Pedro's dwelling-place was the village of Saint Barbara, at the foot of the Sierra Verda. It had the proudest Alcaid and the greediest priest in the province. Pedro watched his flock on the side of the Sierra, went regularly to mass and market; had a patch of vineyard and corn ground, a dirty cabin, a lazy wife, and three squalling children. In short, he was in all things exactly like his neighbors; yet the shepherd was known to be distinguished by one extraordinary particular.

When awake, Pedro Cinta told as much truth as most people; but it was an attested fact that when asleep, and no man excelled him in the length of that exercise, Pedro answered all questions, though asked in ever so low a whisper, and it was equally certain that Pedro told nothing but fibs. Some, indeed, asserted that the sounder his sleep the greater were Cinta's stories, and he never uttered such clinchers as between the snores; but be that as it would, the shepherd's sleeping abilities for fiction brought about an event which astonished Saint Barbara, and made himself the second man in the village.

The Alcaid traced his descent direct from Ruy Dias, the Campeador. How he made it out nobody knew; but on the strength of that genealogy and the largest house in the village, half the sheep Pedro watched on the Sierra, (by the way, not one of them belonged to the shepherd,) a vineyard of prime muscatels, with cattle and corn to match, there was not a prouder man in Murcia than Don Pedillo-nevertheless, his wife had died some fifteen years before, leaving him one son and three daughters, since which time the Don had remained a widower, chiefly, it was alleged, because there was no lady convenient of a sufficiently good family to occupy the void in his heart and home. It was commonly suspected that Pedillo's entire household must lead single lives from a similar cause. The nuns of Saint Denis the Humble, had been on the look-out for his girls a considerable time, and his son was generally destined to be either a bachelor Alcaid, or a brother of Mount Carmel.

There was but one man in Saint Bar- by without a squabble concerning tithes

bara who openly contemned the Alcaid's pride, and that was Father Josas, the priest of the parish. If his descent were quite as noble as Don Pedillo's, the neighbors never heard; but they all knew him to be much richer, and well he might, for no man in Murcia could make a real go further than Father Josas. For thirty years he had levied tithes and dues in Saint Barbara with so keen an eye to the main chance that a brood of chickens never escaped him. It required great dexterity to smuggle in the onions and garlic without his valuation; but Father Josas denounced that practice as sacrilege, and more than one unlucky wight had been threatened with excommunication for the attempt.

Father Josas preached but two sermons in the year-one at Easter, and the other at Martinmas. If his flock had ever entertained any curiosity on the subject of those discourses, it was long ago satisfied. for the Easter theme was invariably tithe with all its corollaries, and the Martinmas sermon as certainly set forth the orphan niece and three nephews, for whom Father Josas had to provide, as causes of increased liberality on the part of his congregation. The constant drop which is proverbially said to wear down the hardest rock, had, however, a contrary effect on the hearts of Father Josas's parishioners. If he had become dexterous in exaction, they had learned to hold hard in the course of that thirty years' war; and though the Easter sermon was generally considered unanswerable, Saint Barbara had a standing defense against the Martinmas one, in the fact that the said orphans had been less costly than profitable to his reverence: for the three nephcws tilled his fields and vineyard, while the niece kept his house, and most people knew that was not an expensive process. Father Josas said he could have brought his parish to reason but for Don Pedillo. The Alcaid was certainly the most rebellious sheep in his flock. Between him and the priest martial law had been proclaimed ever since the latter's settlement, though they were the nearest neighbors in Saint Barbara: their fields, vineyards, and gardens, bordered on each other. Their houses were within talking distance, but their bullock carts never met in the lane without a dispute for precedence. No harvest went

and dues. Father Josas privately asserted that the Don's grandfather had fed hogs, and Don Pedillo ealled the priest a skinflint.

How long this tranquil state of things had continued is not on record; but the priest's niece, Joanna, had acquired considerable experience in housekeeping. His three nephews, Gian, Lope, and Vasco, thoroughly understood vines and corn. The Alcaid's son, Carlos, had long returned from the Royal College of Murcia, where he learned Latin, law, and sword exercise. His daughters, Clara, Katherine, and Dorinda, could spin wool, make goat's milk cheese, and dance a bolero with any girls in the province. Father Josas had taught his household economy. Don Pedillo had instructed his in the greatness of their family; but in spite of that sound education, the young people could not help seeing each other over walls and hedges, and somehow began to wish for fields and houses of their own. Father Josas kept his household close at home from village dance or feast, to avoid expenses. Don Pedillo did the same on account of his noble ancestors; but neither priest nor Alcaid knew what bunches of flowers, with hearts cut out of oak leaves appended, were flung by way of billets doux over walls and hedges, for not a soul of the eight could write, but Carlos alone, and like a true Murcian he forgot the laborious art as fast as possible. As little did they guess what signals were made and answered by means of goat-bells and castanets. The ingenuity of youth is marvelous in such matters. What whisperings occasionally took place at garden-fence and vineyard wall, or what the good people of Saint Barbara had long ago concludedthat if the Don were not so proud, and the priest so greedy, there might be four capital weddings to dance at on the green, before their old church. Changes to that extent did not seem probable, so the neighbors gave the matter up as a bad business, particularly when greater news demanded public attention.

One morning, in the beginning of the vintage, Father Josas was observed proceeding with evident reluctance to Michael the turner's cottage, where he expended two reals on the purchase of a new trencher, a drinking horn, and a spoon ornamented with the face of Saint Peter, carved from the best of old maple. Michael said he

never stood so hard a bargain; but it transpired that the purchase had been made to entertain no less a guest than Senor Montaldo, the new Bishop of Murcia. Senor Montaldo was a very remote cousin to Father Josas; but counting of kindred was an art never understood in the province. He was a learned man too, and a mighty preacher; but some said his mother had been of gipsy blood, for there had been always a roving strain in him. From his college days he was accustomed to take long journeys with staff and wallet, over the wild uplands, among shepherds and muleteers. Now that he was made a bishop, it was presumed such vulgar habits would be cast aside forever: but rumor spoke of a progress he was about to make through his diocese, and the priest expected great things from his cousin at Saint Barbara. It was not clearly ascertained whether the perfect and final settlement of all his claims on the parishioners bounded Father Josas's expectations, or if he anticipated the bringing of Don Pedillo to subjection by that episcopal visit; but his entire house was swept, his best pot mended, and the newest coat he possessed darned for the occasion. Still the bishop did not come. All Saint Barbara went about its business as usual. The two households gathered grapes, with bunches of flowers and signals between, and Pedro Cinta watched his flock on the highest pastures of the Sierra. They had nibbled all below as bare as Pedro's own poncho, in which the threads could be counted. Even there the grass was thin, and so were the sheep. The fattest ewe among them could have run against any goat; and the shepherd sat on a mossy rock, thinking how the owners, especially Father Josas, would grumble when he took them home in the approaching winter. That was not a pleasant prospect; Pedro knew the priest would clip some reals off his wages in consequence, but there was no help. Far as his feet and eyes had explored, the mountain sides afforded no better pasture. The year was now far advanced, the heath was growing dry and withered, and evenings felt chill on the Sierra. All that day the sky had been darkened by heavy clouds, which thickened as the sun neared his set-Pedro knew there was thunder somewhere, and hastened to collect his flock, with the help of the shaggy, though faithful dog, which he had named San Jago,

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by way of precaution against the evil eve. The gathering was happily effected, and under the conduct of San Jago and his master, they were wending down a narrow path to the fold, which lay snug and warm in the shadow of a huge overhanging crag, when a traveler, mounted on a handsome horse, with saddle and bridle to match, a fine cloak, a velvet hat, and all things requisite for a cavalier, loudly hailed Pedro across the moorland, inquiring if he could direct him to the house of the most noble Alcaid Don Pedillo, of Saint Barbara? But that he looked too young and gay, Pedro would have believed himself addressed by the expected bishop. Horses with saddles on were not common in his village, neither were velvet hats and cloaks seen every day; but the bishop would have inquired for the priest's house, so, without quitting his ground, Pedro responded: "'T is a long way off, and I am a poor shepherd with all these sheep to foldyour excellency will doubtless find the path.

"Guide me safely, and I'll give you a real," said the traveler at once, compre-

hending his scruples.

"I will conduct you as safe as a procession," cried Pedro, and he spent little time putting up the ewes and lambs that evening. The sky was indeed threatening terribly-growls of distant thunder were heard far up the mountain, and great drops began to fall. Pedro, his dog, and the traveler hastened on, the latter asking all sorts of questions regarding the place, the people, and especially the Alcaid's household; through which, Pedro discovered that he was a young licentiate from the college at Murcia, who had never been at Saint Barbara before, and knew nobody there but Don Pedillo's son Carlos, whose fellow-student he had been, and whom he now meant to visit in the time of vacation. The communicative traveler also mentioned that his name was Sebastian Munoz; that he belonged to a good family, and had brought a letter of introduction to the priest of the parish from a good Franciscan, who had been his schoolfellow. Pedro naturally wishing to do something for his real, as the village was now in sight and his own but hard by, was about to warn him how little anybody's letter would avail in securing hospitality from Father Josas, when they were overtaken by another traveler, who had ascended the Sierra too, but a different way. He was a man of more than middle age, so dark and thin that Pedro half suspected him of being a Jew. Unlike the young cavalier, he had neither horse nor mule, but a stout oaken staff, a coarse poncho, a wolf-skin cap and buskins, little better than Pedro's own, and seemed ready to faint with fatigue and weariness.

"Good shepherd," he said, approaching Pedro, "I am a poor man whom sickness has overtaken on my journey; give me shelter in your cottage this night for the sake of Saint Barbara, in honor of whom I hear this village is named." Now Pedro knew that himself could always sup the largest half of the garlic pottage prepared for the family's supper, and thought it most fitting that the rich Alcaid, to whom he was conducting the gay visitor, should entertain the poor traveler also. He, therefore, muttered something about his wife's dislike to strangers, and Senor Sebastian broke in with, "Come along, good man, I'll get you lodging from either the priest or Don Pedillo; the best people in this village are my friends."

Thus patronized, the poor man toiled on behind, while they quickened their pace to escape the coming storm. The first house they reached was that of Father Josas, and being told of it, Don Sebastian knocked boldly with his riding-whip. When the door was cautiously opened by the priest himself, who rarely trusted that matter to any other hand, he pulled out the letter, saying, "My name is Don Sebastian Munoz, and I bring this from brother Lorenzo, at the Convent of Saint Francis, in Murcia, to the Reverend Father Josas, curé of Saint Barbara."

"It gives me joy to hear from that worthy friar," said Father Josas, taking the letter with one hand and holding the door with the other. "But I am a poor priest, with a wicked parish that does not pay me half my dues; besides, I have an orphan family to provide for. In short, there is nothing in my house to entertain such a noble Senor as you."

"It was not my intention to trespass on your hospitality, father," said Don Sebastian, with a smile; "I am going to visit my friend Carlos Pedillo, from whose good father I have some hope of welcome."

"You will find pride enough there, any way," cried the priest.

"But," continued Sebastian, "here is a

poor, sick traveler, to whom, doubtless, your reverence can give shelter in my room, for the sake of charity and brother Lorenzo?"

"No! no, young man!" cried Father Josas, gradually closing the door as he spoke; "I am every hour expecting to see my cousin, the most Reverend Senor Montaldo, Bishop of Murcia, and cannot have my house made a resort for vagrants."

"You old churl," said Sebastian when the door was fairly shut, "if you be a sample of the folks in Saint Barbara, it was well worth my while to journey so far! Come along, poor man, we will both try the Alcaid!" Here the priest's door once more opened, and Joanna came out with her own supper, consisting of a crust and a draught of goat's milk, to the sick traveler, who drank the milk, put the bread in his wallet, and wished the girl a good husband.

The rain was pouring on them as it can pour only at the foot of a Sierra, when Don Sebastian knocked at the Alcaid's door, but it was opened by Carlos, who gave his friend a hearty welcome, took the sick traveler in to a bench in the chimney corner, and invited Pedro to stay for supper. Don Pedillo considered it due to his noble ancestors to be hospitable; besides, with all his pride, he was a charitable Christian. The poor sick traveler, refusing all supper, was put to sleep in the state-bed of the house, as the best and warmest place for him; and as Don Sebastian was known to be some way or other related to the house of Gusman, his seat was on the Alcaid's right hand, and his rest for the night assigned with his friend Carlos. As for Pedro, the salted olives, goat's-milk cheese, and hard-boiled eggs were such novelties to him, notwithstanding the peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, which made the company in Don Pedro's kitchen start and cross themselves at times, that he was grateful for the Alcaid's permission to sleep on some hay in the granary.

Don Pedillo's house had been erected at the time of the banishment of the Moors from Spain. Like the mansions of old country gentlemen in Murcia, it had the great hall or kitchen in front, the stable in the rear, the granary on one side, the sleeping rooms on the other, and an open court in the middle, with a capacious henhouse, and a cistern to catch rain-water;

all the windows looked into that court except one in the girls' apartment, which commanded the village street, and had been constructed for the special benefit of serenaders. The dormitory appropriated to the rougher portion of the household, besides the state-bed, an alcove formed in one of its walls, lined with walnut-wood, on which the arms of the family were elaborately carved, and covered with crimson cloth, contained two pallets, each furnished with a sack of straw and a lambskin coverlet. On one of these Don Pedillo, having bidden his guest a dignified goodnight, was snoring soundly as the best born will, after a hard day's work in the vintage time. The rest of the household had all retired, and Carlos and his friend, having talked sufficiently of college news, were about to follow their example, when the former recollected that the lady of his thoughts had that day lost a pet kid, which he felt called upon to search for and bring home, if possible, before either priest or Alcaid were stirring. There was a door opening from the stable into the farm-vard beyond, where free egress for man and dog might be had over the low wall; but Carlos knew that the Licentiate was a particularly light sleeper, and the delight of his days had always been to discover and reveal secrets of any kind, not from illnature, but an ungovernable zeal to appear knowing. Had Don Sebastian been concerned in high treason, he would have made somebody wonder at his knowledge of the plot. Some expedient was therefore requisite to get quit of his company for that night; but Carlos Pedillo had not been at college for nothing.

"My friend," said he, taking up the cork-wood torch which was to light them, "there is one thing I think it right to tell you before we go to rest. I have got an unfortunate habit of boxing in my sleep. The last night my cousin Henrezius spent here my heart was grieved to see his nose like a loaf and both his eyes blackened in the morning, and, what is almost as bad, I can sleep nowhere but on my own pallet. If you could think of resting in the granary, the hay is the driest we have had for many a year, and Pedro, shepherd though he be, is a good, honest fellow, who knows the news of the whole country."

"Say no more, my dear boy," said Sebastian, seizing his own cloak. "With this and the hay I will sleep like a prince."

Carlos handed him the torch, and pointed out the door, with many adjurations not to let the Alcaid know, as he would never be forgiven for allowing a young man of Don Sebastian's birth to sleep in the granary. Promising to keep as close as a confessor, the Licentiate entered. San Jago, lying as usual at his master's feet, welcomed the new-comer with a short quick bark, the only sound in nature which could awaken Pedro, and wonder-stricken was he to see the magnificent senor stretch himself on the hay at no great distance. Don Sebastian was tired with the long day's ride, and glad to escape the fortune of Carlos's cousin; but thinking his friend had been singularly close concerning the handsome girl who came out of the priest's house, he considered the present opportunity too good to be lost, and opened preliminaries by assuring Pedro there were more reals in his purse than the one promised him.

Under that intimation the shepherd rehearsed all that was known to Saint Barbara touching the Alcaid, the priest, and the young people in their respective houses. Here there came a pause. Don Sebastian knew not the might of salted olives, but he had framed a question.

"Pedro! I say Pedro! What makes you snore, man?"

"I'm not snoring, it's only my dog."
"Well, then, Pedro, do you think in

your own mind is there any chance of the young people ever getting married?"

"That they will directly," said Pedro, and there was another snore. "The priest is going to divide his land and sheep between his three nephews, and give his nice the leather wallet of reals he has been filling these thirty years. Don Pedillo will give his son two-thirds of his land, and his daughters fortunes of five hundred dollars apiece."

"That's news!" cried Don Sebastian.

"And the one so proud, and the other so greedy! Now, Pedro, you are snoring!"

"I'm not," snuffled Pedro. "It's all the new bishop's doings. He is going to take notice of the orphans, and see them decently married."

Don Sebastian slept well on that intelligence. How Carlos rested it matters not, but Joanna's kid was found next morning securely fastened to the vineyard gate with some of the most intelligible flowers of autumn wreathed about its neck. The

poor sick traveler was somewhat better of the good night's rest, but the Alcaid hospitably invited him to stay a few days till his strength was quite restored. Pedro went to his fold three reals the richer, and the vintage work went on; but never did new wine in the cask ferment more mightily than the news of the night in Don Sebastian's brain. Both vineyards at least were open to him, and he took the first occasion to astonish Father Josas as that good man enlarged on his neighbor's pride, and kept a sharp eye on the grape-gathering.

"Well, father," said the Licentiate, quite in a matter-of-course manner, "proud as he is, Don Pedillo entertains a proper respect for your family in meaning to match his girls with your nephews, not to speak of the handsome fortunes he will give them. Five hundred dollars apiece is not to be despised in these times."

The priest had guessed something of the young generation's minds, for covetous eyes are said to be quick-sighted; but Don Sebastian never learned the joyful surprise his words had given, for Father Josas answered calmly, "It is not, indeed; though my nephews might expect as much, Don Pedillo may be certain I will not put them off with trifles."

" No doubt of it, father," said the Licentiate, as he walked off to avoid questions touching the source of his information. Having achieved this, Don Sebastian next ventured on the Alcaid, where he gathered grapes in a corner of his vineyard, which had always been set apart for the head of the family's special plucking. With much ingenuity the young Licentiate continued to bring Father Josas on the carpet, and Don Pedillo launched forth as usual on the priest's covetousness and contemptibility. "But this notice the bishop means to take of the family will raise them in the eyes of all Murcia," said Don Sebastian; " and for my part, I cannot sufficiently admire the prudence and judgment of his grace, in making Father Josas divide his land among his nephews, and give his niece that leathern wallet of reals he has been filling these thirty years, in hopes that they may match with your nobly-born son and daughters, Senor Pedillo."

The Don's ancestors were far too illustrious for him to show any token of astonishment; but there was a sparkle in his

eyes at the prospect of suitable weddings at last, as he answered, "His grace is a most wise and learned bishop."

From that day there was news in Saint Barbara. The priest gave precedence to the Alcaid's bullock cart, and Don Pedillo sent Father Josas a dish of his great black grapes, the equal of which were not in the province. Even the young people began to recognize each other's existence in the fashion of old Spain, and nowhere was its integrity maintained more complete than at the foot of the Sierra Verda. Watchers in the twilight saw Don Pedillo's son breathing his vows at Joanna's window, and a chair sent out for his accommodation in token of family approval. In the following evenings the priest's three nephews, Gian, Lope, and Vasco, did homage to Clara, Katherine, and Dorinda, each damsel taking her turn at the window, and a chair being sent out to each lover.

When things arrived at this point, Murcian propriety required that the priest and the Aleaid should come to an immediate settlement, and the youth of both houses being safe at the grape-gathering, Father Josas, accompanied by Michael the turner, by way of second, waited on Don Pedillo, where he sat in state on the principal bench in his kitchen, with the young Licentiate, who was now in high favor and importance. Having smoked for some time, and discussed the weather, the crops, and the markets, the priest, as in duty bound, opened the business, by declaring the great respect in which he held the Alcaid's family, and his wish to see his niece and nephews married into such an honorable house. Don Pedillo answered in a strain of equal compliment, but concluded by inquiring what portion Father Josas's niece would have, and what provision Gian, Lope, and Vasco, could make for his daughters?

"The five hundred dollars apiece, which I hear you intend giving them, will not be thrown away," said Father Josas, wishing to deal in generalities for his own part.

"The Virgin preserve my ears," cried Don Pedillo; "is not their noble blood portion enough for your nephews? When you divide the land among them, I will consider what bridal presents to make my daughters."

"My land!" cried the priest, almost jumping from his seat, "not a toise will the young rascals get while I live."

In spite of his lofty lineage and no-

ble composure, the Alcaid burst into a storm on that declaration. He told Father Josas every particular of his genealogy, from Ruy Diaz downward; assured him that he and his were mud and mushrooms in comparison, and at length demanded why he dared to tell such stories to his noble friend, Don Sebastian? Before he had finished, Father Josas fell on the Licentiate for deceiving him, and that worthy student, with many a sincere wish that he was back in the college of Murcia, was finally obliged to declare that his revelations came from Pedro Cinta. These words were scarcely uttered when Pedro himself walked in. He had been so lucky in guiding the last traveler, that when a train of men and mules passed him on the mountain, inquiring the way to Saint Barbara, as his grace, the Lord Bishop of Murcia, whose servants they were, had commanded them to wait for him at the house of the Alcaid, Pedro immediately left his flock to San Jago's care, and conducted them safe to Don Pedillo's door.

"Dog of a shepherd!" cried the priest and the student, at once falling on him, what tales were those you told in the

granary?"

"I never told a tale in my life," cried Pedro, backing out, as the bishop's men, with the poor traveler, who had somehow got among them from where he had been helping in the vineyard, marched coolly in.

"You did," cried Don Sebastian; "you told me that Don Pedillo would give his daughters five hundred dollars apiece, and Father Josas would divide his land among his nephews, and give Joanna the leathern wallet of reals he had spent thirty years in filling—do n't you remember it, you deceitful knave, how you snored at every word?"

"Did I snore?" said poor Pedro; "then, Senor, I was fast asleep."

"Thou art a sacrilegious infidel!" eried Father Josas, "to tell fibs in thy sleep concerning a priest and a bishop. It is true that my most reverend cousin does intend to provide for the orphans; but, my service to you, noble Alcaid; without the five hundred dollars, my nephews cannot marry; and as for Joanna, she has been, I may say, proposed for by the son of a real Hidalgo. Good men," he continued, "I am sorry you have come so far without your master. He is not yet arrived, though I have been at much expense and trouble

providing for the suitable entertainment of his grace. My house is quite turned upside down, but I am sure the Alcaid will entertain you as becomes his office."

"Stop, father," said the poor traveler, coming forward, "Don Pedillo has been beforehand with you in his hospitalities to your most reverend cousin, for I am Ferdinand Montaldo, Bishop of Murcia, and having sojourned so long with this worthy gentleman, I will now retire with you to the house which has been turned upside down for my reception, as there are certain matters concerning which we can best confer in private."

Father Josas did follow the bishop to his house, and what passed between them was never made public in Saint Barbara; but there was an expenditure after it, hitherto undreamt of, about the priest's dwelling. The bishop's men were supplied with the best. There was a supper in the evening, to which the whole village was invited, and among them Don Pedillo, whom the bishop himself, no longer in the coarse poncho and wolf-skin cap, but appareled as his grace should be, conducted to the place of honor. After supper, the young people danced in the meadow, while their seniors concluded a treaty, by which Joanna got the wallet full of reals, the nephews each a fourth of Father Josas's land, the remaining quarter being left to his reverence, together with his tithes and dues, which were from that evening settled to the satisfaction of all Saint Barbara. Don Pedillo, besides their noble blood, bestowed upon his son Carlos the two-thirds of his land, and promised two hundred dollars to each of his girls. The bishop saw the festivities out before his departure; and if he did not effect a perfect reconciliation between the priest and the Alcaid, the village said that the Don was never after so proud nor the father so greedy. The most troublesome business his grace found, was to manage Don Sebastian, who vehemently insisted on demolishing Pedro; but he went back to college, and the shepherd escaped him. No one in the parish ever cared for believing any story that could be traced to Pedro Cinta, but the brides and grooms felt bound to make him presents; and as, in process of time, Carlos succeeded his father in the high office of Alcaid, his chosen staff-bearer or bailiff was none other than the shepherd of Saint Barbara.

THE JESUIT.

FROM A LETTER.

BUSINESS calling me again to Dublin, my friend's carriage was put into requisition to convey me to Banagher, a small town on the upper Shannon, from which place there was a pleasant mode of transit, partly by steamer and partly by canal, to the metropolis. The day was fine for the season of the year, but cold. A battery, constantly full of soldiers, flanks the bridge of Banagher, from the loop-holes of which cannon-muzzles radiate toward all points of the compass. The few miles of river between that and Shannon harbor, where steam-boat passengers take the canal-boats, are not as interesting as it is both above and below those points, although it passes through a very rich grain-producing country, and is dotted here and there with superb residences. The cold soon obliged me to seek the comforts of the cabin, where was a motley group of English and foreign tourists, Romish and Protestant ecclesiastics, merchants going to town to make purchases, invalids seeking after health or medical advice, and, in fine, such a posse as is very usually met with under similar circumstances. Sitting at a table, with a large book before him, was a fine-looking young man, whose history I subsequently learned from his own lips. He had been exceedingly gay until a short time previous, when the Rev. Mr. Caughey, a Methodist revivalist from America, visited that country. My fellow-passenger heard him, and was led to seek for pardon through the atonement of Christ. He had had a good business education, but felt very much his want of scriptural knowledge, and was resolved to remedy the evil. Intending to arrive at the desired result as speedily as possible, he possessed himself of Adam Clarke's Commentary, a volume of which was before him, and which he read with avidity. One of the passengers, a smooth, sinister-looking fellow, whom I had met in Clonmel, as a seller of Romish prints and books a year previous, stepped up to him and said, "You 're a happy man, sir, reading that book so comfortably."

"I am, sir," he rejoined, "a happy man, and this is the best of books; but it is not to my reading of it that I look for happiness. I look to its Author alone for that mercy which I need to make me happy; nevertheless, in reading it, I find my

understanding enlightened and my heart purified."

I loved the young man for his noble confession of Christ, so fearlessly made in presence of many adversaries, but saw at a glance that he little calculated on the wiliness of the antagonist with whom he had to deal. A very few minutes elapsed, and the combatants were fairly pitted in the heat of controversy. All eyes and ears were immediately turned toward them. The Jesuit, for such he was, very craftily obtained from his opponent the confession of his being a Weslevan Methodist, and then absolutely refused to commit himself to the declaration of a belief in anything. He fenced about in their usual dexterous way, calling on the Methodist for his proofs of the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures, as also to show that he was not deceived in deriving his happiness from what might turn out to be no more than a fancy of his own; averring every now and then that he was no polemic, that no person present could tell whether he was of any religion or no religion, and that he would much rather sell a gold watch than be engaged in controversy.

My poor suffering friend had simply received the truth in the love of it; that truth had made him free, and happy, and zealous, and he wondered that every man did not believe the warm effusions of his honest heart; but he was unable to cope with a deeply-read and dishonest controversialist, and found to his dismay that he had committed himself to a task which was too much for him. The priest fairly chuckled with delight. Thinking it time to interfere, I interposed by saying, "Gentlemen, I beg you will excuse an interruption; but I must say that you do not stand on equal footing. You, sir," addressing the Jesuit, "have taken an unfair advantage of my friend here, who has honestly avowed his principles; you have avowed nothing. Let us know what you are." Here he tried to back out, again averring that he was no controversialist, a plain man of business, and would much rather sell a watch, &c., &c.

"You say you are a plain man of business, and still refuse to avow your principles. You have, too, challenged any one to discover what they are. I will tell you. You have been a Jew; you are now a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit, and your selling of watches is a mere decoy, in order

to enable you to insinuate your sentiments unsuspected. I defy you to disavow this." He seemed astonished, and after some little hesitation, essayed to compliment me on my candor as a disputant, again alleging his unskillfulness as a debater, and positively refusing to proceed any further with the subject.

"No, no, sir," I said, "you must not back out in this way; we who have heard your discussion with this gentleman, can form a pretty good estimate of your powers for debate. I cannot force you against your will to keep to the arena, but I can express my astonishment that you, an Israelite, should not only endeavor to throw discredit on the sacred Scriptures, which exhibit so fully the abounding love of God to your nation, but that you should run into idolatry, a sin for which your nation has suffered so much, and so frequent punishment at the hand of God; for, as a Roman Catholic, you must worship bread, the work of men's hands. Destroy our grounds of confidence in the Holy Scriptures, and what becomes of the promise made by God unto your fathers? what becomes even of your assumptions as a Roman Catholic, and of those claims which that Church sets up as being founded in Scripture? If the Scriptures are not of God, then any assumption founded on Scripture, even mistranslated, tortured, or misinterpreted, falls to the ground. If Popery can thus kill Protestantism, she must kill Judaism along with it, and commit the most determined suicide into the bargain."

"Blow off your steam, there! stop her!" was heard on deck; the jumping of twenty or more luggage porters on board, caused a simultaneous rush of the cabin passengers up stairs, to see to the safety of their luggage. The apostate Jew and his first opponent disappeared in the scramble, and I was left to find my way on board the canal-boat which was to take us to Dublin.

The Responsibility of Man.—It is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can escape from his own deed—be it good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality, which he can never destroy. It becomes independent of him; and goes into the world, to deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his view.— Kidd's Journal.

EDMUND BURKE.

MANY imagine that Burke had no power of oratorical impression; that he was a mere "dinner-bell," and that all his speeches, however splendid, fell still-born from his lips. So far was this from being the case, that his very first orations in Parliament-those, namely, on the Stamp Act-delivered when he had yet a reputation to make, according to Johnson, "filled the town with wonder," an effect which, we fancy, their mere merit, if unaccompanied by some energy and interest of delivery, could hardly have produced. So long as he was in office under Lord Rockingham, and under the Coalition Ministry, he was listened to with deference and admiration. His speech against Hastings was waited for with greater eagerness, and heard with greater admiration, than any of that brilliant series, except, perhaps, Sheridan's on the Begum Charge; and in its closing passage, impeaching Hastings "in the name of human nature itself," it rose, even as to effect, to a hight incomparably above any of the rest. delivery, indeed, and voice were not firstrate, but such things are not to be regarded much, or at least long, in a true orator: and when Burke became fully roused, his minor defects were always either surmounted by himself, or forgotten by others. The real secret of his parliamentary unpopularity, in his latter years, lay, 1st, in the envy with which his matchless powers were regarded; 2d, in his fierce and ungovernable temper, and the unguarded violence of his language; 3d, in the uncertainty of his position and circumstances; and, lastly, in the fact, as Johnson has it, that "while no one could deny that he spoke well, yet all granted that he spoke too often and too long." His soul, besides, generally soared above his audience, and sometimes forgot to return. In honest Goldsmith's version of it,

"Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining, And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

But he could never be put down to the last, and might, had he chosen, have contested the cheap palm of instant popularity even with the most voluble of his rivals. But the "play was not worth the candle." He mingled, indeed, with their temporary conflicts; but it was like a god descending from Ida to the plains of Troy, and sharing

in the vulgar shock of arms, with a high celestial purpose in view. He was, in fact, over the heads of the besotted parliaments of his day, addressing the ears of all future time, and has not been inaudible in that gallery.

Goldsmith is right in saying that so far he "narrowed his mind." But, had he narrowed it a little further, he could have produced so much the more of immediate impression, and so much the more have circumscribed his future influence and power. He was by nature what Clootz pretended to be, and what all genuine speakers should aim at being, "an orator of the human race," and he never altogether lost sight of this his high calling. Hence, while a small class adored him, and a large class respected, the majority found his speaking apart from their purpose; and if they listened to it, it was from a certain vague impression that it was something great and splendid, only not very intelligible. and not at all practical. In fact, the brilliance of his imagination, and the restless play of his ingenuity, served often to conceal the solid depth and practical bearings of his wisdom. Men seldom give a famous man credit for all the faculties he possesses. If they dare not deny his genius, they deny his sense; or, if they are obliged to admit his sense, they question his genius. If he is strong, he cannot be beautiful; and if beautiful, he must be weak. That Burke suffered much from this false and narrow style of criticism, is unquestionable; but that he was ever the gigantic bore on the floor of the House of Commons, which some pretend, we venture to doubt. The fact was probably this-on small matters, he was thought prosy, and coughed down; but, whenever there was a large load to be lifted, a great question to be discussed-a Hastings to be crushed, or a French revolution to be analyzed-the eyes of the House instinctively turned to the seat where the profound and brilliant man was seated, and their hearts irresistibly acknowledged, at times, what their tongues and prejudices often denied.

And yet it is amusing to find, from a statement of Burke's own, that the Whigs whom he had deserted solaced themselves for the unparalleled success of the "Reflections on the French Revolution," by underrating it in a literary point of view. Is this the spirit of real or of mock humility in which he speaks, in his "Appeal from

the New to the Old Whigs?" gentlemen who in the name of the party have passed sentence on Mr. Burke's book in the light of literary criticism, are judges above all challenge. He did not indeed flatter himself that, as a writer, he could claim the approbation of men whose talents, in his judgment and in the public judgment, approach to prodigies, if ever such persons should be disposed to estimate the merit of a composition upon the standard of their own ability." Surely this must be ironical, else it would seem an act of voluntary humility as absurd as though De Quincey were deferring in matters of philosophy or style to the "superior judgment" of some of our American-made doctors. Pretty critics they were! Think of the glorious eloquence, wisdom, passions, and poetry, the "burning coals of juniper, sharp arrows of the strong," to be found in every page of the "Reflections," the power of which had almost stifled the ire of a nation, and choked up a volcano which was setting the world in flames; sneered at by two men, at least, not one of whose works is now read-by the writer of a farrago like the "Spital Sermon," or by the author of such illegible dullness as the "History of James II.," or even by Sheridan, with his clever, heartless plays, and the brilliant falsetto of his speeches; or even by Mackintosh, with the rhetorical logic and forced flowers of his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ." Surely Burke did, in his heart, appeal from their tribunal to that of a future age. To do Mackintosh justice, he learned afterward to form a far loftier estimate of the author of the "Reflections." He was, soon after the publication of his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," invited to spend some days at Beaconsfield. There he found the old giant, now toying on the earpet with little children, now cracking bad jokes and the vilest of puns, and now pouring out the most magnificent thoughts and images. In the course of a week's animated discussion on the French Revolution, and many cognate subjects, Mackintosh was completely converted to Burke's views, and came back impressed with an opinion of his genius and character, far higher than his writings had given him. Indeed, his speech in defense of Peltierby much the most eloquent of his published speeches-bears on it the fiery traces of the influence which Burke had latterly exerted on his mind. The early sermons, too, and the "Apology for the Liberty of

the Press," by Hall, are less colored, than created by the power which Burke's writings had exerted on his dawning genius. But more of this afterward.

What a pity that Boswell had not been born a twin, and that the brother had not attached himself as fondly and faithfully to Burke, as Jemmy to Johnson. Boswell's Life of Burke would now have been even more popular than Boswell's Life of Johnson. For, if Johnson's sayings were more pointed and witty, Burke's were profounder and sublimer far. Johnson had lived as much with books and with certain classes of men, but Burke had conversed more with the silent company of thoughts; and all grand generalizations were to him palpable, familiar, and life-like as a gallery of pictures. Johnson was a lazy, slumbering giant, seldom moving himself except to strangle the flies which buzzed about his nostrils; Burke wrought like a Cyclops in his cave, or like a Titan, piling up mountains as stepping-stones to heaven. Johnson, not Burke, was the master of amplification, from no poverty, but from indolence; he often rolled out sounding surges of commonplace, with no bark and little beauty, upon the swell of the wave; Burke's mind, as we have seen before, was morbidly active; it was impatient of circular movement round an idea, or of noise and agitation without progress: his motto ever was "Onwards," and his eloquence always bore the stamp of thought. Johnson looked at all things through an atmosphere of gloom; Burke was of a more sanguine temperament; and if cobwebs did at any time gather, the breath of his anger or of his industry speedily blew them away. Johnson had mingled principally with scholars, or the middle class of community; Burke was brought early into contact with statesmen, the nobility and gentry, and this told both upon his private manners and upon his knowledge of human nature. Johnson's mind was of the sharp. strong, sturdy order; Burke's of the subtile, deep, revolving sort; as Goldsmith said, he "wound into every subject like a serpent." Both were honest, fearless, and pious men; but, while Burke's honesty sometimes put on a court-dress, and his fearlessness sometimes "licked the dust," and his piety could stand at ease, Johnson in all these points was ever roughly and nakedly the same. Johnson, in wit, vigor of individual sentences, and solemn

pictures of human life, and its sorrows and frailties, was above Burke; but was as far excelled by him in power of generalization, vastness of range and reading, exuberance of fancy, daring rhetoric, and in skillful management and varied cadence of style. Johnson had a philosophical vein, but it had never received much culture: Burke's had been carefully fed, and failed only at times through the subjects to which it was directed. Johnson's talk, although more brilliant, memorable, and imposing, was also more set, starched, and produced with more effort than Burke's, who seemed to talk admirably because he could not help it, or, as his great rival said, "because his mind was full." Johnson was, notwithstanding his large proportions, of the earth earthy, after all; his wings, like those of the ostrich, were not commensurate with his size; Burke, to vast bulk and stature, added pinions which bore him from peak to peak, and from one gorgeous tract of " cloudland " to another.

Boswell and Prior have preserved only a few specimens of Burke's conversation, which are, however, so rich as to excite deep regret that more has not been retained; and a profound conviction that his traditional reputation has not been exaggerated, and that his talk was the truest revelation of his powers. Every one knows the saying of Dr. Johnson, that you could not go with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, without saying, "this is an extraordinary man." Nor was this merely because he could talk cleverly and at random, on all subjects, and hit on brilliant things; but that he seemed to have weighed and digested his thoughts, and prepared and adjusted his language on all subjects, at the same time that impulse and excitement were ever ready to sprinkle splendid impromptus upon the stream of his speech. He combined the precision and perfect preparation of the lecturer, with the ease and fluency of the conversationist. He did not, like some, go on throwing out shining paradoxes; or, with others, hot gorgeous metaphors, hatched between excitement and vanity; or, with others, give prepared and polished orations, disguised in the likeness of extempore harangues; or, with others, perpetually strive to startle, to perplex, to mystify, and to shine; or, with others still, become a kind of oracle, stereotyped prophet, coiled up in the corner of a drawing-room, and uttering roces

ambiguas. Burke's talk was that of a thoroughly furnished, gifted, and profoundly informed man, thinking aloud. His conversation was just the course of a great, rich river, winding at its sweet or its wild will-always full, often overflowing; sometimes calm, and sometimes fretted and fierce; sometimes level and deep, and sometimes starred with spray, or leaping into cataracts. Who shall venture to give us an "imaginary conversation" between him and Johnson, on the subject referred to by Boswell, of the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, or on some similar topic, in a style that shall fortunately represent the point, roughness, readiness, and sense of the one, and the subtilty, varied knowledge, glares of sudden metaphoric illumination crossing the veins of profound reflection, which distinguished the other-the "no sirs" and the "therefores" of the one, with the "buts," the "unlesses," and the terrible "excuse me, sirs" of the other? We wonder that Savage Landor has never attempted it, and brought in poor Burns-the only man then living in Britain quite worthy to be a third party in the dialogue; now to shed his meteor light upon the matter of the argument; and now, by his wit or song, to soothe, and calm, and harmonize the minds of the combat-

Burke's talk is now, however, as a whole, irrecoverably lost. What an irrepressible sigh escapes us, as we reflect that this is true of so many noble spirits! Their works may remain with us, but that fine aroma which breathed in their conversation, that wondrous beam which shone in their very eyes, are for ever gone. They have become dried flowers. of the first of men, indeed, have had nothing to lose in this respect. Their conversation was inferior to their general powers. Their works were evening shadows, more gigantic than themselves. We have, at least, their essence preserved in their writings. This probably is true even of Shakspeare and Milton. But Johnson, Burke, Burns, and Coleridge were so constituted, that conversation was the only magnet that could draw out the full riches of their transcendent genius; and all of them would have required each his own Siamese twin to have accompanied him through life, and with the pen and the patience of Bozzy, to have preserved the continual outpourings of their fertile brains

and fluent tongues. We are not, however, arguing their superiority to the two just mentioned, or to others of a similar stamp, whose writings were above their talk—far the reverse—but are simply asserting that we may regret more the comparative meagerness of biography in the case of the one class than of the other.

Burke, in private, was unquestionably the most blameless of the eminent men of his day. He was, in all his married life at least, entirely free from the licentiousness of Fox, the dissipation of Sheridan, and the hard-drinking habits of Pitt. But he was also the most amiable and activelybenevolent of them. Wise as a serpent, he was harmless as a dove; and when the deep sources of his virtuous indignation were not touched, gentle as a lamb. Who has forgot his fatherly interest in poor Crabbe-that flower blushing and drooping unseen, till Burke lifted it up in his hand, and gave his protégé bread and immortality? or his kindness to rough, thankless Barry, whom he taught and counseled as wisely as if he had been a prophet of art, not politics, and as if he had studied nothing else but painting, (proving thus, besides his tender heart, that a habit and power of deep and genuine thinking can easily be transferred from one branch to all, and that the great genius is great all round-a truth substantiated, besides, by the well-known aid he gave Sir Joshua Reynolds in his lectures;) or last, not least, his Good-Samaritan treatment of the wretched streetstroller he met, took home, introduced, after hearing her story, to Mrs. Burke, who watched over, reformed, and employed her in her service? "These are deeds which must not pass away." Like green laurels on the bald head of a Cæsar, they add a beauty and softness to the grandeur of Burke's mind, and leave you at a loss (fine balance! rare alternative! compliment, like a biforked sunbeam, cutting two ways!) whether more to love or to admire him. Fit it was that HE should have passed that noble panegyric on Howard, the "Circumnavigator of Charity," which now stands, and shall eternally stand, like a mountain before its black and envious shadow, over against Carlyle's late unhappy attack on the unrivaled philanthropist.

We promised a word on Burke's critics. They have been numerous and various. From Johnson, Fox, Laurence, Mackin-

tosh, Wordsworth, Brougham, Hazlitt, Macaulay, De Quincey, Croly, H. Rogers, &c., down to Prior, &c. Johnson gave again and again his sturdy verdict in his favor, which was more valuable then than it is now. "If I were," he said when once ill, and unable to talk, "to meet that fellow Burke to-night, it would kill me." Fox admitted that he had learned more from Burke's conversation than from all his reading and experience put together. Laurence, one of his executors, has left recorded his glowing sense of his friend's genius and virtues. Of Mackintosh's admiration we have spoken above; although, in an article which appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," somewhere in 1830, he seems to modify his approbation; induced to this, partly, perhaps, by the influences of Holland House, and partly by those chills of age which, falling on the higher genius and nature of Burke, served only to revive and stimulate him, but which damped whatever glow Mackintosh once had. Wordsworth's lofty estimate is given in Lord John Russell's recent biography of Moore, and serves not only to prove what his opinion was, but to establish a strong distinction between the mere dilettante litterateur like Canning, and the mere statesman like Pitt, and a man who, like Burke, combined the deepest knowledge of politics, and the most unaffected love for literature and literary men. Brougham's estimate, in his "Statesmen," &c., is not exactly unfair, but fails, first through his lordship's profound unlikeness, in heart, habits, kind of culture, taste, and genius, to the subject of his critique-(Burke, to name two or three distinctions, was always a careful, while Brougham is often an extempore, thinker. Burke is a Cicero, and something far more; Brougham aspires to be a Demosthenes, and is something far less. Burke reasons philosophically—a mode of ratiocination which, as we have seen, can be employed with advantage on almost all subjects; Brougham reasons geometrically, and is one of those who, according to Aristotle, are sure to err when they turn their mathematical method to moral or mental themes. Burke's process of thought resembles the swift synthetic algebra; Brougham's the slow, plodding, geometric analysis. Burke had prophetic insight, earnestness, and poetic fire; Brougham has marvelous acuteness, the earnestness of passion, and the fire of

temperament. Burke had genuine imagination; Brougham has none;) and, second, through his prodigious exaggeration of Burke's rivals, who, because they were near and around, appear to him cognate and equal, if not superior; even as St. Peter's is said to be lessened in effect by some tall but tasteless buildings in the neighborhood; and as the giant Ben Macdhui was long concealed by the lofty but subordinate hills which crush in around him. Hazlitt, Macaulay, and De Quincey have all seen Burke in a truer light, and praised him in the spirit of a more generous and richer recognition. Hazlitt has made, he tells us, some dozen attempts to describe Burke's style, without pleasing himselfso subtile and evasive he found its elements. and so strange the compound in it of matter of fact, speculation, and poetic eloquence. His views of him, too, veered about several times-at least they seem very different in his papers in the "Edinburgh Review," and in his acknowledged essays; although we believe that at heart he always admired him to enthusiasm, and is often his unconscious imitator. Macaulay has also a thorough appreciation of Burke, the more that he is said to fancy-it is nothing more than a fancy-that there is a striking resemblance between his hero and himself! De Quincey following in this, Coleridge has felt, and eloquently expressed, his immeasurable contempt for those who praise Burke's fancy at the expense of his intellect. Dr. Croly has published a Political Life of Burke, full of eloquence and fervid panegyrie, as well as of strong discrimination; Burke is manifestly his master, nor has he found an unworthy disciple. Henry Rogers has edited and prefaced an edition of Burke's works, but the prefixed essay, although able, is hardly worthy of the author of "Reason and Faith," and its eloquence is of a laborious, mechanical sort. And Hall has, in his "Apology for the Liberty of the Press," which was in part a reply to the "Reflections," painted him by a few beautiful touches, less true, however, than they are beautiful; and his pamphlet; although carefully modeled on the writings of his opponent, is not to be named beside them in depth, compass of thought, richness of imagery, or variety and natural vigor of style; his splendor, compared to Burke's, is stiff; his thinking and his imagery imitative-no more than in the case of Macaulay do you ever feel

yourself in contact with a "great virgin mind," melting down through the heat and weight of its own exhaustless wealth, although, in absence of fault, stateliness of manner, and occasional polished felicities of expression, Hall is superior even to Burke.

That Burke was Junius, we do not believe; but that Burke HAD TO DO with the composition of some of these celebrated letters, we are as certain as if we had seen his careful front, and dim, but searching eyes looking through his spectacles over the MS. He was notoriously (see Prior's Life) in the secret of their authorship. Johnson thought him the only man then alive capable of writing them. objection, that "Burke's great power was amplification, while that of Junius was condensation," sprung, we think, from a totally mistaken idea of the very nature of Burke's mind. There is far more condensed thinking and writing in many parts of Burke than in Junius-the proof of which is, that no prose writer in the language, except, perhaps, Dean Swift, has had so many single sentences so often quoted. That the motion of the mind of Junius differs materially from Burke's, is granted; but we could account for this (even although we contended, which we do not, that he was the sole author) from the awkwardness of the position in which the Anonymous would necessarily place him. He would become like a man writing with his left hand. The mask would confine as well as disguise him. He durst not venture on that free and soaring movement which was natural to him. Who ever heard of a man in a mask swaying a broadsword? He always uses a stiletto or a dagger. Many of the best things in "Junius" are in one of Burke's manners; for, as we have seen, many manners and styles were his. He said to Boswell, in reference to Crofts' "Life of Young," "It is not a good imitation of Johnson: he has the nodosities of the oak, without its strength-the contortions of the sibyl, without her inspiration." Junius says of Sir W. Draper, "He has all the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration." How like to many sentences in Burke are such expressions as these (speaking of Wilkes:)-" The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, unruffled and unremoved; it is only the tempest which lifts him from his place." We could

quote fifty pithy sentences from Junius and from Burke, which, placed in parallel columns, would convince an unprejudiced critic that they came from the same mind. It is the union in both of point, polish, and concentration-a union reminding you of the deep yet shining sentences of Tacitus -that establishes the identity. Junius has two salts in his style-the sal acridum, and the sal atticum. Sir Philip Francis was equal to the supply of the first; Burke alone to that of the second. It adds to the evidence for this theory, that Burke was fond of anonymous writing, and that in it he occasionally "changed his voice," and personated other minds: think of his "Vindication of natural society in the manner of Lord Bolingbroke." He often, too, assisted other writers sub rosa, such as Barry and Reynolds, in their prelections on painting. We believe, in short, this to be the truth on the subject: he was in the confidence of the Junius Club-for a club it confessedly was: he overlooked many of the letters, (Prior asserts that he once or twice spoke of what was to be the substance of a letter the day before it appeared,) and he supplied many of his inimitable touches, just as Lord Jeffrey was wont to add spice even to some of Hazlitt's articles in the "Edinburgh Review." So that he could thus very safely deny, as he repeatedly did, that he was the author of Junius, and yet have a strong finger in that strangely-concocted ecl-pie.

We come, lastly, to speak of the influence which Burke has exerted upon his and our times. This has been greater than most even of his admirers believe. He was one of the few parent minds which the world has produced. Well does Burns call him "Daddie Burke." And both politics and literature owe filial obligations to his unbounded genius. In politics he has been the father of moderate Conservatism, which is, at least, a tempering of Toryism, if not its sublimation. That conservatism in polities and in Church matters exists now in Britain, is, we believe, mainly owing to the genius of two men, Burke and Coleridge. In literature, too, he set an example that has been widely followed. All vigorous English styles since-that of Godwin, that of Foster, that of Hall, that of Horsley, that of Coleridge, that of Jeffrey, that of Hazlitt, that of De Quincey, that of the " Times " newspaper-are unspeakably indebted to the power with which Burke stirred the stagnant waters of our literature, and by which, while professedly an enemy of revolutions, he himself established one of the greatest, most beneficial, and most lasting—that, namely, of a new, more impassioned, and less conventional mode of addressing the intellects and hearts of men.

Latterly, another change has threatened to come over us. Some men of genius have imported from abroad a mangled and mystic Germanism, which has been for a while the rage. This has not, however, mingled kindly with the current of our literature. The philosophic language or jargon-and it is partly both-of the Teutons has not been well assimilated, or thoroughly digested among us. From its frequent and affected use, it is fast becoming a nuisance. While thinkers have gladly availed themselves of all that is really valuable in its terminology, pretenders have still more eagerly sought shelter for their conceit or morbid weakness under its shield. The stuff, the verbiage, the mystic bewilderment, the affectation, the disguised commonplace, which every periodical almost now teems with, under the form of this foreign phraseology, are enormous, and would require a Swift, in a new "Tale of a Tub" or "Battle of the Books," to expose them. We fancy, however, we see a reaction coming. Great is the Anglo-Saxon, the language of Shakspeare and Byron, and it shall yet prevail over the feeble refinements of the small toadies of the Teutonic giants. Germany was long our humble echo and translator. And we, please God! shall never become its shadow. Our literature never, shall we say? can thus become its own grandchild. thought, too, and faith, which have suffered from the same cause, are in due time to recover: nay, the process of restoration is begun. And among other remedies for the evil, while yet it in a great measure continues, we strongly recommend a recurrence to the works of our great classics in the past; and, among their bright list, let not him be forgotten who, apart from his genius, his worth, and his political achievements, has in his works presented so many titles to be considered not only as the facile princeps among the writers of his own time, although this itself were high distinction, but as one of the first authors who, in any age or country, ever speculated

DINING OUT FOR THE PAPERS.

I WAS sitting in my attic, very high indeed, up a collegiate Jacob's ladder, in St. John's, Cambridge. My pipe and fire had gone out together. The festivities of Grouter's party on the other side of the quadrangle, as they celebrated the wranglership of that worthy, but intense, "old stupid," sounded through my dreary domicile.

I, too, had run my academic race at all events; and there I was, Artium Baccalaureus. My "great-go" passed, and the world, that very extensive and variegated prospect, was before me. I was not fit for the Church, for the law, or for the dispensary. It is an awfully abrupt thing when, at two-and-twenty, a young gentleman, without any money, is told, " Now, my dear fellow, go forth and make your fortune," or when he has to ask himself, "What am I to do now?" I felt it so, I can assure you. There was Grouter; now, as sure as fate, he'll be a bishop, or, if very ill-treated, a dean. He is heavy and honorable-ponderous, upright, and philosophical to a degree-a hard-working sizar, whom Mr. Sine, our crack tutor, coached up for the glory of his " side," and to uphold "John's" against her snubby neighbor, Trinity. But he is made to get on; and the Earl of Grampound, a great whig peer, has already engaged him at a fabulous stipend to make the grand tour with Lord Sarum; and as he is a tremendous Grecian, he is safe on his way to the New Palace at Westminster. There's Sandstone, the hardest-going fellow that ever spirted up the river; but he came up from Winchester, has coached carefully, and is sure of his fellowship after to-day. There's -but what is the use of all this? What am I to do? My eye fell mechanically on the newspaper which had been left in my room by Grouter, when I refused to join his party, with the remark, that "There were some instructive remarks, highly adapted for a contemplative state of mind, in the Right Honorable Lord Cinderley's speech, at the Destitute Goldsmiths' and Jewelers' Annual Dinner," and so, to divert my thoughts from myself and my fortunes, I turned, with a grim smile of satisfaction, to read the debate on a matter in which I had not the smallest interest, "the Income Tax." As I read one I came across the florid reference of Mr. Shiel to the gentle-

men of the press in the reporters' gallery; and first, I was astonished to find they came within the tax at all, and next, that the accomplished little orator who was talking of them should have carried with him the applause of the house when giving a highly eulogistic sketch of their attainments and abilities. My slight knowledge of the mysterious operations of that great agent was derived from occasionally seeing a red-faced, dirty, bald-headed man, in a state of extremest seediness, attending the meetings of a political club of which I was a member, as the representative of the "County Luminary," which certainly cast a most unsteady and alcoholic light on most of the topics presented to it by the gentleman in question. The idea suddenly flashed across me that I would join the press; it seemed easy work, was more lucrative than I had imagined, and I was astonished to find it respectable. I remembered that a great friend of mine, little Beerington, of Magdalen, knew the editor of the great Metropolitan journal, "The Morning Deflagrator," very well, and my plan was made out at once.

A few days completed all my arrangements. My compact little room, overlooking the Bridge of Sighs, was handed over to a lanky Hospitaler, and I was on my way to London, much cheered by Beerington's assurances that I would find Mr. Dammer, the editor, a "most regular good brick as ever was!"

Why are newspaper offices always foci of dirty little boys? Why are they interiorily seedy exceedingly? (there is, to be sure, one exception probably, the "Hymen's Journal;" but then all the attachés are compelled to wash themselves once a day, and the gentlemen when placed on the establishment have orders for bergamot, seented soap, and macassar, to an unlimited extent.) Why are they, as a general rule, retired into the most mysterious quarters of the town, in proportion to their influence and circulation, so that one would imagine the great object of the proprietors was to baffle news-agents and cut off the stream of advertisements as far as the greatest ingenuity in selecting abstruse recesses in unintelligible portions of the metropolis could do it? These and many other things did I revolve within myself while seated in a very rickety chair in a dingy room, awaiting the advent of Dammer, who had left directions that I

should call on him at twelve o'clock at night, for the sake of convenience and a quick dispatch of business. I was listening to a great deal of bell-pulling and tinkling-a succession of feet on the stairs, as of men running up and down on perpetual errands-a hazy murmur out of the upper regions of the house, which flared brightly out through the windows with gaslight, white shirt-sleeves, and pale faces-and a heavy sort of hammering noise from time to time, which put me in mind of a set-to with the gloves between the Rev. Billy Pounder, of King's, and his friend "The Deaf'un"-when Dammer rushed in. His personal appearance is a subject too awful to be treated of. Who shall dare to roll back the clouds which enshrined the Olympian Jupiter? Who shall live and see-clothed with that particular description of garment, of which we have all read, that an ancient sinner fabricated his "strong expressions"—the ineffable, intangible, impersonal "We?" Those who like may essay to limn the terrors of his beak (probably somewhat roseate and fuliginous, as to the tip, with snuff) and behold the lightnings of his eye dimmed, haply though they be by the ostreafying properties of Hodge's Balm of Gilead -I tremble and am silent.

Dammer soon found out I was as nearly useless for his purposes, or, indeed, for most things, as a good University education could have rendered me, and was evidently much perplexed. He could not throw me over-that was out of the question; Tom Beerington had written him such a letter, had recalled so many boasts and promises, and had put on the screw with such vigor, that Dammer was afraid of cutting off the supplies of fat round haunches, of birds, hares, grouse, of good mounts, and runs, and dinners, which "The Swill," my friend's family mansion, had always afforded him in due season, if he did not do "something handsome and permanent for my best friend, Wentworth Rushton." I was young, lanky, with a fine run of spare ribs, and altogether in good condition for work-a great desideratum for newspaper men-but Dammer had found out I did not write short-hand. though I was indifferently well at Greek verse; that I could not undertake the composition of "leaders" on any one of the extensive subjects he placed before menotwithstanding I had gained the prize of

my college for English composition, (subject, "The Advantages of Steam-power") -and that I was, in fact, generally unfit for anything. "Beerington," quoth he, " is a great friend of mine, Mr. Rushton. When in the jungles of Ava, shooting-However, I must tell you that some other time. I'm anxious to oblige him and to do you a service as a friend of his. If you were going into the Church, I'd get you a living at once from my best friend the Archbishop of Canterbury-we traveled through Arabia Petræa together, and I fed him through a reed for weeks in the jungle-but you're not. I'dask Lord John, but that I have not spoken to him lately. However, I dare say I'll find something for you to do, and meantime you can, by a little application, render yourself better fitted for a good engagement. When I commanded the irregular horse of my friend Shah Murdo Jung, I-But just wait a moment, if you please; I'll see if I can't try you at a dinner or two."

Dammer returned in a moment with two large envelopes-placed them in my hand, and said, "Would you be good enough to attend to these to-morrow-they're only dinners-I must now bid you good-night-I've got your address—a short paragraph will do-good-night!" and left me in such a state of mind I could scarcely find my way into the street. Under the first lamp I stopped and tore open the envelopes. No. 1 was a request from the Committee of the "Society for the Amelioration of Mankind" that the editor of the "Morning Deflagrator" would favor them with his company to dinner at the Metropolis Tavern, at six o'clock the following day. No. 2 was a magnificent-looking ukase from the managers of the "Profligate Females' Restoration Association" to the same individual, demanding his attendance at a dinner, in aid of the funds of the Association, the same day at seven o'clock. Two dinners in one day! I did perceive there a divided duty; but knowing I had a good digestion and a stout constitution, I went to bed with a clear conscience, and dreamed all night of charging the Amelioration Society at the head of Murdo Jung's Irregular Horse.

Who has not heard of the Metropolis Tavern? It is the temple of hungry benevolence, the shrine where Lazarus kneels in confidence to the beneficent Dives, and where the appeals of suffering humanity

go direct to the heart through the chylopoietics. Day after day streams of black-coated, white-chokered people, of waiters, "professionals," and "company," (of whom, in my early times of dining out, I might have said with truth, " Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,") may be seen pouring into that shady hall within which resounds forever the clang of covers and the rattle of the dinner-steel, mingled with the faintest soupcon of French cookery from the remoter kitchen. Day after day carriages and cabs there deposit their joyous burdens toward seven o'clock, and the band of the Guards seem there to be on constant duty. Fresh posters outside announce diurnally new objects to be achieved in the paths of gastronomic regeneration; nor is there in this age of progress any development of science, of social knowledge, or of political life, in which the Metropolis Tavern and its dinners do not play an important part.

"Mankind Amealorations?" said the fat porter in his arm-chair, as I timidly made my inquiries; "up stairs, sir, third flight. Leave yer hat and coat at the table, please, sir."

And so I ascended a lofty flight of stairs. the walls by the side of which were decked with portraits of great kings, and admirals, and generals, who had feasted in their day right gloriously in these saloons, amid files of smiling waiters and plethoric guests till I reached the banqueting-room. What a new world it was to me! Three long tables glittering with plate, with centerpieces laden with bouquets, with stupendous wine-coolers, side-covers, and heaps of silver knives and forks flashing brightly beneath the light of wax and gas, ran the length of a noble and richly-decorated hall, till they effected a junction with a transverse cross-table-the seat of honor-at the end of the room, covered with dazzling ornaments, such as the Roman in his conquering hour might have snatched from the treasure-houses of an Eastern monarch. In the orchestra over the entrance were the fair ladies whose happiness it was to be about to see the Ameliorators feeding, and beneath it that indefatigable band of the Guards was already bleating through all its lungs of brass a preparatory rehearsal of the march in Nabucco. The cards before the dishes bespoke the rank of the guests. There was Lord Cinderley, the benevolent chairman, Lord Bruf-

ham, Mr. Benjamin Ligament Cable, the vice, Mr. Wirey, the great city orator, Mr. Deputy Greenpea, Alderman Carcaseman, Lord Fudleigh Steward, Sir Benjamin Bawl, &c., all in due order. Lower down, little cards stuck into sponge-cakes pointed out the local boundaries for "the Press," which I approached with much humility. A stout gentleman with spectacles was busy pointing a pencil, and prematurely sipping hock as I sidled up. He looked at me-brushed the crumbs of bread off his highly-ornate "tommy," and addressed me in some cabalistic phraseology, of which I only understood the words "Going to make much of this?" As I felt hungry, I replied, "Well, I should rather say so;" on which the stout gentleman, immediately turning his back on me, merely remarked, "You'll h've it all to yourself then," an observation which left me to infer that he was slightly deranged and decidedly ill-bred, for I could not at all fancy that I would be really called on to consume the whole banquet. By-and-by the press-seats became fuller and fuller, and I was aware that I was a black sheep, a "new boy at school," for as no one could say who I was, it seemed to be taken for granted I was nobody. Spriggs of the "Star," who wore a bright blue cravat, and a white vest, with gold flowers, hinted audibly to Brown of the "Moon" that I was some "outsider" that Ginner of the "Deflagrator" had engaged for the evening; but Brandyer's theory that I was "doing it" on my own "hook," for the society, seemed to be most generally acceptable.

It is not pleasant to be the subject of baseless theories in one's own hearing; and for some few minutes I felt unhappy and distrait, and the more so because my confreres were on such good terms with each other.

Enter at last a grand procession! Smiling stewards with white wands in their hands, and rosettes in their button-holes, precede a stately pomp of lords, and baronets, and knights, and aldermen, and gentlemen, (ought not the last to be first, by-the-by?) and escort them to the top table; and amid the strains of the band and the waving of kerchiefs from the gallery, the Ameliorators take their places. A crowd of waiters struggling beneath the weight of mighty covers fills up the void which has been left by the march of white-headed

nobles, with red noses and ribins, and is at last precipitated on the tables in a sediment of tureens and smoking dishes. While I gaze in wonderment on this strange scene, the triumphal strains of the band cease, and I feel a gentle nudge at my elbow. A party gorgeously appareled, with rills of shirt-frills and bossy studs, and an engaging smile at once familiar, and deprecating offense, says to me, "Mr. a-a-a, (a bow,) I haven't the pleasure of your name, (a bow,) but my name is Harkaway, sir-well known to Mr. Ginner, of your paper, sir, (a bow.)and if you'll be so good as to say Harkaway, the toast-master, was as-anything you 're good enough to think, sir-as usual, (two bows.) Thank you, sir, you're very kind," (three bows, and vanish the vision amid the waiters.)

And now a clergyman rises to bless the feast, and as his general exhortation, not to be fond of creature-comforts, but rather to eschew feasting and reveling, is something of the longest, many of the company raise the covers, and peep slily into the dishes to ascertain the contents, and then. as the Ameliorators are great martyrs in this way, and stave off what they so much desire, as long as possible, a stout gentleman with a bass voice, a lean gentleman with a barytone tenor ditto, and a cherrycheeked, rotund little body, whether boy or man, one cannot say at the distance, with a juggle and a warble in the throat like that of an over-fed nightingale, execute the dreary ode to the deity of dinners, "Non nobis Domine."

What a clatter as the peaceful army sits down to battle! If old Homer had heard it he might have culled one more simile to describe the march of the Grecian host. Ladles, spoons, knives, forks, plates, covers, and glasses, keep up a perpetual clash, tingle, clang, which rise above the crash of a waltz by Lanner, and the rows of the waiters by dozens. A red-faced gentleman at the other side of the table, who has been working away at a large tureen for some time, catches a glimpse of my plate while I am staring about me, and with horror exclaims, "Why, sir! you've had no turtle! and it's getting cold! here, waiter, that young gentleman's plate opposite. I've a nice bit of the meat for you left." What a mine of happiness I am for that man! he has discovered I never was at a public dinner before, and

he is-he confesses with a sigh-the hero of hundreds of them; he takes care of me as a father would of a favorite child-he tells me when to drink my cold punch, my champagne, my claret, (he insists on its being a light red-sealed bottle-orange wont do, nor scarlet,) the exact moment at which port may be ventured on, and he marshals the made dishes, and reveals their secrets with rare prescience; he is my mentor as to what to eat, drink, and avoid; makes enemies of his best friends by giving me all the tid-bits of flesh, fish, and fowl, and hears unmoved the whispered libel that "Old Goldfish is buttering up that young press chap to get a report of the speech," absorbed in the rare enjoyment of what, he says, with a sigh, is now his greatest pleasures, "Seeing a man eat

with an appetite."

With the aid of Goldfish I got on remarkably well. My brethren of the pencil relaxed so far as to ask me to take wine in rotation, and to inform me that this was the best dinner going, as it was expensive, and there was nothing to do in the way of speech-writing. Several times I had observed a tall, slight, courteous-looking person, in evening dress, hovering round our chairs and speaking confidentially to my confrères, but could not make him out; waiter, head or tail, he evidently was not, and yet, he somehow or other, seemed to belong to the Metropolis Tavern. There was an air of diplomatic grace about him -a soft, oily gait, which slid him about here, there, and everywhere, as though he traveled on felt springs-a bland smile and a hearty genial manner, mingled with excessive respectfulness and deference of address that attracted attention at once. Just as I was inquiring who this very agreeable person was, and had learned it was Mr. Lave, the proprietor, he appeared at my elbow, and as if I had become the one object of his thought and exertions, in his inimitable tones said, "Dear me, dear me, Mr. Ruxton, you have eaten nothingabsolutely nothing! Is there nothing I could get to tempt you? I have kept a woodcock just for you and our excellent friend, Mr. Goldfish. Ah! there is a man, Mr. Ruxton! Such a man, sir, (forte;) I often say what would we do only for him, sir, (piano,)-enormously rich-dines here four times a week. You really will not take anything more? dined so well! delighted, indeed! And how is my excel-

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lent friend, Mr. Ginner? No indisposition, I hope? Ah, well, that 's really well, sir. So glad to hear you believe him in his usual health." By this time a waiter had whispered something in Lave's ear. "And now, sir, I'll just give you, if you will allow me, a taste-just a taste-'pon my word, Mr. Ruxton, it 's my last dozen of Prince Metternich's Cabinet hock-keep it just down there, between your legs-and give a glass or so to your vis-à-vis. Ah! Mr. Goldfish, you know what we have got here. Tell our excellent friend here, (myself,) who has honored us with his company this evening, its history, I pray, sir. James, (to a waiter,) attend particularly to these gentlemen here, and to this gentleman especially, whom I have not seen before. No Champagne, but Moet and Chardensdo you like La Rose or Chateau Lafitte, as a claret? I think you will; I'll send both-now do, I beseech you, make yourselves comfortable." And Mr. Lave glided off to spread happiness round him, and to win the hearts of aldermen, common-council-men, stewards, and committee-men, by appeals to their vanity and their stomach.

And now came "The Queen," "The Prince Albert," &c., which are irreverently described in the prints as the usual loyal toasts, and "The Army and Navy." Mr. Sims, of the City Artillery Company, returned thanks for the army, observing, that, when the time came, the corps to which he belonged would do its dooty, (great cheers,) and Lieut. Knocks, of the R. N., did the same for the navy, and in the course of his remarks introduced a spirited account of the battle of Copenhagen-the professionals warbling sweetly in the intervals, and Harkaway bellowing like all the bulls of Bashan, his perpetual injunctions to gentlemen to charge their glasses, as if poor human nature was not prone enough to do it without any such stimulus. My mind having been set at rest by an assurance from my stenographic friend on the right, that Lave would get me the names of the people at the other dinner, and that a line or two would be enough for it. I resigned myself to the joys of the table, amid which was Lord Cinderley's speech on the gradual approach of an ameliorated-mankind era, which he illustrated by some astounding statistics from all parts of the criminal world. The noble lord had spent the day in hunting up young thieves through all the alleys of | Life of Peterborough.

London, in attending a dog-fight for the purpose of reforming two very pet criminals who hitherto obstinately refused to read tracts, and live on the fat of the land at the expense of the society, and in distributing some religious pocket-handkerchiefs; but as he had succeeded in capturing a cracksman out of luck, and two repentant cabbies, and taking them off to the retreat, he was in the best humor possible, and spoke sanguinely of his ultimate success. The end of that dinnerwhat was it? when was it? I know not. I remember a small room filled with eigar smoke, faces looming out above it, and the fumes of hot brandy and water; also a number of songs and broiled bones, and an enthusiastic speech from myself, in which I wished to embrace all the company, and hailed them all as my best friends-and then a cab to the "Deflagrator,"-a dignified but unsuccessful attempt to walk steadily up stairs, with a consciousness that men in white shirt sleeves were grinning at me-most extraordinary paper, and pens and ink, in a desk in a big room with a rotatory motion, and a poem commencing-

"Sing, muse, sing the banquet of our Lave, Which not Lucullus"

The meeting with Dammer was awful. However, I got over it, and ever since I have been a "diner out" for the papers. It is not improbable but that I may give some account of the greatest and most remarkable of the wonderful scenes I have witnessed in that capacity-but it's very trying to the constitution.

A Cooking Earl.—The Earl of Peterborough, among other things, was in the habit of stating that, during the War of the Succession, he had frequently been in danger of perishing for want of food; and that even when he could get it, he was often obliged to cook it himself; he thus became a good artist, and, from the force of habit, sometimes dressed his own dinner. Those who have dined with him at Parson's Green, have seen him at work in a dress for the purpose, like that of a tavern cook: he usually retired from his company about an hour before dinner-time, and having dispatched his culinary affairs, would return properly dressed to his place among the guests, and astonished them by his wit and varied information .- Warburton's

IBIS-SHOOTING IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.

THE ibis (tantalus) is one of the most curious and interesting of American birds: it is a creature of the warm climates. and is not found in either the northern or middle states-the tropics, and the countries contiguous to them, are its range. Louisiana, from its low elevation, possesses almost a tropical climate; and the ibis, of several varieties, is to be there met with in considerable numbers.

There are few sorts of game I have not followed with horse, hound, or gun; and, among other sports, I have gone ibisshooting: it was not so much for the sport, however, as that I wished to obtain some specimens for mounting. An adventure befell me in one of these excursions that may interest the reader. The southern part of the State of Louisiana is one vast labyrinth of swamps, bayous, and lagoons. These bayous are sluggish streams that glide sleepily along, sometimes running one way and sometimes the very opposite, according to the season. Many of them are outlets of the great Mississippi, which begins to shed off its waters more than three hundred miles from its mouth. bayous are deep, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, with islets in their midst. They and their contiguous swamps are the great habitat of the alligator and the freshwater shark-the gar. Numerous species of water and wading fowl fly over them, and plunge through their dark tide. Here you may see the red flamingo, the egret, the trumpeter-swan, the blue heron, the wild-goose, the crane, the snake-bird, the pelican, and the ibis; you may likewise see the osprey, and the white-headed eagle robbing him of his prey. These swamps and bayous produce abundantly fish, reptile, and insect, and are, consequently, the favorite resort of hundreds of birds which prey upon these creatures. In some places, the bayous form a complete net-work over the country, which you may traverse with a small boat in almost any direction; indeed, this is the means by which many settlements communicate with each other. As you approach southward toward the Gulf, you get clear of the timber; and within some fifty miles of the sea, there is not a tree to be seen.

It was near the edge of this open country

small French or Creole settlement, with no other company than my gun; even without a dog, as my favorite spaniel had the day before been bitten by an alligator while swimming across a bayou. I went of course in a boat, a light skiff, such as is commonly used by the inhabitants of the

Occasionally using the paddles, I allowed myself to float some four or five miles down the main bayou; but as the birds I was in search of did not appear, I struck into a "branch," and sculled myself up stream. This carried me through a solitary region, with marshes stretching as far as the eye could see, covered with tall reeds. There was no habitation, nor aught that betokened the presence of man. It was just possible that I was the first human being who had ever found a motive for propelling a boat through the dark waters of this solitary stream. As I advanced, I fell in with my game; and I succeeded in bagging several, both of the great wood-ibis and the white species. I also shot a fine white-headed eagle, (Falco leucocephalus,) which came soaring over my boat, unconscious of danger. But the bird which I most wanted seemed that which could not be obtained. I wanted the scarlet ibis.

I think I had rowed some three miles up-stream, and was about to take in my oars and leave my boat to float back again, when I perceived that, a little further up, the bayou widened. Curiosity prompted me to continue; and after pulling a few hundred strokes further. I found myself at the end of an oblong lake, a mile or so in length. It was deep, dark, marshy around the shores, and full of alligators. I saw their ugly forms and long serrated backs, as they floated about in all parts of it, hungrily hunting for fish and eating one another; but all this was nothing new, for I had witnessed similar scenes during the whole of my excursion. What drew my attention most, was a small islet near the middle of the lake, upon one end of which stood a row of upright forms of a bright scarlet color: these red creatures were the very objects I was in search of. They might be flamingoes; I could not tell at that distance. So much the better, if I could only succeed in getting a shot at them; but these creatures are even more wary than the ibis; and as the islet was I went ibis-shooting. I had set out from a low, and altogether without cover, it was

not likely they would allow me to come within range; nevertheless, I was determined to make the attempt. I rowed up the lake, occasionally turning my head to see if the game had taken the alarm. The sun was hot and dazzling; and as the bright searlet was magnified by refraction, I fancied for a long time they were flamingoes. This fancy was dissipated as I drew near. The outlines of the bills, like the blade of a saber, convinced me they were the ibis; besides, I now saw that they were only about three feet in hight, while the flamingoes stand five. There were a dozen of them in all. These were balancing themselves, as is their usual habit, on one leg, apparently asleep, or buried in deep thought. They were on the upper extremity of the islet, while I was approaching it from below. It was not over sixty yards across; and could I only reach the point nearest me, I knew my gun would throw shot to kill at that distance. I feared the stroke of the sculls would start them, and I pulled slowly and cautiously. Perhaps the great heat-for it was as hot a day as I can remember-had rendered them torpid or lazy. Whether or not, they sat still until the cut-water of my skiff touched the bank of the islet. I drew my gun up cautiously, took aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. When the smoke cleared out of my eyes, I saw that all the birds had flown off except one, that lay stretched out by the edge of the water. Gun in hand, I leaped out of the boat, and ran across the islet to bag my game. This occupied but a few minutes; and I was turning to go back to the skiff, when, to my consternation, I saw it out upon the lake, and rapidly floating downward! my haste I had left it unfastened, and the bayou current had carried it off. It was still but a hundred yards off, but it might as well have been a hundred miles, for at that time I could not swim a stroke.

My first impulse was to rush down to the lake, and after the boat; this impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, which I saw at a glance was fathoms in depth. Quick reflection told me that the boat was gone—irrecoverably gone!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation; nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores—alone, it is true, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man had been so before, with not an idea

of danger. These were first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of a far different character. When I gazed after my boat, now beyond recovery-when I looked around, and saw that the lake lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing-when I reflected that, being unable to swim I could not reach them-that upon the islet there was neither tree, nor log, nor bush; not a stick out of which I might make a raft-I say, when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well-defined and absolute horror.

It is true I was only in a lake, a mile or so in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles -miles of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either see or hear me-no one was at all likely to come near the lake; indeed, I felt satisfied that my faithless boat was the first keel that had ever cut its waters. The very tameness of the birds wheeling round my head was evidence of this. I felt satisfied, too, that without some one to help me, I should never go out from that lake: I must die on the islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hvpothesis definite, the sequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no supposititious hinge upon which I could hang a hope; no, not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for: there was no one to search for me. The simple habitans of the village I had left knew me not-I was a stranger among them: they only knew me as a stranger, and fancied me a strange individual; one who made lonely excursions, and brought home bunches of weeds, with birds, insects, and reptiles, which they had never before seen, although gathered at their own doors. My absence, besides, would be nothing new to them, even though it lasted for days: I have often been absent before, a week at a time. There was no hope of my being missed.

I have said that these reflections came and passed quickly. In less than a minute, my affrighted soul was in full possession of them, and almost yielded itself to despair. I shouted, but rather involuntarily than with any hope that I should be heard; I shouted loudly and fiercely: my answer—the echoes of my own voice, the shrick of the osprey, and the maniac laugh of the

white-headed eagle.

I ceased to shout, threw my gun to the earth, and tottered down beside it. I have been in a gloomy prison, in the hands of a vengeful guerilla banditti, with carbines cocked to blow out my brains. No one will call that a pleasant situation-nor was it so to me. I have been lost upon the wide prairie-the land-sea-without bush, break, or star to guide me-that was worse. There you look around; you see nothing; you hear nothing; you are alone with God, and you tremble in his presence; your senses swim; your brain reels; you are afraid of yourself; you are afraid of your own mind. Deserted by everything else, you dread lest it, too, may forsake you. There is horror in this-it is very horribleit is hard to bear; but I have borne it all. and would bear it again twenty times over rather than endure once more the first hour I spent on that lonely islet in that lonely lake. Your prison may be dark and silent, but you feel that you are not utterly alone; beings like yourself are near, though they be your jailers. Lost on the prairie, you are alone; but you are free. In the islet, I felt that I was alone; that I was not free; in the islet, I experienced the feelings of the prairie and the prison combined.

I lay in a state of stupor-almost unconscious; how long I know not, but many hours I am certain: I knew this by the sun -it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance; I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue-reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length: my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect. It sounded like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note harsher and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up and bent my eyes upon the objects: they were forms of the crocodilida, the giant lizards-they were alligators.

Huge ones they were, many of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling over the islet, be-

fore, behind, and on all sides around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channeled snouts projected forward so as almost to touch my body; and their eyes, usually leaden, seemed now to glare.

Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognizing the upright form of man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone: there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself; and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet; every inch of it came under my glance; every inch of it came under my glance; every object upon it was scrutinized—the moulted feathers of wild-fowl, the pieces of mud, the fresh-water mussels (unios) strewed upon its beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer—no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand-bar, formed by the eddy—perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it—not a stick. A raft indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained; such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape.

I paced my prison from end to end; from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth; on all sides I sounded it, wading recklessly in; everywhere it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to the neck. The huge reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it-noeven though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I hurried back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments.

I continued walking until night, which gathered around me dark and dismal. With night came new voices—the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp; the quaqua of the night-heron, the screech of the swamp-owl, the cry of the bittern, the

el-l-uk of the great water-toad, the tinkling of the bell-frog, and the chirp of the savanna-cricket—all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the plashing of the alligator, and the roaring of his voice; these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few minutes motionless, the dark reptiles came crawling round me—so close that I could have put forth my hand and touched them.

At intervals, I sprang to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part they showed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle round me. Thus hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun and fired; I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye, or under the forearm. It was too dark to aim at these parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and they fled, to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold; and half-stifled by a strong musky odor that filled the air. I threw out my arms; my fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy: it was one of these monsters-one of gigantic size. He had crawled close alongside me, and was preparing to make his attack; as I saw that he was bent in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assume that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside, and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he with the rest once more retreated to the

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertion—for I had had a long pull under a hot tropical sun—I could have lain down upon the earth, in the mud, anywhere, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread

certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chase them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with it no change in my perilous position. The light only showed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun burned down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swamp-flies and musquitoes, that all night long had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity. Toward evening, I began to hunger; no wonder at that: I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough; I had more to fear from want of food.

What could I eat? The ibis. But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire-not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I divested the ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that: there was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathematized the hour I had ever imbibed such a taste; I wished Audubon, and Buffon, and Cuvier, up to their necks in a swamp. The ibis did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast ; but at this dejeuner sans fourchette I picked the bones.

What next? starve? No—not yet. In the battles I had had with the alligators during the second night, one of them had received a shot that proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve; I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two more days' fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife, cut a stake from the alligator's tail, and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second; the other

was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun: its odour filled the islet.

The stench had grown intolerable. There was not a breath of air stirring, otherwise I might have shunned it by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle around it, was impregnated with the fearful effluvium. I could bear it no longer. With the aid of my gun, I pushed the halfdecomposed carcass into the lake; perhaps the current might carry it away. It did: I had the gratification to see it float off. This circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the body of the alligator float? It was swollen-inflated with gasses. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind, one of those brilliant ideas-the children of necessity. I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines-what if I inflated them? Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floats and life-preservers! that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that

would bear me from the islet!

I did not lose a moment's time; I was full of energy: hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded-a huge crocodile that swam near the shore, received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume-quill from the wing of the ibis served me for a blow-pipe. I saw the bladder-skin expand, until I was surrounded by objects like great sausages. These were tied together, and fastened to my body, and then, with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake, and floated downward. I had tied on my life-preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon, when these creatures lie in a halftorpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current carried me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the debouchure of the bayou. Here, to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the sedges. A few minutes more, and I had swung myself over the gunwale, and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

WE were now about to see nature in a new and awful form, by witnessing the beginning of an eruption at Vesuvius. Before quitting Naples, we heard reports that an approaching tumult in the mountain was anticipated. Volleys of smoke ascended, from time to time, from the crater, or lay curled in clouds on the summit. The wells at Naples were becoming dry. while those at Resina were overflowing; loud noises, too, were heard on the mountain, and it was rumored that fire had been seen by night.

Upon reaching the house of Salvator, at Resina, the principal Vesuvius guide, he told us that the mountain was in action; that a new crater had been opened the night before, and was sending forth flames and stones. We speedily mounted our donkeys-poor miserable little creatures, which had already been up the mountain twice during the preceding twenty-fourhours-and started, full of expectation. For some time our path lay between walls built of blocks of lava, strewn with volcanic stones. In about three-quarters of an hour we reached a wide current of lava, that of 1810; it was like a frozen Styx. scene was one of wild desolation; not a trace of vegetation was seen. Black, dark, and barren, was the surface of the earth; in some places the lava, arrested in its course, resembled petrified waves, while in others it formed a hard compact surface: our guide pointed out to us the streams of lava of 1819, 1822, and 1833.

On a hill formed of volcanic products, raised like a ridge high above the currents of lava that have swept past it on either side, stands the hermitage. One solitary friar had pitched his tent in this wilderness, and had lived here nearly twenty years, never quitting the spot, even during the most awful eruptions of the mountain. Here we halted for twenty minutes, to rest our poor little steeds. which we had before crossed in comparatively regular streams, was now piled about in huge blocks, among which we picked our way with difficulty. We soon arrived at the foot of the cone; and here we were obliged to leave our donkeys, and commit ourselves to the mercy of twelve portantini, or bearers. The soil is so loose, and the ascent so steep, that no animal, except man, can find a footing.

I do not remember ever in my life to have been so entirely overcome with terror, as in the scene which followed. The ladies of our party were placed in small arm-chairs, fastened upon long poles, which the men supported on their shoulders. Imagine what it was to be thus lifted up by twelve men, who sank knee-deep in the ashes at every step, and whose footing was so uncertain and irregular, that I was one minute thrown to one side of the chair, and the next flung violently forward, and then as suddenly jerked back again. All the time the men screamed as Neapolitans only can scream. The portantini who were carrying one of my friends fell down all at once, and this was the signal for my bearers to rush past them, velling with delight. So wild and uncivilized a set of beings you never saw, and the noise they made was something quite unearthly. I completely lost my presence of mind, and in piteous tones besought the men to let me get down and walk; but instead of heeding my entreaties, they only raced on the more desperately.

When I reached the summit, after having endured this terror for three-quarters of an hour, I sat down and buried my face in my hands, unable to speak. After a little while, when I raised my eyes and looked around, what words can picture the scene that presented itself! We were standing on the edge of the large basin, in the center of which were the craters in action. When all our party were assembled we followed our guide, and proceeded toward them, scrambling over rocks of hot lava, and stepping across deep chasms, from which rose a hot sulphureous exhalation. I can never forget the feelings of that moment. I had lately seen nature in her most grand and lovely forms, and remembered with delight the sublime beauty of Switzerland: but here I beheld her under a new aspect-awful, terrific, and overwhelming-working in the secret places of the earth with a power of destructive and mysterious energy, and revealing itself to man in fearful and desolating might. I gazed, and thought of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

We stopped on a high point of lava, and looked into the mighty caldron beneath us. Loud subterranean noises were heard from time to time—the mountain seemed shaken to its center; then columns of bright clear flame spouted forth from the crater, suc-

ceeded by volumes of dense black smoke. Red-hot stones and masses of rock were hurled hundreds of feet into the air; some falling back into the crater, while others, dashed into a thousand pieces, were scattered around. After standing on this pinnacle for some time, the guide led the way to the very edge of the crater. I felt that I had seen enough, and begged to be left behind, being indeed too cowardly to venture on. The rest of the party, however, had sufficient courage and curiosity to explore further. I asked our guide if there was really any danger; he looked at me earnestly, and simply said, "Signorina gentilissima, ho sei piccolini in casa!"-(" Gentle lady, I have six little children at home!") Could any words have conveyed a stronger assurance than this touching appeal? It gave me courage, and I proceeded with the others.

And now we stood beside the crater; and as each volley of smoke and flame subsided, we peeped into the abyss. Then eame a hollow fearful sound, the earth beneath us trembled, the smoke and flame again ascended; stones were shot up into the air high above our heads. Suddenly the wind changed, and our position was by no means an enviable one; the smoke and sulphureous vapor were blown toward us, and red-hot stones fell in showers around. Every one was now terrified; we fled like a herd of startled deer, and scrambling up the hill as fast as the loose and slippery soil would permit, only turned to look back when we had reached the top. We were now content with a more distant view, and lingered long near the crater, reluctant to leave a spot which we were so unlikely ever to visit again.

At length we prepared to descend the mountain. I had dismissed my chair, determined to trust alone to my feet. Supported by a friend, and one of the guides, I advanced down the precipitous descent, slowly and cautiously at first; but gaining courage as we proceeded, I soon ran briskly on, and in four minutes reached the foot of the cone which it had cost us so much time, toil, and suffering to ascend. Remounting our donkeys, we soon joined those of our party who had not ventured on the ascent, and as we drove back to Naples, related to them our adventures. But how vain were all our endeavors to give utterance to the thoughts and feelings which this day's excursion had awakened!

THE CAPTURED SLAVER.

FEW weeks only have elapsed since A Her Britannic Majesty's brig the "S--" captured, and carried triumphantly into port, a Spanish slaver, called the "Camoens," having on board five hundred and seventy-three poor creatures who had been torn away from home and kindred in Africa, and, after suffering untold horrors, and passing through the hands of the barbarous wretches who feed and grow rich upon the misery and murder of their fellowcreatures, had been crowded, one layer above another, into the narrow hold of the "Camoens," to endure the aggravated wretchedness of a passage to the Cuban coast, there to be consigned to wasting, interminable, and hopeless slavery. They were found in an indescribable condition of filth and suffering, when, happily, the "S-" brig-of-war crossed the path of the floating slaughter-house, and she was compelled to yield up her stolen, living cargo to the protection of the British flag. The sun has not long risen from behind the eastern wave, when the officer of the watch gives notice that a strange sail to windward has just hove in sight. Little of her can be observed at first; but the glasses of numerous gazers are anxiously directed toward her as she comes dashing on before the wind in the direction of the brig-of-war, evidently not keeping so good a look-out as is maintained on board the " S-." After a little while a further report is made by the officer of the watch. that the stranger has "gone about," thus indicating that she has discovered the brig, and that her crew are not anxious for a closer acquaintance. This suspicious movement on the part of the chase, now not more than five or six miles distant, is sufficient to arouse the officers and crew of the brig to the utmost vigilance and effort; and all sail is crowded in pursuit, none doubting that they will bring the schooner within range of their guns before the approach of night affords opportunity for escape. If she were honest, she would have nothing to fear from a British vessel of war: she must, therefore, be either a slaver, or one of the piratical craft by no means unknown in those seas; and in either case it is the duty of the "Sif possible, to overhaul her. The excitement rises high as the chase is prolonged; but the brig, well-equipped, well-manned, or of the slaver's captain and crew, that

and having all the advantage of a high state of discipline among her crew, gains upon the fugitive, though she has been constructed for fast sailing. The officers, with their long glasses bent upon the one object before them, are all anxiety to make out her true character; while the "young gentlemen" and the crew are animated by the keen desire to make another seizure; not forgetting that, while suffering humanity is relieved by their success, there is prizemoney as well as honor to be gained by the capture of a slaver. The expectations which had been raised so high are suddenly dashed; for it is observed that the schooner has suddenly desisted from the attempt to escape, and, hoisting Portuguese colors, is now waiting for the brig to come up. Had she been a slaver, it is argued, she would not, while at such a distance, have given up the effort to get away from her formidable pursuer. "She is no slaver," is the almost unanimous conclusion on board the "S-;" "for such a proceeding is irreconcilable with the idea of her being one of that class. There is possibly a mutiny among the crew, which may account for her strange movements." The brig urges on her course, glad to be spared the long chase she must have had if the schooner had persisted in the effort to escape; but when the pursuers approach near enough to distinguish by their glasses her rusty and filthy sides, and the absence of a longboat and stern-boat, they begin to think that, after all, they have been mistaken. A little nearer, and all doubt of the real character of the schooner is dissipated: there are the indubitable indications—the slave-coppers, and the captive Africans themselves. Conjecture is at an end. She is unquestionably a slaver, with her wretched cargo on board; but the crew of the "S-" scarcely believe the testimony of their own senses, even while they congratulate themselves on having made so easy a capture, the cause of which has yet to be explained.

The brig having run up sufficiently near, the mainvard of the schooner is backed; one of the boats, with an officer, is sent to board her; and, unopposed, he is shortly seen treading her quarter-deck. With an excess of humility, the ship's papers and register-are produced at the demand of the British officer; and none would imagine, on witnessing the servile, cringing demean-

they had not all along cherished an earnest desire to place their charge under the shadow of the British ensign. The captured schooner proves to be the "Rozalia," manned almost entirely by Spaniards, although sailing under Portuguese colors; and there is no doubt that the property invested in her, and in her wretched cargo, is Spanish also. Having thus ascertained her character, and taken formal possession of the vessel and the slaves on board, as a prize to Her Britannic Majesty's brig "S-," the boarding-officer passes aft toward the poop, when the mystery of the slaver's non-resistance begins to be solved. Looking around, his eye lights upon a countenance which, he is certain, he has seen before; the expression of which is of that ludierous, dubious character, which makes it a matter of doubt whether its possessor is weeping or smiling. The man to whom this face belongs is leaning on the side of the vessel; and, looking at him a little more earnestly, the officer recognizes him as the supercargo of a slave-vessel, called the "Isabelita," which had been captured off Hayti by the "S-" eight months before, with her freight of suffering humanity, and carried into Sierra-Leone for adjudication by the Mixed Commission Court established there. His papers show, when they are examined, that he occupies the same position on board the "Rozalia" that he had formerly filled in the "Isabelita:" and he smiles grimly, while tears fill his eyes, (for the flinty-hearted monsters who embark in this murderous traffic, though callous to other humane suffering, can find a tear for their own losses,) as he reflects that he has had the hard fortune of being, within nine months, twice stripped of his ill-gotten property by that intermeddling British brig-of-war. The officer smiles too, as he recognizes the serio-comic physiognomy of his quondam friend of the "Isabelita," and receives his salutations, not remarkable, certainly, for the cordiality with which they are rendered. A conversation ensues between the two, from which the officer gathers that, on first discovering their dangerous proximity to the brig, the parties commanding the schooner had strained every nerve to get away; but the brig gained upon them rapidly; and when she had approached sufficiently near to be recognized as the "S---," he, the supercargo, had at once advised them to sur-

render and not expose themselves to the fire of their pursuer, as he was assured from painful experience that it was equally hopeless to think of escaping from her, or of resisting her with success. This advice, given and received less under the influence of feelings of humanity than from a salutary fear of the "S-"s" guns, was prudently acted upon; and consequently the schooner was captured without the firing of a single shot. On looking over her, the prize-officer finds the "Rozalia" to be small, low, and dirty in the extreme, with two hundred and sixty Africans of both sexes on board, all of whom have been kidnapped, and forced away from all they hold dear, and would have been consigned, within a few hours, to the murderous rigor of Cuban slavery. But these are not the whole number originally shipped; for many have sunk under their sufferings, since the schooner left the African coast. The prize being secured, the Spaniards are directed to get into the boats, and are conveyed as prisoners to the brig, English blue-jackets being sent in lieu of them to take charge of the slaver. The surgeon of the "S-" is also directed to accompany them, that he may examine the condition of the miserable beings who are crowded into the slaver's hold, and make to the captain his report of the survey.

Now it is that a scene of wretchedness and horror is exposed, at which even the experienced surgeon of the "S-" stands aghast! He has had to discharge a like painful duty on many former occasions, when the brig has crossed the path of the man-stealer, and rescued the prey from the grasp of oppression. The last capture-the "Camoens"-had presented a detail of horrors, the remembrance of which is sickening to the humane heart of Dr. T.; yet nothing in all his experience has enabled him to picture anything equal to the stern, dreadful reality of woe now visible before him. Disease has made havoc among the poor slaves since they left the coast; small-pox and dysentery, in their worst types, have been rapidly doing the work of death; and the number of the cargo has grown less and less day after day. Nor has the violence of these maladies at all abated; they are still spreading rapidly in the yet crowded hold; and the results must have been most fatal. had not the vessel happily fallen into

British hands. Dr. T.'s attention is first directed to those whom he sees on deckmostly females-among whom disease has committed the greatest ravages. These he finds unchained, and several of them are moving about the deck; but all are without the slightest covering of any kind! On the starboard side, under the partial shelter of an old sail, he discovers a large number of poor creatures writhing and shricking in agony under the influence of the small-pox-loathsome everywhere, but acquiring aggravated intensity within the They are huddled together withtropics. out any distinction of age or sex, appearing at a little distance, from the effects of the disease on a black skin, (to use the surgeon's own words,) "a dark, putrid, corrugated mass." Many are rapidly sinking; not a few appear to be on the verge of eternity. Little can be done to alleviate these miseries. To send the sufferers below would only be to deprive them of the purer air they breathe on deck, and give fresh impulse to the disease that is destroying them; while it would contribute to spread the contagion yet more rapidly among those in the hold, upon many of whom it has already commenced its fatal progress. But all that the surgeon's skill and kindness can effect, under these unfavorable circumstances, is promptly done. The larger part of the limited deck is apportioned to their use; provision is made by spreading awnings above the deck, to screen them from the scorching sun by day, and the unwholesome dews of night; and a regimen is ordered vastly different from that to which for some weeks they have been accustomed-the stores of the "S-" furnishing means for carrying into effect these humane and judicious arrangements.

While Dr. T. is occupied in these professional duties, one of the blacks—a strong, tall, athletic man, who appears to belong to the crew rather than to the cargo—advances, and places a paper in the surgeon's hand. On looking it over, he finds that it is written in English, setting forth that the bearer and several others have been hired to assist in the navigation of the "Rozalia" from Africa to the coast of Cuba. "Are you not, then, a slave?" inquires Dr. T. "Slave, massa! slave?" responds the negro—drawing up his manly frame into an attitude of no small dignity and importance, while a dark frown lowers

on his brow, and his whole mien betokens mingled pity and indignation that a thought so dishonoring to him should be indulged-"Massa, me Krooman; and Krooman neber slave!" Then approaching nearer to Dr. T., he directs his attention to a blue mark, running from the corona to the nasal bone, as the characteristic symbol of the tribe with which he claims to be allied. He is gratified by receiving the doctor's assurance that he and his countrymen shall be duly cared for. It is well for them that they have been thrown into the hands of the British cruiser; their voyage would otherwise have ended, doubtless, as tragically for themselves as for the survivors of the cargo they were assisting to convey to the place of bondage. It is not often that Kroomen are found in a state of slavery; but there is little room to doubt that, once in a Spanish port, they would have found "Kroomen neber slaves" to be only a delusion; and, defrauded, betrayed, and sold by their unprincipled employers, their manly frames, and proud, indomitable spirit, would have been alike broken down by the lash, the bilboes, and the bloodhounds, which the Spanish slaveholder scruples not to employ in dealing with the untractable African whose unhappy lot it is to fall into his power.

These Kroomen have not only acted as sailors, but have also taken part in the laborious task of providing for the captives in the hold; and it is observed that the slaves regard them with marked deference and respect. Their services are now called into requisition by Dr. T., who has not as yet been able to direct any attention to the poor creatures still confined below. There are but few Englishmen left on board after the Spaniards have been withdrawn; for when it is ascertained that disease prevails to such an extent in the schooner, it is considered prudent to limit the prize-crew to one officer, the surgeon, and just as many men as may suffice to navigate the vessel. All the British sailors may, therefore, be seen aloft, reefing the topsails of the slaver, the "S-," meanwhile, lying off at some distance until both vessels are got under easy sail. Dr. T., with the Kroomen pressed into his service, proceeds with his survey of the schooner's living and dying freight. The hatchways are opened, disclosing the miserable dens in which the poor creatures are confined. They are low-little more than three feet

in depth-and indescribably filthy. The surgeon, standing near the opening, directs that all the slaves found in the hold shall be brought on deck for his inspection; and now the discovery is made that all the sufferers below are in irons-rendering it no easy matter, even for those who are as yet free from disease, to move their longcramped limbs. A pair of strong iron rings, connected by a bar of iron, fastens the right leg of one negro to the left leg of another, just above the ankles. With exceeding pain and difficulty one couple after another of these unfortunates, thus linked in iron bands, emerge from the pestilential hold in which they have spent many weeks, dazzled and almost blinded by the light of day, to which they have been so long unaccustomed. Among these, also, the above-named maladies are doing their fell work; and some are so enfeebled and crippled that they cannot move from the spot where they are found. Diseased and healthy, weak and strong, young and old, are found all fettered together with indiscriminating impartiality. The helpless ones have to be assisted in ascending from the hold; and as many as can do so, turn an eager, scrutinizing glance to the countenance of the surgeon, standing at the hatchway, whom they seem to regard as in some sort the arbiter of their destiny, as if they sought to find there an explanation of the unusual occurrences of the day. All are at length brought on deck, where the pure sea-breeze can reach them. Many a tear of commiseration flows down the manly cheeks of the doctor as he gazes upon the spectacle before him; and, accustomed as he has been to look unmoved upon objects which to a non-professional eye would be horrifying, his heart sickens as he contemplates so many helpless, diseased, and dying creatures, possessing man's noble and immortal nature, victims of the cupidity and wickedness of their fellows. The scene awakens emotions in the surgeon's mind, now of pity, then of indignation, the remembrance of which will for years send a thrill of horror through his soul.

The Africans have discovered the tear of sympathy glistening in the white man's eye, and have justly interpreted it. And, now that they are all assembled on deck, many an anxious eye turns to him, to ascertain the fate that awaits them. He is not able to communicate with them in

their own tongue; and, fresh from Africa, the negroes understand only the language of their own land. But, several of the Kroomen having picked up a little English, one of them engages to act as interpreter between the surgeon and the captives. He is desired, first of all, to inform them that they are no longer slaves; that, rescued from the cruel power of the Spaniard, they now enjoy the protection of the British flag, under which slavery cannot live; that instead of being carried to Cuba, there to drag out miserable existence in hopeless bondage, and wasting, unrequited toil, they will be taken to a British colony, located among countrymen of their own, provided with means of procuring food and clothing, and guarded by just and equal laws. It is even amusing to witness the manner in which the Kroomen listen to the communication of Dr. T. Their eves glisten with delight. and every muscle of their fine, intelligent faces quivers with emotion, as he announces that the poor creatures around them are to be set free; and, probably, their joy at the turn which affairs have taken is hightened by the memory of an occasional apprehension that they had embarked in an evil cause, and placed themselves in a perilous position. The scene acquires a deepening interest when the interpreter turns round, and advances a step or two nearer the fettered slaves. Of a talk commanding figure, with arm outstretched, he seems to expand into new dignity with the consciousness that he is commissioned as an angel of mercy to proclaim glad tidings of great joy to the suffering group before him. He utters, in African dialect, a word which bids them listen; but scarcely is this needed, for every ear is open, and every eye that is not closed by disease is bent upon him with intense anxiety. Silence prevails, while, in a tongue with which all are familiar, he makes the heartcheering communication with which he is charged; when, as if touched by a magic wand, all tongues are simultaneously loosened. Forgetting for the moment all physical suffering, in the rapture of unexpected freedom, the poor Africans lift up their voice with all their remaining strength. Shout after shout arises from the deck of the slaver, the spontaneous expression of heartfelt joy-joy which, but a few brief hours ago, it was unlikely they would ever experience more. The feeling

is sympathetic: the shouts on deck are heartily returned by the British tars aloft, and reechoed by those on board the brig; every voice saluting the glorious emblem of liberty floating above them—the flag, which for "a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze."

When these tumultuous expressions of joy have subsided, (which must have been gall and wormwood to the disappointed Spaniards in the brig,) hammers and chisels are brought into requisition; and there is heard that sound more sweet than "the music of the spheres "-the clink of the loosening fetter. To the unspeakable joy and satisfaction of their minds, no less than to the ease and comfort of their bruised and wasted frames, the poor slaves receive this substantial earnest of freedom: their chains and manacles are cast aside. Yet it is a work of time, and of difficulty too; for the irons are firmly riveted on the hapless wearers. But the hearts of those to whom the task is assigned are in the work; and at length, to the gratification of all, the labor of love is accomplished; every fettered limb is set at liberty; and there are rejoicing hearts in that slave-ship, and dark faces radiant with hope, such as its narrow, polluted hold, and its blood-stained decks, have never witnessed before.

As to some of the poor captives, their physical energies are too completely prostrated to be recovered. Both vessels are kept under easy sail, and the weather is fine; but many days necessarily elapse before they can reach the nearest British port: the best arrangements that the limits of the schooner admit of are made for the benefit of the sick; all that the stores of the "S-" can contribute is freely yielded; while the surgeon, actuated no less by a feeling of true philanthropy than by a sense of professional duty, is indefatigable in attention to his unhappy patients. But every day some are found sinking in death; and before the friendly harbor is gained, one tenth of the whole number found in the pest-ship at the time of her capture have been consigned to the deep! How fearfully would the mortality have been increased had she continued on her once-destined course! Probably half or two-thirds of the enslaved Africans would have perished. And were the voyage protracted, even under the present comparatively favorable auspices, the result must inevitably be fatal in many other cases. Ten days after the capture, the "Sand her prize arrived at Belize, in the Bay of Honduras; provision is promptly made for landing the slaves on a small island not far from the settlement; suitable food and clothing are provided, and additional medical aid is obtained. The ravages of disease are arrested. Freed from the confinement of the slaver, and able to take sufficient exercise under the refreshing shades of a well-sheltered island, the rescued captives reawake to life and activity; wasted and death-like forms acquire the vigor and elasticity which had vanished under the blighting curse; pallid faces (for the dark skin of the negro can become pallid) assuming the shining hue of health; and all bless the day when the "S-" crossed the "Rozalia's" course, and the ensign of St. George waved in triumph over the decks of THE CAPTURED SLAVER.

A HINT TO PARENTS.

BAD temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization. It frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in barsts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble-whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part-are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow - the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely. Unhappiness is the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence; and, worst of all, the mind's green and yellow sickness-ill temper.

GENTLENESS, AND ITS POWER.

A woman's nay, a little child's soft hand, With gentle patting easier doth command, And make the bristling boar to crouch and fall, Than any boisterous wrestler of them all .- Plutarch.

IT is not needful for us to dilate on the magic power of gentleness, which we have ever pronounced to be an irresistible argument when all others fail; but we know too well the value of such a talisman, to be silent in its praises as opportunity offers. One-half at least of the world's misfortunes originate in their contempt for this virtue. Take our word for it, good people; we may always lead, and win, by kindness. Hard words, cruel speeches, opposition, and perverseness, prevail neither with mankind nor with animals. But everything falls before the sunshine of good-nature. We prove this dayly.

The subjoined fragment will fully illustrate our meaning :-

"I did not hear the maiden's name; but in my thought I have ever since called her 'Gentle Hand.' What a magic lay in

"When and where, it matters not now to relate ;-but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly-peopled district of country, night came down upon me, almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village, toward which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble

dwelling that presented itself.

her touch! It was wonderful.

"Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an inclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through an ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing it, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

"A deep, quick bark, answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate; and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the

doorway. I was now near enough to see the savage aspect of the animal, and the gathering motion of his body, as he prepared to bound forward upon me. His wolfish growl was really fearful. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low word spoken.

" 'Don't be afraid. He wont hurt you,' said a voice, that to me sounded very sweet

and musical.

"I now came forward, but in some doubt as to the young girl's power over the beast, on whose rough neck her almost childish hand still lay. The dog did not seem by any means reconciled to my approach, and growled wickedly his dissatisfaction.

" Go in, Tiger,' said the girl-not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"'Who's that?' A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog's place at the door.

"'Who are you? What's wanted?' There was something very harsh and forbidding in the way the man spoke. The girl now laid her hand upon his arm, and leaned with a gentle pressure against him.

"How far is it to G-?' I asked. not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"'To G-!' growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. 'It's a good six miles from here.'

" 'A long distance; and I'm a stranger and on foot,' said I. 'If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful.'

"I saw the girl's hand move quietly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder. and now she leaned to him still closer.

"'Come in. We'll try what can be done for you.' There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder.

"I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"'A stranger, mother,' said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; 'and he wants us to let him stay

all night.'

"The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied, coldly :-

" 'We don't keep a public-house.'

"'I'm aware of that, ma'am,' said I; but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way to G--.

" ' Too far for a tired man to go on foot,' said the master of the house, kindly; 'so it's no use talking about it, mother; we

must give him a bed.'

"So unobtrusively that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed that, as she spoke, one small fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said :-

"'Yes, it is a long way to Gguess we can find a place for him. Have

you had any supper?'

"I answered in the negative.

"The woman, without further remark, drew a pine-table from the wall, placed upon it some cold meat, fresh bread and butter, and a pitcher of new milk. While these preparations were going on, I had leisure for more minute observation. There was a singular contrast between the young girl I have mentioned, and the other inmates of the room; and yet I could trace a strong likeness between the maiden and the woman, whom I supposed to be her motherbrowned and hard as were the features of the latter.

"Soon after I had commenced eating my supper, the two children who were playing on the floor began quarreling with each other.

"' John! go off to bed!' said the father, in a loud, peremptory voice, speaking to one of the children.

"But John, though he could not help hearing, did not choose to obey.

" Do you hear me, sir? Off with you!" repeated the angry father.

"'I don't want to go,' whined the child. "Go, I tell you, this minute!"

" Still there was not the slightest movement to obey; and the little fellow looked the very image of rebellion. At this crisis in the affair, when a storm seemed inevitable, the sister, as I supposed her to be, glided across the room, and stooping down, took the child's hand in hers. Not invited to get in. I noticed the horse; it

a word was said, but the young rebel was instantly subdued. Rising, he passed out by her side, and I saw no more of him

during the evening.

" Soon after I had finished my supper, a neighbor came in, and it was not long before he and the man of the house were involved in a warm political discussion, in which were many more assertions than reasons. My host was not a very clearheaded man; while his antagonist was wordy and specious. The former, as might be supposed, very naturally became excited, and now and then indulged himself in rather strong expressions toward his neighbor, who, in turn, dealt back wordy blows that were quite as heavy as he had received, and a good deal more irritating.

"And now I marked again the power of that maiden's gentle hand. I did not notice her movement to her father's side. She was there when I first observed her, with one hand laid upon his temple, and lightly smoothing the hair with a caressing motion. Gradually the high tone of the disputant subsided, and his words had in them less of personal rancor. Still, the discussion went on; and I noticed that the maiden's hand, which rested on the temple when unimpassioned words were spoken, resumed its caressing motion the instant there was the smallest perceptible tone of anger in the father's voice. It was a beautiful sight; and I could but look on and wonder at the power of that touchso light, so unobtrusive, yet possessing a spell over the hearts of all around her. As she stood there, she looked like an angel of peace, sent to still the turbulent waters of human passion. Sadly out of place I could not but think her, amid the rough and rude; and yet, who more than they nced the softening and humanizing influences of one like the 'Gentle Hand?'

"Many times more, during that evening, did I observe the magic power of her hand and voice-the one gentle, yet potent, as

the other.

"On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour, he would give me a ride in his wagon to G-, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was

was a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"'Dick!' said the farmer, in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as

he spoke.

"But Dick moved not a step.

"'Dick! you vagabond! get up.' And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the

pony's ear.

"It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt, to the number of a half-dozen. The man might as well

have beaten his wagon!

"A stout lad now came into the road; and eatching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions; but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his fore-feet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

" 'Do n't do so, John!"

"I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and in the next moment had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed—how quickly the stub-

born air vanished!

"'Poor Dick!' said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted

it with her child-like hand.

"'Now, go along, you provoking fellow!' she added in a half-chiding, yet affectionate voice, as she drew upon the bridle. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"'What a wonderful power that hand possesses!' said I, speaking to my companion as we rode away.

"He looked at me for a moment, as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said briefly—

" 'She 's good! Everybody and every-

thing loves her.'

"Was that indeed the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts? The father's explanation was, doubtless, the true one. Yet I have since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom, for a better name, I must still call 'Gentle Hand.'"

A gentle touch—a soft word. Ah! how few of us, when the will is strong with its purpose, can believe in the power of agencies so apparently insignificant! And yet all great influences effect their ends silently, unobtrusively, and with a force that seems at first glance to be altogether inadequate.

Is there not a lesson for us all in this? And how very quickly it may be learned! God bless every "gentle hand!" say we.

ANCIENT BABYLON.—The French government having employed a party of gentlemen to explore the site of Ancient Babylon, a report has lately been received from them. in which they intimate that it has been ascertained, beyond reasonable doubt, that the ruins beneath a certain tumulus are those of the marvelous palace-citadel of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar. are in such a state of confusion and decay that at present it is not possible to form any idea of the extent or character of the edifice. They appear, however, to extend beneath the bed of the Euphrates-a circumstance accounted for by the change in the course of that river. Sarcophagi have been found, in which were skeletons clothed in a sort of armor, and wearing crowns of gold on their heads. When touched, the skeletons, with the exception of some parts of the skulls, fell into dust; but the iron, though rusty, and the gold of the crowns, are in a fair state of preservation.



THE CHILD AT THE WHEEL IN THE PEAK CAVERN.

THE following lines are from an English publication, entitled "Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil." After an interesting description of numerous caves and mines in Derbyshire, England, the author recounts a visit to the Peak Cavern, and adds: "We could not help grieving over a poor little dejected urchin, who seemed abandoned to hopelessness and disease, and who turned a rope-spinner's wheel at the entrance to the cavern. We learned from a cottager hard by, that the little people employed here worked all hours of daylight in the summer-time, at low wages, and starved in the cold of winter." This suggested these thoughts, which are worthy of perusal for the genial and kindly feelings of humanity which pervade them.

The sun is bright, the heavens are blue,
The warm light gushes through the trees,
And verdant weeds of changeful hue
Bend with the breeze,

The painted fly is round the stream,

The dove coos from its maple bowers;
The poor sick maiden in a dream,

Seems lost in flowers.

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All sorts of simple laboring men,
With smiles and laughter move along;
The wrinkled woodman tries again
His childhood's song,

The pillow'd grandam nods to hear

Her old man's gay but feeble rhymes;
"God sends," quoth she, "my children dear.
"Such blissful times!"

The white-hair'd little things come in, And circling round her—dull and blind— Forth from her kirtled lap begin Their flowers to bind.

Within the "Cavern of the Peak,"
Behold a pale and wretched boy;
The rose-bud never knew his cheek,
He hath no joy!

All day he turns that restless wheel, From sunrise until slumber shade; Seasons and change he scarce doth feel, In gloom array'd.

A cool, clear stream from hideous cells, Leaps by his feet with urgent wave; And tripping into light, it tells,— "I am no slave!"

Upon his mind, from faëry lamp, No beams of youth's enchantment come; Bending, he hears—all cold and damp— A ceaseless hum: Proud people pass him day by day,
To gaze on wonders manifold:
"Give me some mirth," his look doth say;
"I want no gold!"

Offer him food—he doth not crave; Vesture,—the naked rocks would smile; Talk to him of an early grave, Entomb'd the while.

A few bright hours of healthful day, Lent to that little helpless child— Bestow'd upon the cast-away, Who never smiled—

Would save some greedy master shame, When childhood, in such lean array, Shall speed the curse of fire and flame, At one Great Day!

O! who that knew the lonesome boy
Can look on God's own heaven, nor feel
That he should hold a kindred joy,
Loosed from his wheel.

By labor we must live, and wear The livery of Adam's kind; But do not banish nature's care, So far behind!

Give children the sweet-breathing fields, For one brief space of cheerful day, Before the injured blossom yields To slow decay!

A wretched coffin, in a roofless room,
A poor, pale woman, prostrate and in tears,
(The only good thing left amid the gloom
Of dusty furnitures, the wrecks of years,)
This is my noonday's vision—this the doom
That curtain'd round with certainties appears.
Nature! close up your boson, warm and mild;
No more sweet kisses! weep for this poor child!

TRUISMS.

'T is true that clouds

But momently bar out the sunshine; true That stars—invisible by day—in crowds Spangle the skies, but come into the view In darkness only; true that flowers will die, And be renew'd, as fair, beneath a vernal sky.

'Tis true that grief

Is not eternal; that our bitterest tears, As well as that which makes them, find relief In fewer moments than we give them years To wear away our hearts in; true it is That almost every sorrow hath its sister-bliss!

'T is true that graves (Within whose close-shut lips dear treasures

Which the death-kiss pollutes) give forth green waves

Of grass—all flush with flowers—which no keen eye

Could guess for growth proceeding from decay, Where nothing sweet there is that hath not sour'd away!

When spring is dead

Upon rich summer's bosom, which, in turn, Lays the last clusters of its lovely head Upon pale autumn's breast, till, in his urn Of wither'd leaves, old winter buries all— We know that time shall back each dear-loved presence call.

We know that all we lose

May be restored; we know that flowers which fade

May flourish, and that even love's sweet rose (Sore-girt with thorns) may make, as it has made,

Our happiness again. We know all this; Yet doubts o'erwhelm all knowledge—fear subdues all bliss.

Our hopes are mists

That mount up from the very earth around us, Till lost in heaven above, where Heaven resists

All earthly exhalations. Pain may wound us, And trials mark us with full many a scar; But time brings certainty—than hope a brighter star.

Yet sweet are hopes,

And fair their presence is, with sorrow by us; But though their rosy hands the portals ope Of joy ideal, care can still defy us; For we shall find, if we regard it near, The shadow of each hope to be a nameless fear.

THE POET'S MISSION.

BY MARIA J. EWEN.

What is the Poet's noblest work? To sing Of Nature's glories, light, and birds, and flowers.

of star-gemm'd eves, of fair bright skies?—To swing

A perfumed censer o'er this earth of ours; To wreath the world with beauty's magic zone? Not this—not this alone!

To catch the spirit-murmurs of the sea,

The low, sweet whisper of the forest airs;
To pour them forth in one wild melody

A grander, softer chant by far than theirs,

All feeling link'd to music's trancing tone?

Not this—not this alone!

More high and noble still I deem to be
The Poet's work; with his rapt soul, clear eyes,
His "thoughts that wander through eternity;"
His proud aspirings, world-wide sympathies,
His burden and his woe, his raptures, tears—
His doubtings and his fears.

'Tis his to bear a message from high Heaven, To flash God's sunlight o'er the minds of men; To sheath in burning words fair thoughts, Godgiven,

Till Earth awake to beauty—truth again; To point with Faith's firm finger to the skies: "Henceforth, thou sleeper, rise!"

To scatter seeds of precious worth; to shout
In high appeal against the powers of wrong;
To tinge with golden light the clouds of doubt;
To "raise the weak, to animate the strong;"
To seal all souls with Love's pure signet-kiss:
The Poet's work is this!



NAVY-YARD, BROOKLYN.

THE Navy of the United States has already acquired no small reputation, and gives promise of yet greater celebrity in the future. Separated as we are by the wide ocean from all the greater powers of the earth, it is evident that fleets, not armies, are the means by which we shall be able to exert an influence upon them. Europe seems likely to be convulsed, ere long, with commutions exceeding in intensity and importance any that the world has ever yet witnessed; and though we may desire to stand aloof as spectators rather than actors in the struggle, it is doubtful whether sympathy, interest, and duty, will permit us to remain entirely passive. Already has the commander of an American vessel of war been compelled to take a decided, and, we rejoice to say, an honorable stand in the presence of European governments. If such be the effect of the first low-breathings of the coming tempest, what will be the result when the storm bursts in all its fury? To our navy, then, always an object of interest, should our attention be now especially directed; and our navy-yards, the birth-places and homes of our fleets, well deserve our consideration.

The New-York Navy-Yard, of which we propose now to speak, occupies the It is at the head of York-street, Brooklyn.

south side of the Wallabout, a bay lying between the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburg. It was established in 1794, and is under the charge of a captain, usually styled the commandant, assisted by one commander and two lieutenants. are also a surgeon, a purser, a chaplain, a boatswain, a gunner, a carpenter, a sailmaker, and a ship-builder, who is called a constructor. These are assisted by about twenty-five master-workmen, and employment is furnished to about seven hundred and fifty men throughout the year.

The present officers of the yard are-Captain Charles Boarman, salary \$3,500 and house; Commander William L. Hudson, \$2,100 and house; Lieutenant Boggs, \$1,500 and house; Lieutenant Lynch, \$1,500; Surgeon Guillen, \$2,000; Chaplain Blake, \$1,500; Purser Todd, \$2,500; Master Brady, \$1,000, with house.

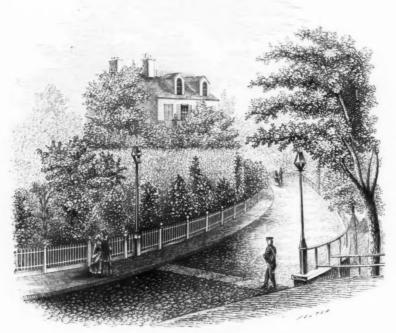
The pay of the sailors is from \$10 to \$12 per month, and they are allowed as rations one pound of pork or beef dayly and fourteen ounces of biscuit, one pound of flour and one of rice per week, and other articles in proportion.

The view at the commencement of our article shows the entrance to the yard.

The neighborhood is occupied with sailor boarding-houses, liquor stores, and residences of workmen. The gates generally stand wide open, affording ingress and egress to all who choose, though a marine is constantly on guard. The building on the right is occupied as a guard-house, and the little wooden edifice further down on the same side of the street is the office of the clerk of the yard, around which the workmen all assemble in the morning and at noontime to answer to their names, called in alphabetical order. Fortunate is the man whose name begins with one of the latter letters of the alphabet, the usual algebraic symbols of unknown quantities, for he will have fifteen minutes more in which to eat his dinner and smoke his pipe, than poor A, B, or C, who must be on the spot precisely at the hour, or lose his half day's work. One bearing the name of Adams or Atkins, for instance, would feel some temptation, in applying for employment here, to enter as Williams, or Watkins, or Youngs,

On entering the yard, the visitor will be impressed with the order and neatness which everywhere prevails. The streets are beautifully clean; our city street inspectors would do well to examine them, and take them as a pattern for imitation. Heaps of cannon-balls and bomb-shells are piled symmetrically in different spots within the grassy enclosures; rows of cannon, bomb-mortars, and anchors, some of them of enormous size, lie within the neatly white-washed fence. These all tell of the stormy deep, of deadly slaughter, and the fierce jar of human passions; but the velvetlike lawns around, the beautiful foliage above, and the sweet song of numerous birds, speak of peace; and the heart would fain interpret the whole as a prophecy, that these instruments of death shall yet lie idle in their resting-places, objects of curious interest to the beholder, never more to become the messengers of de-

The road seen on the left of the cut leads up to the commandant's residence, a



THE COMMANDANT'S RESIDENCE.

front view of which is here given. It is a neat two-story frame house, on elevated ground, overlooking the whole yard. We do not know that there is any special prohibition against visiting this part of the premises; but courtesy and good-sense should dictate the propriety of not intruding upon the privacy of this lovely home, even though it be that of a public officer, and the house itself the property of "Uncle Sam." Some years since, we are told, at least one party, if not more, took the liberty of entering the halls and passing through various rooms uninvited. We cannot but hope that such specimens of rudeness are "few and far between."

Further down, on the left-hand side of the street, is a building resembling externally that at the gate; the two lower stories are occupied as offices, and the third and fourth by the Naval Lyceum, a description of which will be given hereafter. In the door-vard in front are several brass pieces, with Spanish inscriptions; trophies of the late Mexican war. Directly opposite this edifice is a flag-staff, bearing the following inscription:-

" Latitude 40° 41' 50" North.

Longitude 74° 0' 25" West of Greenwich.
3° 2' 35" East of Washington. Variation 40 10' West."

If the visitor has never before been able precisely to ascertain his position, he will now have the satisfaction of doing so, at least for a few moments.

Turning from this, the next object likely to attract the attention is a large wooden building, three hundred and fifty feet long, and eighty feet to the peak. It is full of windows, and somehow recalls to the mind our childish vision of Noah's ark. Can it be that the worthy officers of our navy have erected a fac-simile of that ancient bark as a model for imitation! Passing around to the water-front we find the doors open, and perceive that the building is nearly empty. It is no ship, but the shell out of which, some time since, a ship was hatched. Indeed, several have already been launched from its inclosure, and others will probably follow. Along an inclined railway they dive into the water like young ducks, wingless at first, it is true, but soon to be supplied from the sailmaker's loft with those necessary organs, made of the very best duck. The vessels are built under cover, and remain so, sheltered from the weather sometimes for years, till they are

needed for service. In a similar shiphouse adjoining, a first-class frigate of forty-four guns, to be called the Sabine, is vet to be seen in an unfinished state. Though not of the largest size, she looks gigantic as she lies high and dry, for so great a proportion of the bulk of a vessel is below the water-line when she is affoat that one can form but little idea of her real magnitude. What a spectacle you noble ship, the North Carolina, must have presented before she slid from the ways into the element for which she was built!

Now that we have mentioned the North Carolina, let us board her. But she lies at a distance from the land; a little guard-house is just before us, however, near which a plank gently descending will bring us to a float, from which we can step into a barge, or scow, or ferry-boat, call it what you please; at any rate, the motive power is neither steam, nor horses, nor wind, nor oars. A rope is stretched from the vessel to the shore; this rope passes through rings at each end of the boat, and two sailors by pulling soon bring you safely over. You land on a float at the side of the ship, and looking up at the rows of guns peeping out from her sides, congratulate yourself that you come peaceably, for the effect of one broadside would be more than you would care to witness. She shows her teeth, however, without barking or biting, and having mounted the flights of stairs you are soon on her upper deck. Here are officers in uniform, and sailors going to and fro; all is neatness and quiet-The decks look as if they had been scrubbed by the best of housewives, the brass is highly polished; while all around, with their mouths turned away from you now, are the black demons that looked at you so terribly as you were coming on board. A staircase takes you down to another deck, similar in many respects to the one above, with rows of cannon on every side; another staircase to a third deck, which is ditto; and then, getting tired of going down stairs, you look down the hatchway and see two or three stories of dark holds yet below you. On one of the lower decks is a caboose, or cook-stove, and tables for the different messes. Muskets are stacked in various places, and a fire-engine stands ready for use in case of necessity. If the doors of the officers' state-rooms are open, you will see that they are pleasant and neatly

furnished; but do not enter them, for they are private. Should you get there at nine o'clock A. M. or three P. M., the band will be on board, discoursing most excellent music.

The North Carolina is a line-of-battle ship, called a seventy-four, but mounting one hundred guns of large caliber, and is moored off the yard for the purpose of receiving recruits for the navy. She is under the immediate charge of Commander E. Peck, who is subordinate to the commandant of the navy-yard. The other officers are Lieutenants Walke, Ring, Middleton, and Bowers, and Master S. C. Reid, who acquired during the war with England quite a reputation as commander of the

acquired during the war with England quite a reputation as commander of the General Armstrong. There are also connected with her Surgeons Abernethy and Bell, Purser Cahoone, Marine Lieutenant Brooks, and Chaplain Lenhart, a member of the New-Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her complement in her present service is one hundred and forty men; at sea, she would be manned by eight hundred. She was built at Philadelphia in 1820.

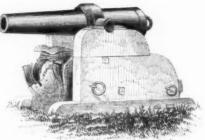
At a little distance from the North Carolina lies a hull, without masts, &c., the Brandywine, whose first voyage was



THE BRANDYWINE.

undertaken to bring to this country that honored guest of the nation, the Marquis de la Fayette. She is a frigate of the first class, mounting forty-four guns. She was built at Washington in 1825, and laid up in 1849. It is designed to rebuild her.

The Constitution, familiarly known as Old Ironsides, was at this yard not long since. She and the United States are the oldest vessels in the navy, both having



THE PEACEMAKER.

been built in 1797, the former at Philadelphia, the latter at Boston. Both are celebrated for their services, the Constitution especially so.

Not far from where the North Carolina is now moored, lay the ill-fated Fulton, which was destroyed by the explosion of her powder-magazine in 1829. The catastrophe took place a little after midday, and resulted in the death of more than forty persons. The cause of this disaster was never ascertained. But little powder is kept about the yard at present. The government store of this destructive article is at Ellis's Island, in the bay below New-York. One family only resides there, having charge of the premises; and no lights or fire are permitted.

On shore again, we look about for new objects of interest. At the end of a brick building, standing between the two shiphouses before alluded to, is a cannon of some size, and in front of it a mass of iron eight inches thick, through which one of its balls has been driven. This gun, we are told, bears the singular title of " Stockton's Peacemaker," and carries a ball of one hundred and twenty pounds. It was made in England, and is of wrought-iron. The United States government, it seems, had been applied to to adopt and assist an invention called Stevens's floating-battery, composed of plates of iron, which the inventor claimed would be impregnable to cannon balls. It was resolved to test the matter practically, and one ball from the Peacemaker, though it did not make pieces of the target, caused that fearful rent. Steam and gunpowder! what mighty agencies are they! Controlled by man, how useful in many particulars; but, like eaged wild beasts, how apt to turn, in terrible fury, against their puny tyrants!

But no object in the navy-yard can exceed in interest the Dry-dock and its appurtenances. It is located at the northeast corner of the yard, its front, or entrance, being built on the edge of the convex channel of the bay. Standing on its brink, let us consider its history before we proceed to a more minute examination of its parts.

As early as 1826, Colonel Baldwin, a civil engineer, examined the harbor of New-York, and reported that it was practicable to build a stone dry-dock of sufficient capacity to receive a ship of the line. His report was approved by Congress; but nothing further was done until March 3, 1835, when a new examination was authorized, and one hundred thousand dollars appropriated for commencing the work. In the following June, Colonel Baldwin repeated his survey, and reported in favor of locating the dock within the navy-yard. The subject was annually before Congress from that time till 1841, when decisive action was taken, and the work commenced in August, under the direction of Edward H. Courtenay, Professor of Civil Engineering at West Point. He was succeeded by others, who prosecuted the task with ability and zeal, until, on the 30th of August, 1851, it was completed under the superintendence of General Charles B. Stuart, to whose published account we are indebted for the particulars given.*

The difficulties encountered were neither few nor trivial. The soil proved less substantial than was anticipated, although great pains had been previously taken to ascertain its character. There were numerous quicksands, and the coffer-dam, though composed of piles from thirty-three to thirty-seven feet in length, did not penetrate the solid substratum beneath to a sufficient depth to give them as firm a hold as was necessary. On two occasions breaches occurred with little or no warning-providentially without any loss of life. Additional piles were then driven, and, to keep them in place, chain-cables were attached to mooring-blocks on the shore; but these, though of iron, and two inches

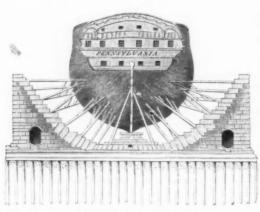
in diameter, were repeatedly broken, six giving way in a single night. At length, however, the excavations were completed, and the foundations of the dock commenced; but the difficulties did not yet cease-numerous springs of fresh water, some forty or more, made their appearance. One of these, at the north-east corner of the dock, undermined the piles, and in a single day made a cavity in which a pole was run down to the depth of twenty feet below the foundation timbers. Into this hole two hundred cubic feet of cobblestone were thrown; but the spring sought a new outlet, bursting up through a bed of concrete two feet in thickness. Various expedients were resorted to in vain; but at last, by driving piles to a great depth, a secure basis was obtained.

For the purpose of making a solid resting-place for the foundation, eight thousand two hundred and eighty-three piles were used, the average length of which was thirty-two feet seven inches. Some of these, called bearing-piles, were round, and of spruce timber; others, called sheet-piles, were of yellow pine plank. Concrete masonry, two feet deep, was then laid between the bearing-piles, and a flooring of yellow pine plank, three inches thick, was placed upon and spiked to them. Timbers and concrete, covered with another flooring of plank, then followed, and on this last the stone-work was commenced.

The main chamber of the dock is two hundred and eighty-six feet long and thirty feet broad at the bottom, and three hundred and seven feet long and ninety-eight feet broad at the top. By means of a floatinggate, an additional length of fifty-two feet may be obtained, being room enough for the largest war-steamers affoat. thousand tons of stone were used. granite for the exterior masonry was from the Sullivan and Franklin quarries, in the State of Maine; and the interior stone from the Staten Island and Highland quarries, in the State of New-York. sides of the dock are like a succession of lofty steps, as may be seen in the section here given, within which is represented the Pennsylvania, the largest ship of the line in the American service. The cornerstone of the masonry was laid May 12, 1847, and completed April 19, 1850.

When a vessel is to be repaired, the gates (which are very ingeniously constructed, but cannot be described in the

Of General Stuart's work is very valuable, and beautifully got up. It is entitled "The Naval Dry Docks of the United States," and is published by Charles B. Norton, Irving House. Its illustrations are numerous, and add greatly to the value and beauty of the volume.



THE PENNSYLVANIA IN DOCK.

present article) are opened, and she is floated in; the gates are then closed, and the water pumped out by means of an engine of great power, at which we will now take a peep.

This beautiful machine stands in the east wing of a granite building, perfectly fire-proof, three hundred feet long and sixty feet broad, with iron roof, doors, floors, shutters, window-frames, &c. A part of the building will be occupied for other purposes. The engine is of the species called a condensing double-acting beam-engine, and is set in a cast-iron gothic frame, and finished in the most perfect manner. Its cylinder is of fifty inches diameter and twelve feet stroke. A register records the number of strokes of the pumps. An elegant iron railing surrounds the whole. The boilers, three in number, are in an adjoining apartment. Thirtyseven thousand three hundred dollars was the price at which it was contracted for: but various additions and alterations raised the sum total to fifty-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-five dollars and fiftynine cents. It was constructed at the West Point Foundry, at Cold Spring, New-York, and is the largest in America; and at the time of its erection not exceeded by any in the world, and is capable of emptying the dock in two hours and ten minutes. One, since constructed to drain the Harlem Mer, in Holland, is said to exceed it.

The United States sloop of war Dale,

The perpendicular lines at the bottom of the cut, represent the bearing-piles already mentioned. the steamer San Jacinto, the frigates St. Lawrence, Brandywine, Constitution, and Macedonian, the storeship Relief, and the French steam - frigate Mogadore, were all safely docked between the first of January, 1850, and the first of January, 1852. We believe the work has fully answered the design of its construction.

Much time might be very pleasantly spent in examining the various workshops and store-houses in the yard. They are built of brick, with slate roofs, and are generally of two stories, and covered with a yellow wash. Some

of them are occupied for the storage of provisions, and others as timber-sheds, where large quantities of oak and pine are laid up to season for use. One of these was consumed last spring, and much valuable property destroyed. Then there are shops for the blacksmiths, joiners, block-makers, spar-makers, &c.; besides lofts for the sail-makers, riggers, gunners, &c. A brick building now in process of erection in a distant part of the yard, is intended for a steam saw-mill. The barracks for the marines are not in the yard; a large wooden building on Park Avenue, is occupied by them.

The Naval Lyceum, before referred to, will well repay the visitor for the time



spent in examining it. It comprises a library, reading-room, and museum of natural history and curiosities, &c. was organized at a meeting of naval officers, held on the 27th of November, 1833, and incorporated in 1835, under the title of "The United States Naval Lyceum." By donation and purchase it has acquired a library of more than three thousand volumes, and nearly two thousand charts and maps. Its rooms, though not as large and well lighted as might be desired, are tastefully arranged, and decorated with busts and portraits of the various presidents of the United States, celebrated officers of the navy, &c. Models of all vessels built at the station are to be seen there; relics of several that have been destroyed or rebuilt; also, models of various useful inventions connected with naval affairs. One of the most prominent objects is a large goblet-shaped mass of madrepore, inclosed in a glass case, and called Neptune's Cup. It is about two feet six inches high, and was taken from about sixty feet below the surface, in the bay of Bengal. Its base seems to be composed of mingled madrepore and shells, and it is an object altogether unique.

At a little distance from this natural curiosity are two bomb-shells, bearing inscriptions stating that they were fired from the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, during the siege of Vera Cruz. In another part of the room is a piece of the material of this same castle; it appears to be a

species of madrepore.

In one of the cases is a British standard of red silk, bearing the arms of England, and the motto "Dieu et mon droit." It is said to have been taken by a retreating party at the battle of Long Island, in 1776. Various other trophies are to be seen; also many specimens of old rusty arms, and warlike implements of savage nations. A glass case in the gallery contains a coat of mail from Sapitioma, one of the South Sea Islands, we believe; it hardly seems invulnerable either to bullets or sabers, for its material is a species of grass. In another case is part of a wharf-pile, exhibiting the ravages of the worm (teredo navalis) in Pensacola bay. Here, also, are numerous jars of pickles or preserves, not likely to excite the appetite, however, for they contain scorpions, moccasin snakes, and other lovely creatures, put up in brandy. Against the wall, in a frame, is

a printed charter from King Charles the Second to the proprietors of East Jersey, conferring upon them powers of government. It is dated Whitehall, November 23, 1683. Americans no longer ask of crowned heads the privilege of governing themselves. A century after the above date they were laying the foundation of a system of government in which the good of the governed is the cardinal principle, and in less than half a century they placed its practicability beyond all doubt.

But these privileges were not obtained without a struggle, and here lies a memorial of it in the shape of some links of the chain that was stretched across the Hudson River, below West Point, to prevent the ascent of the British vessels of war. Fifty-one of these links were recovered from the bed of the river some years ago. They are about two feet long, and weigh from thirty to thirty-five pounds a piece. The iron in many places was much corroded, and stones, some of them weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, were found adhering to it.

Still further on, there is also a blanket, which was used by Abraham Canfield through the whole of the Revolutionary war. He was present at the battles of Bunker Hill, Bennington, &c., and at the surrender of Burgoyne. It was made by his mother, Sarah Canfield, of Derby, Connecticut. It was thus that our forefathers were encouraged in that trying season—while they fought, their wives and mothers cheered them with their approving smiles and efforts for their comfort.

But we cannot attempt to describe everything that is to be seen here. There is a fine collection of minerals and shells; among these last are two, curiously perforated in the center, as if for key-holes. In the lower part of one case are a number of beautiful stalactites from the island of Minorca. Here are models, and casts, and miniature copies in plaster of the celebrated Elgin Marbles. Here are fragments from Tyre, Baalbec, Philippi, Athens, &c.: pieces of carving, &c., from the Alhambra; and bits of mosaic and lamps and vases from Pompeii. Among these last are some found in tombs, and supposed to be lachrymatories, or tear-bottles, such as the Psalmist refers to in Psa. lvi, 8. The shape and finish of many of these specimens of ancient skill are extremely beautiful. Peru and Central America have also con-

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tributed specimens of their wares and some of their idols of wood and stonehideous enough. In the opposite case is a mummy of a girl partly unwrapped, taken from Thebes; with mummies of cats, one of them cut in two longitudinally, exhibiting the interior; also of crocodiles, and jars containing the sacred ibis. Again, there are specimens of Indian skill-garments, blankets, necklaces, baskets, drinking-vessels, &c. A piece of Mexican picture-writing is also to be seen. Among the engravings is one which, though small, is calculated to excite much interest. It represents Washington on a visit to his aged mother, at the close of the Revolution. The attitude of affectionate and respectful attention with which he listens to her, while she appears to be claiming all a mother's authority over her noble son, are truly characteristic and instructive. Would that there were more mothers like her! then would there be more truly great men, like her beloved George.

But the reader will be wearied if we continue the list. We conclude our sketch with some extracts from a printed sheet hanging up in a frame near the desk of the polite librarian, Dr. Guillon. It is about fifteen inches by ten, and is headed "Pro Bono Publico, Brooklyn Hall, Super-Extra Gazette, Saturday, June 8, 1782." It appears to be a burlesque, published by British officers or tories. The first paragraph is as follows:—

"On Thursday evening last we were blessed with many refreshing showers, attended with loud thunder, &c. The distance from our friends in New-York prevented us giving them more early intelligence."

"Religion and morality gain much ground, for, to be sure, a tavern-keeper a few days since gave away his old black coat, to enable a minister of the gospel (just then come in from the rebels) to mount the rostrum with decency."

"The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, president of the college of Princetown, has invented a new creed, and is now writing a paraphrase on the Fifth Commandment, by which he intends fully to prove that there is no duty due from a child to a parent, from an inferior to a superior, from a subject to a sovereign, unless a Congress; which [work] is to be published as an appendix of an essay, ready for the press, entitled 'A Treatise against Moral Obligations,'"

"Our passage boats have had a middling good time in crossing the ferry lately—not a single life has been lost."

> "Whether or no we meet esteem, Regardless as a praw, No real injury we mean In our Gazette Extra.

Critics may snarl, but should they bite,
Then we'll our power exert;
For we're assured, the more we write,
Will make us more expert."

3.35 "A generous price will be given by the EDITORS for the latest REBEL PAPERS."

Then follow half-a-dozen advertisements, the last of which is as follows:-

" MACINTOSH

Capries on the business of a Taylor with the greatest propriety at his shop, situated between Mr. Smith's, watchmaker, and Mr. Ross's tayern."

At the bottom are the words "Vivant Rex et Regina."

The yard is open to visitors every day during the hours of labor; the Lyceum can be seen any time after nine o'clock in the morning.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH.

ERON, an old man of eighty years, T was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling, enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning. His eye rested now upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward, like the smoke of burned offerings, and now upon his mirthful grandchildren, who were sporting around him. A youth from the city approached the old man, and entered into discourse with him. When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age and his ruddy countenance; whereupon he asked the old man whence it came that he enjoyed such strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life? Geron answered :- "My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the merit of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below to enable us to obtain them.' Having uftered these words, the old man arose, and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened the heart. Then the old man spoke :- " Canst thou wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? Sec, my son, I planted them in my youth; thou hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age." The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart .- Krummacher.

The National Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

EDITORIAL VARIETIES.

THE EDITOR has returned to his post, after an absence of some months, though not in time to contribute anything to the present number of the Magazine. His absence has been rendered necessary by laborious duties devolved upon him at the time of his appointment, but which were postponed for nearly a year, in order that he might more fully attend to his Magazine tasks. He will now resume more fully the lat-ter. The Magazine will not suffer by the re-cent enlargement of his official sphere; it will rather gain by that fact, as the assistance with which it is reinforced will secure to it more thorough attention. While the communications and pictorial matter will be in other and capable hands, the editorials will be fully resumed by the official editor, and on a scale of more variety and amplitude than heretofore.

We have some hundreds of clergymen on our subscription list. It is our design to furnish a good leading article, especially adapted to them, in each number. The essays of this kind already inserted have excited no little attention. and been extensively copied.

WE are happy to be able to present to our readers another Boston Letter. It will be found to contain interesting matter. We especially invite attention to the remarks on "The Great Republic.

A wonder of genius and art is the immense ship constructed in our harbor, which, while your readers are glaneing over this notice, will be lying at one of your whurs in New-York, or speeding on her first voyage to California. At the date of this letter, she towers up, a stupendous monument of human labor upon the shore, not having yet reached her destined element. She is well named "The Great Republic," for she will nobly represent in her structure, and officers, and we hope, also, in her multitudinous crew.

omers, and we only also, in the initiationnois erew, the land whose proud title she bears. Her builder and owner, Donald M'Kay, Esq., is still a young man, although he has lived long enough to make his name well known and homorable all over the "high seas." He has already constructed, and to make its dain's well known and domination at over the "high seas." He has already constructed, and sent forth on their commercial mission, some thirty-five of the finest ellipper-ships that cut the wave. His preceding vessel, "The Sovereign of the Seas," was the largest and feetest merchant ship ever was the largest and fleetest merchant ship ever haunched; and now, in the last, he presents to com-merce the largest vessel of any description that floats upon the ocean. It is a pleaseant denomina-tional item that Mr. M Kay is a generous member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and offers to take out: any amount of freight which the Missionary Society or Book Room may wish to send to California, without charge. Your readers may be pleased to run over a few of the dimensions of this ship, and at-tempt to form in their minds some idea of her size. She is three hundred and twenty-five feet long from her taffeail to her knight-heads—one hundred feet She is three hundred and twenty-five feet long, from her taffrail to her knight-heads—one hundred feet longer than the Pennsylvania, the largest man-of-war in the American Navy. If she should be raised erect upon her stern, she would rise into the air forty-five feet higher than Trinity spire, in New-York, and ninety feet higher than Bunker-Hill monument. She is thirty-seven feet deep from her upper deek to her keelson, having four deeks or stories; and is fifty-two feet in breadth. She will have four masts, the manmast being on hundred and thirty-four feet high, and forty-six feet in circumference. The mainyard is one hundred and fifteen feet in length. Her capacity will be

between three and four thousand tons. be able to carry out flour enough to meet the present wants of the whole State of California for five weeks -thirty thousand barrels. For her crew she will require one hundred men-a little republic in itself. The expense of her construction will reach the amount of three hundred thousand dollars. She is to be commanded by a brother of the constructor, Captain L. M'Kay, late of "The Sovereign of the Seas." When she glides gracefully into her predestined element, she will be indeed

"The monarch of all she surveys, Her right there is none to dispute."

The exhibition of the useful and beautiful manufactures of Massachusetts has drawn great crowds of visitors to the city, and afforded them unmingled de-light and profit. It is wonderful to see how rapidly laright and profit. It is wonderful to see how rapidly la-bor-saving machines are multiplied. Of the one ar-ticle of sewing machines, a great variety of inventions were presented. For plain sewing on garments, and on boots and shoes, these machines are rapidly taking the place of human fingers. I am afraid the time will come when Hood's touching "Song of the Shirt" will become obsolete.

Covering almost all of one side of Fancuil Hall, Covering aimost all of one side of Fancull Hall, and arresting the eye of the spectator the moment he enters, and often drawing it away from the little elegancies and conveniences inviting observation below, hangs Healey's great picture of the United States Senate when Webster answered Colonel Hayne. Is it treason to confess it? I never see this august seene without thinking,—if its principal actor, upon whom all eyes are bent, awful and glorious in his majesty, had been as true to conscience as to the constitution, what a memory would he have left behind for all time? left behind for all time

It is a happy thing for New-England, and the whole country, that Massachusetts gave her children a soil so sterile, and a climate so severe. She has discip-lined her children to the highest ingenuity, and ever lined her children to the highest ingenuity, and ever administered the wholesome spurof necessity, the only effectual goad to invention. The probabilities really seem to increase, as one wanders through these mechanical fairs, that very soon, as the Turkish visitor examining our endless machines remarked, "Everything will do itself." Brains and machinery are now made to take the place of hands and toil. In the literary world, few new works are announced by our booksellers. The unusually large sales at the late trade-sales have put them in fine temper, and after the holidays they will put new works to press. Many of the books announced last month, have enjoyed a liberal patronage. Hilbard's "Six Months in Italy," with its full and elaborate descriptions, showing the research of the careful scholar, and the case of the practiced writer, meets with universal

showing the research of the careful scholar, and the case of the practiced writer, meets with universal favor. The children are never tired of the classical, fairy fictions of Hawthorne; "Tanglewood Tales" has charmed many a young reader. The publishers of these volumes, Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, & Field, have just issued another volume of papers by De Quincey, entitled "Autobiographical Sketches." They possess the same magical charm as the "Con-fessions," and exhibit a like masterly command of the English tongue, which has placed the author at the head of English writers in this respect. A re-freshing exhibition of magnanimity is given by this firm, in voluntarily naving to the author a con-right.

freshing exhibition of magnanimity is given by this firm, in voluntarily paying to the author a copy-right, which neither law nor precedent forces upon them. An unusual demand anticipated the publication of the Life of Dr. Judson, by Dr. Wayland; some twenty thousand being ordered by the trade in advance of its issue. By an act of noble generosity, the copyright of the work has been presented by the author to Mrs. Judson. It promises to be a very handsome patrimony for the family of the deceased missionary. We learn that Mrs. Judson's health is very nor and to Mrs. Judson. 19 promotes the deceased missionary, we learn that Mrs. Judson's health is very poor, and that it is not probable that she will long remain to enjoy the sympathy and respect of the Christian

community.

Horace Mann remarked, at a late Temperance Convention, that the temperance reform would be a permanent benefit to the world, after the immediate occasion for its activities had been removed, in the literature which it had called into being. No small literature which it had called into being. No small proportion of the success thus far secured in this cause, is to be credited to the impression made upon the community by the admirable series of Temperance Tales by Sargeant and Arthur. And now, as the question has assumed new aspects, and calls for new defenses, therature has come again to the aid of forensic argument. B. B. Mussey & Co have pub-

lished a handsome volume, illustrated with designs by Billings, entitled "Uncle Sam's Palace; or, The Reigning King," by Emma Wellmont, in which the necessity of a prohibitory law is urged and defended. A work that exhibits many characteristics of De personal interest from its autobiographical character has been issued by the autobiographical character 's Confessions, and is marked with a touching personal interest from its autobiographical character, has been issued by the same publishers, entitled "Passages from the History of a Wasted Life," by the author of Pen-and-Ink Sketches. It is intended to illustrate the perils to which the young and intellectual are now peculiarly exposed. "The Mysterious Parchment; or, The Satanic License," by Rev. Joel Wakeman, published by Jowett & Co., is directed to heave a published by Jowett & Co., is directed to the accomplishment of the same purpose. The tales, like the songs of the people, will go far to fashion their moral sentiments. These volumes will be powerful co-laborers in the temperance refor

AMUSEMENTS .- Man is created with infinite longings and capacities for happiness. This is in itself satisfactory evidence that "we were brought into being to be blessed;" for it cannot be that a God of infinite love has so endowed his creatures, and yet given them nothing answering to these desires and abilities of the The Creator of the faculty must have provided something for its gratification: "He openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." The law within us, then, as well as the law without, commands us to re-

It cannot be denied that religion alone is a satisfying portion. Nothing short of its joys can fill the immortal mind, or adequately gratify its powers. Wealth and honor, possessed ever so extensively, leave the soul as hungry as before. The millionaire is as unsatisfied with his acquisitions as when he was the possessor of but a few hundreds; and the conqueror of a world weeps that lie has reached the limit of his triumphs. But an indwelling Christ transforms this emptiness into an unutterable fullness of glory and of God, and constitutes within the man an earthly Eden. All this is true, but yet God has not forbidden the Christian to swell the stream of his joys by whatever rivulets of earth may lawfully become tributary to this great end. The religion of our adorable Redeemer is not, even in the most limited sense, an embargo on human bliss. If God had given us this beautiful world, enriched with a variety of sources of pleasure, and yet made us incapable of appreciating them, there would seem to have been no object for which these glories were created. Why the tints of the flowers. why the loveliness of the landscape, if no eye to see them? The carol of the bird, without an ear for its music, would have seemed almost useless. So also if man had capacities for enjoyment, but nothing to enjoy, there would have been an unaccountable deficiency in the divine arrangement. But we find an adaptation on the part of the one to the other; and we infer that the world was created as it is, that we might relish its beauties,

It evidently cannot be that God has made us with these hungerings and thirstings after pleasure, and surrounded us with this abundance so well calculated to afford it, and yet on every bliss-bestowing object written "Unlawful." Our God is not the god of mythology; nor are we in the situation of the king of Lydia, doomed by a cruel decree to stand up to our neck in a crystal stream, and yet forbidden

to slake our burning thirst; or, ever pressed with hunger, we are not compelled to gaze upon the most delicious fruits just within our grasp, and not dare to pluck them. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious; abundant in goodness and truth," has not thus cruelly dealt with our race. That he has implanted within us such restless cravings, is evidence that he has also furnished an ocean, deep enough and wide enough to supply them; and that, when that ocean is spread out before us, we may lave in its waters, and look up with gratitude to God. its giver. There are perils here, it is true; and it is the office of religion to point them out, that we may be restrained from evil, and preserved in innocence and joy.

The long evenings are just before us-the gay and the foolish will meet for merrimentthe blazing fire will shed its cheerful light into the halls of social pleasure-the white snow will overspread the earth, and muffled companies will speed them on with merry jingling in search of joy. A thousand young hearts will be anxiously inquiring for the boundaries of innocent mirth; and truly important is the inquiry.

Youth is the season of activity and joy. being no sooner begins to unfold itself, than it has the most pleasurable experiences. are associated with an almost unwearving activity. From morning till night the infant is busy seeking to gratify its budding energies. Any other condition at this early period than one of joyful activity must be the result of disorder. Smiles are the natural language of infancy, and cries and tears are indicative of some physical derangement. This is the foundation of that love for toys and glee which fills the baby-life of all the race. As life progresses, these gradually lose their charms—boyhood having its plays, youth its pleasures, manhood its stern endeavor, and old age its love of rest and quiet. The wisdom of this arrangement will readily appear.

It evidently promotes the happiness and growth our race. God has, in all stages of life, asof our race. sociated employment with happiness. Idleness is misery. But in infancy and childhood there is little that can employ the mind. The undeveloped state of the intellectual powers leaves no chance for large mental gratification. Its physical imbecility precludes the child from all efforts to provide for its own wants; hence it cannot be occupied with business. Its little life would be all canni, were it not that trifles interest and amuse it. This activity is also essential to the development of its physical nature. On its entrance into the world, its body is but in a state of formation-growing rapidly-receiving its strength and induration from exercise. This necessity for activity to strengthen and preserve the natural life has a response in the bosom of the babe, in its love for the exercise of its limbs; a law of God so plainly written, that he who would hush the laugh of the babe, or spoil its sports, should be The same truth is written thought a brute. on all animal creation, and for the same reason. The colt is seen careering through the fields, and the lamb frisking on the mountain-side. To interfere with this law would be to interfere with God himself. Now, the God of the Bible is the God of nature; and his rule in one

department of his universe is never found infringing upon that of another; all is complete harmony. There must be something unscriptural, therefore, in that creed which would forbid the boy of less than a dozen years to play, or even youthful manhood to be sprightly. Neither are our physical and mental natures materially altered when that great moral change takes place which makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus. Though converted, Peter will still be ardent; Paul logical; John affectionate; and the child will remain a child, with all the peculiarities of a child. Youth will still have the vivacity of youth; and old age will love its quietness.

The conclusion from these reasonings is unmistakable. There must be no interference in the divine government. Law must not dash against law, annihilating the good government of our King. Men may pursue their pleasures just so far as they do not trespass on the written law of God. This is the limit of the Christian's worldly joy. Indeed, here, take life on the whole, it ceases to be joy;—and the voice that proclaims, "Thus far mayst thou go, and no further," is recognized as revealing a fearful precipice just beyond this barrier, from which

it would fain preserve us.

Pleasures that cannot be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus are not pleasures. They are like Bunyan's by-paths, very shady and inviting at the outset, but ending in a dreary waste and final destruction. Or like the wine, which seems red and sparkling at the beginning, "but at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Or like the smiles of the harlot, " with the flattering of her lips, are not understood by the unwary "till a dart strike through his liver," and his eyes are opened to behold written upon the door-posts, "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death," The line which limits The line which limits our participation in earthly pleasures is therefore the limit to all real pleasure. The youth may "sow his wild oats," but he must not forget "that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." No one can deliberately put off the Lord Jesus-forsake the fountain of living waters and betake himself to the polluted pools of earth-who will not have occasion to rue his folly, even in time. By the very law we have laid down, therefore, the Christian should bring even his pleasures into subjection to the law of God. The Christian youth may go only where he can carry his Saviour-only where he may hope to enjoy the smile of his God-only where he can ask the company of his Maker. He is never to be found where the trumpet of the judgment would startle him into a consciousness of guilt. He is to carry about with him a powerful realization that "for all these things God will bring him into judgment." This, so far as he is individually concerned, is the check which kind Heaven has put upon his merriment.

"All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." Christians may not innocently participate even in all lawful amusements. The welfare of others is to be regarded; and if some weak one is to be offended, some soul to be injured, better that we should forego the gratification of our own desires than bring about such serious results. The self-sacrificing

spirit of Paul is here presented for our imitation, who would renounce the use of meat for life, rather than that any should stumble.

We cannot conclude without an intimation that much of this seeking of worldly pleasure is derived from an inability to enjoy the nobler joys of a pure Christianity. A soul fully renovated by divine grace must be possessed of a relish for heavenly things. That the worldling sees no loveliness in the cross, no beauties in religion, is nothing to the case. Many there are who would regard the most exquisite performance of the finest oratorio with complete indifference, while we would listen with rapture,-for the manifest reason they have no ear for music-no adaptation to its enjoyment. Could they suddenly, while listening, have their ears touched with this power, they would enjoy it as well as we. The reason why religion is irksome to the unregenerate soul is, that he has no taste for its pleasure-no power to appreciate its joys-no ear for the music of heaven. blood-stained finger of Christ touching that heart with its transforming energy, would impart to it a love of divine things. A complete revolution would take place within: the things once loved would be hated; those hated would be loved; all things would become new. We repeat it, then, it is much to be questioned whether there is not in modern Israel some sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt-some looking back toward a forsaken Sodom. But let it be everywhere understood, sin adds no charms to lifereligion takes none away. It is no real sacrifice to be a Christian. For a man to be a disciple of Christ, he must "sell all that he hath;" yet by so doing he is enabled to purchase "a pearl of great price," worth far more than all the cost. It is to be remembered that while some deem religion so dull-so insipid-others, with a sanctified nature, have derived from it a love so intense as to exclude every other, as the intense rays of the sun are said to put out common fires. Royal David's delight was so fully in the law of the Lord, that he could prefer one day of holy, spiritual comfort to a thousand of mere worldly bliss. He could prefer the office of a porter at the gate, with his Redeemer as a companion, to a residence in the palace from which Christ was excluded. A little heartsearching upon this subject might account for the love which some Christians bear the world.

Editors.—We find the following in an English periodical, and could scarcely restrain the thought that the world was everywhere much alike, "as face answereth to face," Hoping no one will receive it as personal—and lest they should, assuring all concerned that it was by no means written for The National.—we venture to publish it:—

"A great deal has been penned about the calamities of authors, but a pathetic volume might be written, and should be largely circulated, on the calamities of editors. The editor takes office, with the most genial feelings of respect and sympathy for all who may feel disposed to contribute to the pages of his magazine, He has probably suffered tribulation, and the shades of rejected addresses arise to teach him mercy. He knows it is a duty, a wisdom, to be courteous; but he wishes to be kind. He commences by answering every letter punctually, but finds, at the end of his first month, that he had been able to do nothing else. He gives notice "on the cover," that on such a day, manuscripts will be returned to the

publishers, and delivered to their respective owners, when called for. This brings a host of extera letters, country correspondents begging manuscripts, to directed to them—an expensive process to the editor, directed to them—an expensive process to the editor, not taken into consideration, and quite unusual. Then one fair lady is so very obliging as to write, that if one particular poem is approved, she will sent a volume of the like, (Heaven forgive her!) for insertion "in the delightful pages of your periodical," and begs a speedy answer from your own hand. Another entreats the editor to look over a bale of manuother entreats the editor to look over a bale of manuscripts, intended to be converted into a three-volume novel, and will be so obliged to him to correct any "little mistakes," or alter what "he does not approve;" that novel being, he is assured, the "very thing" for his magazine. A third suggests, that if you have not room in your magazine for the inclosed, you have not room in your magazine for the inclosed, you will be so good as to introduce the story to some other periodical; a fourth sends a translation—which has been "done" twenty times; a fifth "grieves" that you have so little poetry, and sends a supply; a sixth dislikes poetry, and recommends controversy, and a particular line of politics, and sends "stuning" articles as samples of what you ought to incert; a seventh imagines you to be a bookseller as well as an editor, and forwards a box by railroad, containing literature for the million—which the author would be content to millide on the helf-gookbulk system. be content to publish on the half-and-half system; be content to publish on the nan-ann-main system, an eighth proposes an epic poem, in twelve cantos—a cauto a month. The boy brings up your letters in a small clothes-basket, and the railway porter could walk blind-folded to your door—so well does he know the way—and yet correspondents expect individual answers on every subject."

World's Conventions.—Two great conventions on the subject of temperance have recently met in our city. We had the privilege of attending both, and at both had occasion to mourn over the weaknesses of poor human nature, It is not our design at present to express any opinion on the questions mooted on these occasions, but to put forth a query in reference to the future. It is simply this: on every such occasion, should not the call be as explicit as possible? If delegates are there to meet persons of all sexes, colors, and conditions, let it be so understood at the outset, and such only will attend as are pleased with the invitation. If, on the other hand, any human being is to be partially or wholly excluded from a participation in the doings of the convention, let that also be understood, and those who object to such a proceeding will of course be absent; and if those not invited present themselves, they may be rejected. But what have world's conventions accomplished? What can they accomplish? Their history as yet answers, " Nothing. indeed, a noble conception to convene the world on great moral enterprises, but the world has never yet been practically assembled. The Evangelical Alliance did, indeed, seem to approximate to this result, but has proved but a splendid failure. The recent temperance conventions, for all great practical purposes, were not less so. But if we are to have world's conventions, let them be so called that there shall be no misunderstanding as to who are invited. Meet all the difficulties before they present themselves. "The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself."

Who was Junius?-This vexed question still agitates the English public and the world. The appearance of the long expected Grenville Papers has revived the general interest that has been so long felt on this mysterious subject, but appears by no means to have allayed curiosity, or settled the dispute. Public expectation, excited by the advertisement of this "Correspondence," and by rumors of "a box with three seals, containing the original letter from Junius to the king, signed with the real name of the author, is greatly disappointed in this particular; for, however valuable the correspondence may beand it is said to possess rare worth-it furnishes no clew to the authorship of these celebrated letters. It divulges many interesting secrets, but leaves this secret shrouded in a deeper mystery than ever. It is said not only to fail of showing Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, to have been Junius, but also to throw discredit upon the claims of the other aspirants to that distinction.

For anything that has yet transpired, we can easily believe that Junius declared with truth, "I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me."

Albert Durer Our present number contains an excellent sketch of this exquisite artist and childlike genius. As will there be seen, he married a beautiful vixen, Agnes by name, from whom came a lovely little daughter, also called Agnes. The artist's heart went out toward this little one in passionate yearnings, which only fired the jealousy and wrath of the mother. To Albert, any child was an angel-his own, a little scraph. She stood by him as he painted or carved, and he would often pause to sport with her. The little thing soon learned her father's misery. One day, in the child's presence, her mother broke forth in passionate invectives against her husband. One can scarcely read the artist's narrative of what follows without tears. Albert speaks of himself in the third person, thus :-

"Whereupon he sat down, and closed his eyes; but "Whereupon me sat down, and closed ms eyes; our tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his evelids. Then the child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her mother, in childish anger—"Thou wilt one day bring down my father to the grave. Then thou wilt repent it—

in change and the grave. Then thou wilt repent it—
everybody says so.

"Albert chastises the child, but, in deing so, inadvertently strikes her a severe blow on the stomach.

"He was horror-struck, he staggered away, threw
himself upon his bed and wept—wept quite ineonsolably. But the child came after him, stood for a
long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besonght him thus: "My father, do not be angry; 1
shall soon be well again. My mother says thou hast
done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed; 1
have only waited for thee. Now the little sand man
comes to close my eyes. Come, take me to thee; 1
will certainly for the future remain silent as thou
dost. Hearest thou? Art thou asleep, dear father?

"The child continued sick from that day. Christmas Eve, her birth-day, comes round.

mas Eve, her birth-day, comes round,
"During the night the child suddenly sat upright, Her father talked with her for a long time. Then she appeared to fall into a slumber, but called again, and said to him:— Dear father—father, do not be

angry,"
"Wherefore should I be angry, my child "
"Ah, thou wilt certainly be very angry."
"Tell me, I pray thee, what it is?"
"But promise me first?"
"But promise we first?"

Here, thou hast my hands. Why, then, am I

"Here, thou hast my hands. Why, then, am I not to be angry ?"

"Ah, father, because I am dying. But weep not —weep not too much. My mother says thou needes thine eyes. I would willingly—ah, how willingly—remain with the; but I am dying."

"Dear child, thou must not die. The sufferings would be mine alone."

"Then weep not thus: thou hast already made in so sorry—ah, so sorry. Now, I can no longer bear it. Therefore, weep not. Knowest thou, that when thou used to sit and paint, and look so devout, then the beautiful disciple whom thou didst paint. for me, stood always at thy side; I saw him plainly.

"'Now, I promise thee, I will not weep,' said Albert, 'thou good little soul. Go hence and bespeak a habitation for me in our Father's house, for thee

Albert now tried to smile, and to appear com After how treat to same, and to appear con-posed again. Then Agnes exclaimed:— Behold, there stands the apostle again; he beckons me. Shall I go away from thee? O, father? "With strange curiosity Albert looked shuddering

around. Of course there was nothing to be seen. But while he looked with tearful eyes into the dusky

room, only for the purpose of averting his looks, the lovely child had slumbered away.

"The father laid all the child's little playthings into the coffin with her, that he and her mother might never more be reminded of her by them—the little gods, the angels, the little lamb, the little coat for the snow-king, and the little golden pots and plates. Over the whole, moss and rose-leaves."

RUSSIAN BRIDAL EMBLEM.-In Russia, the bride on her wedding-day is crowned with a garland of wormwood. This has a double significance, implying not only the bitterness and trials of the marriage state, but also the duty of married women to triumph over these difficulties, and thus transform them into a crown-the emblem of victory.

BEAUTY OF JEWESSES .- It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his Eastern travel, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish nation were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following :-

"Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curses which alighted on their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, priess and in the first second from the firs The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a case of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment; to the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him spices, and, weeping, sought him in the sepulcher. 'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary!' she answered, 'Master!' The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewess." the brow of the Jewess."

AMUSING LIBEL SUIT .- Some thirty years ago, a merchant of this city employed an Italian artist to paint his portrait. The work was duly completed, and payment demanded. Our friend the merchant wishing, no doubt, to reduce the price of the painting, began sedulously to find fault with it; and our artist patiently altered every defect named. At last the work was entirely rejected, on the ground that it was no likeness. The Italian, taking a witness with him, again presented the portrait, and demanded The merchant still refused, stoutly payment. averring that it bore not the least resemblance to his own worthy phiz-that no human being could possibly recognize it as his likeness, &c. The artist returned to his studio and substituted on the canvas, for the two ears of the merchant, those of a jackass, and long enough at that, The painting, thus amended, was in a few days suspended in the Tontine, corner of Wall and Broad-streets, then used as an exchange. When the merchants assembled, as they did every day toward three o'clock, all were surprised to find a most excellent portrait of Mr. P--- in so strange a plight. The story, however, soon circulated, and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed at the merchant's expense. Smarting under the jokes and merriment of his fellowtraders, he instituted a suit against the Italian for libel. The case came on, the facts alleged were all acknowledged by the artist, but in defense he proved the rejection of the picture because it was no likeness, and the declaration of Mr. P-, that no one could ever imagine the least resemblance to himself, and asserted his privilege, therefore, to do with the painting as he pleased. It is needless to say, the verdict was triumphantly given for the defendant.

Moral.-Never try to cheat an artist.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE. - Lorenzo Dow defined a death-bed repentance to be "burning out the candle of life in the service of the devil. and blowing the snuff in the Lord's face."

Answer your own Prayer .- " Father," said a little boy, "did you not pray that God would clothe the naked and feed the hungry, relieve the distressed and comfort the mourner? "Yes, my son; why did you ask the question?" "Because, father, I thought when I saw you turn away poor S-, without giving him anything, that if I had your wheat I could answer your prayer."

Dr. Adam Clarke had a perfect abhorrence both of pork and tobacco. He is reported to have said, "If I were to offer sacrifice to the devil, it should be a roasted pig stuffed with

EARLY RISING .- There is much more truth than poetry in the following, but the young men are included :-

> "Young ladies, rising with the dawn, Steal the roses from the morn; But when young ladies sleep till ten, Aurora steals them back again.

KINDNESS,-Some one has written beautifully thus :-

"The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity can subdue.

THE MAJESTIC OCEAN .- After all the adjectives that have been heaped upon the mighty deep, we, in reality, have but a faint conception of its size or grandeur. Even to see it, will not give us an adequate notion of its extent.

Accepting its supposed average depth as one thousand feet, it contains twenty-nine millions of cubic miles of water, and to fill its basin would require all the rivers of the earth pouring their waters into it for forty thousand years. According to the technical reckoning, the solar heat which annually raises the sea-water in form of vapor, corresponds to the enormous sum of sixteen billions of horse-power.

AN OAK ON THE MANTLE .- The thought has never, perhaps, been suggested to our reader; but it will be at once evident that this phenomenon is not difficult of production.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of cord, half an inch of it being immersed in soft water contained in a glass, and permitted to remain undisturbed for a few months, it will burst, send a root into the water, and shoot upward a straight tapering stem, with beautiful green leaves. In this way a young tree may be produced on the mantle-shelf of a room, and become an interesting object.

THE EARTHMEN,-Under this title two wonderful specimens of human nature are being exhibited in the city of London. They are natives of the Orange River district, in Southern Africa, belonging to a pigmy race called Earthmen, or Erdermanne, as they were called by the original Dutch settlers, and their hight is about thirty-nine and a half inches. The boy's name is Martinis and the girl's name Flora, and they are respectively fourteen and sixteen years of The name Earthmen is acquired from their habit of burrowing in the ground, in which manner they live, lining their hiding-places with leaves, and sheltering themselves only with mats of plaited grass. They are hunted and destroyed by the Hottentots and Bushmen as mere vermin, and on the approach of their foes they hide themselves with the rapidity of a rabbit or a fox. They are exquisitely proportioned, each movement being instinct with natural grace, and might form perfect models for the sculptor. Their color is a bright bronze, and their features are singularly pleasant and intelligent. They are flat-nosed, and their hair grows in thick spiral tufts, leaving the scalp interstitially bare. In their normal state their chief sustenance is game, but when this is not to be found they live upon locusts and the curise of ants. They were brought to England in 1851, and have been for some time domesticated in the family of a gentleman, near Croy don. They have been taught the simple rudiments of the English education, the existence of a God, and the difference between good and evil, of which before they were perfectly ignorant. They can also express their ideas very appropriately in the English language. They evince great musical taste, perform several tunes on the piano-forte, and sing several popular melodies. They are occasionally indulged with cigars, which they puff with inordinate satisfaction. The object of the present exhibition is professedly to provide a fund for their maintenance, and to secure means for enabling them to visit their native land, to disseminate among their people the advantages of civiliza-Gulliver's Travels are no longer a fable.

Perils of Preaching.—Anton Wilhelm Bohme, who went over to England as chaplain with Prince George of Denmark, officiated at the German Chapel, St. James's, from the year 1705 to 1722. He was a favorite of Queen Anne, and a friend of Isaac Watts. On one occasion he preached in a way which gave great offense to one of the courtiers present, who conceived that a personal attack on himself was intended. He accordingly went a challenge to the preacher, which was without hesitation accepted; and at the time and place

appointed the chaplain made his appearance in full canonicals, with his Bible in his hand, and gave the challenger a lecture which led to their reconciliation and friendship.

A good lesson, truly. This sword of the Spirit, with two-edged power, never fails to conquer. Strange that we use it so little!

Turned in the Coffin.—There is some reason to believe that unauthorized inferences have been sometimes drawn from finding the face of the dead, on being disinterred, to be turned downward. The following is from the Bath (England) Herald, and is worthy of some consideration. May not reasons be assigned for this phenomenon, other than the supposed restoration to consciousness of the person prematurely buried?—

"Having occasion last week to inspect a grave in one of the parishes of this city, in which two or three members of a family had been buried some years since, and which lay in very wet ground, I observed that the upper part of the coffin was rotted away, and had left the head and bones of the skull exposed to view. On inquiring of the grave-digger how it came to pass that I did not observe the usual sockets of the eyes in the skull, he replied that what I saw was the hind part of the head, (termed the occiput, I believe, by anatomists.) and that the face was turned, as usual, to the earth! Not exactly understanding his phrase 'as usual,' I inquired if the body had been buried with the face upward, as in the ordinary way; to which he replied, to my astonishment, in the affirmative, adding, that in the course of decomposition the face of every individual turns to the earth! and that, in the experience of threa-and-twenty years in his situation, he had never known more than one instance to the contrary."

OLD FOGIES AGAIN.—Since our last, a new thought on this epithet has been suggested. The word fog, in Scotland, and probably in Ireland also, means moss, and the moss-rose is called the fogie-rose. The term implies that, like stones that have ceased to roll, these old gentlemen were getting mossy.

The Book Trade in 1735.—It appears that so late as 1735, the city of Glasgow, now containing four hundred thousand people, was considered insufficient for the support of two booksellers. The following law case is on record, under date of the 15th of January of that year:—

"Stalker vs. Carmichael. Carmichael and Stalker entered into a copartnery of bookselling within the city of Glasgow, to continue for three years; and because the place was judged too narrow for two booksellers at a time, it was stipulated that after the expiry of three years, either of them refusing to enter into a new contract upon the former terms, should be debarred from any concern in bookselling within the city of Glasgow. In a reduction of the contract, the Lords found the debarring clause in the contract is alwaful practice, and not contrary to the liberty of the subject."

What's IN a Name?—The Frenchman's dish of frogs may be very palatable to an American as long as he is ignorant of the name of what he eats. So we remember an old deacon at the South, who was horror-struck at some of the abuses that had crept into the Churches at the east, especially the use of the anxious-seat; but seeing a deep religious interest in his own Church, proposed to his pastor that the serious should be gathered into one place during the prayer-meeting, to afford greater facilities for

conversation, and that they might be more special objects of prayer. But we do not know that we ever before met with the following. It is from Bishop Sprat's discourse to his clergy, 1695, and is published in the Clergyman's Instructor, 1827 :-

"He relates that, immediately after the Restoration, a noted ringleader of schism in the former times was interred in one of the principal churches of London, and that the minister of the parish, being a wise and regular conformist, and afterward an eminent bishop, delivered the whole office of burial by heart on that occasion. The friends of the deceased heart on that occasion. The friends of the deceased were greatly edified at first, but afterward much sur-prised and confounded when they found that their fervent admiration had been bestowed on a portion of the Common Prayer."

Southey conjectures this was Bull; others suppose it was Hackett. But we do not know who it was.

Detached Belfries.—Large numbers of the church towers in the old world are detached from the main building, as at Chichester Cathedral. Sometimes they are connected with the church only by a covered passage, as at Lapeveret, Warwickshire. Many of them, even when connected, are at the side and rear of the building, instead of in front. This, in some instances, favors the beauty of the architecture; and entire separation preserves the building from the racking consequent upon the swinging to and fro of bells of massive weight.

" CATCHING A TARTAR."-This expression, so common in our country and Europe, is charged to an Irish soldier who was in the Imperial service. It appears that in some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, the soldier called out, 'Captain, halloo there! I've caught a Tartar!' 'Fetch him along, then,' said the captain. 'Ay, but he won't let me,' said the The fact was the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets himself bitten, he is said to have "caught a Tartar." Poor Pat and the Yankees have to father all the good jokes afloat.

A Toast.-The following remarkable toast is ascribed to Lord Duff, and was presented on some public occasion in the year 1745.

"A. B. C.			A Blessed Change.
D. E. F.			Down Every Foreigner.
G. H. J.			God Help James.
K. L. M.			Keep Lord Marr.
N. O. P.			Noble Ormond Preserve.
			Quickly Resolve Stewart.
			Truss Up Vile Whigs.
			'Xert Your Zeal."

REVOLVING Toys .- It is a common thing to see toys of various shapes so contrived, that on being placed above a burning lamp or heated stove, the rising current of air will cause them to revolve and perform various antics. This was derived from the Chinese, who have lanterns with paper figures in them which revolve by the heat, and are very common about New-Year time.

THE FISHERIES .- The recent consideration of the subject of the American Fisheries has brought to light some long-forgotten facts. We find in an English periodical the following, with

the very important question appended, whether the act of Parliament referred to has ever been annulled :-

"In June, 1623, a vessel arrived at Plymouth, Cape Cod, commanded by Admiral West, who had been sent from England for the sole purpose of preventing all persons, whether subjects of Great Britain or foreigners, from fishing on the coast, unless they had foreigners, from asning on the coast, unless they had previously obtained permission for that purpose from the Council of New-England. The admiral meeting with much opposition, and finding he could not settle the question in an amicable manner, left Plymouth in disgust, and sailed for southern Virginia. The colonists them appealed to Parliament, and an act was passed that the fisheries should be free."

NEIGHBORHOOD JEALOUSIES .- War is clothed with a kind of awful sublimity by the magnificent scale on which the contest is carried on. Presented in its nakedness, however, it is both absurd and wicked. We need but see it enacted on a petty scale, stripped of this horrid magnificence, to understand its nature. A rivalry as fierce as ever raged between savage tribes often exists between two proximate villages or neighborhoods, separated by an intervening hill, or vale, or creek. The great questions at stake are as to the location of the church or school-house—the residence of the physician or minister-the most appropriate place for the postoffice, &c., &c. Almost inconceivable are the consequent jealousies, heart-burnings, and slan-Never have we seen so clear and ridiculous an exhibition of this petty strife as in the following, from Dr. Fisk's Travels :-

"There is a bridge over the Rhine at Bâle, which "There is a bridge over the Rhine at Bale, which connects the principal city with a smaller town on the other side, called Little Bâle. Between these two towns, it is said, there was formerly much contention and local jealousy, of which there is still remaining a most laughable monument. In a tower directly facing the bridge is a public clock, and a carved image of a human face, whose perpetual business seems to be to make faces at Little Bâle. The image has its mouth a little open, and is furnished with a long tongue of a fiery red color, which is so with a long tongue of a fiery red color, which is so connected with the pendulum of the clock, that every vibration in one direction runs it out in a threatening, scornful, venomous brandishing toward Little Bâle, and the return stroke draws it in. The device is so queer, so expressive, and, at the same time, so ludicrous, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing right heartily in the public thoroughfare when I saw it, and I have felt my risibles excited ever since whenever my mind has reverted to the perpetual spitting out of that seornful red tongue toward the momently insulted and seemed town of poor Little Bale."

To Correspondents :- All contributions to THE NATIONAL will be thankfully received, carefully read, and disposed of as the authors may direct. We have not intended that our correspondents should understand that we did not wish their favors, but only that we could not remunerate them in every instance ;-that our paid contributors must be of our own selection. In every case we feel at liberty to abridge or amend articles to suit our own taste and circumstances. If any object to this, they must expressly inform us. "Webster, Clay, Calhoun," has some ex-

cellences, but certainly is not poetry.

"The Potomac" has in it some good passages-some that are poetical-but irremediable defects in measure have led to its rejection.
Other "Poetry" that does not soon appear,

we have consigned to oblivion.

Book Notices.

Carlton & Phillips have recently issued a most excellent aid to family devotion, entitled Family and Social Melodies, by W. C. Hoyt. We recognize many of the good old tunes and hymns, and some new ones. The music is conveniently arranged for the melodeon, seraphine, piano, and organ; and an index of subjects at the end, will enable the leader of the devotions at once to select suitable hymns. Let Christians sing at the family altar—the little ones will thus learn the songs of Zion, and the great congregations will become one grand choir, verifying the demand of the Holy Oracles, "Let the people praise thee; let all the people praise thee." The book is beautifully "got up," and meets, we think, a demand of the times.

Christian Baptism and the Lord's Supper, by Rev. T. Spieer, contains the reasonings of a venerable Methodist divine on the Holy Sacraments. It is a miniature book of one hundred and twelve pages, which any one can read in a short time, and contains the pith of the whole argument. Peace & Co., Albany.

Wonders of the Insect World, by Francis C. Woodworth, Woodworth, of the Youth's Cabinet, is pretty well known to the little folks. He has given a volume on Quadrupeds, and one on Birds, illustrated by very enticing stories. This volume is of a similar character, on Insects, Its illustrations are numerous, and our little daughter says, (and the little ones are the best witnesses in these cases,) the book is very interesting. Boston: Phillips, Sumpson, & Co. New-York: D. A. Woodworth.

A Translation of The Organon; or, Logical Treatises of Aristotle, is before us. It is in two convenient volumes, and forms a part of Bohn's Classical Library. We are not sure that more than one translation of this celebrated work into our own tongue has hitherto been given to the world, and this is rarely met. Thousands will rejoice to read the Organon in their own tongue, who had not the time or talent to read it in the original. Bangs, Brother, & Co., New-York.

Malcolm's New Bible Dictionary has been laid on our table. It is in better style than former editions, and has been thoroughly revised by the author. We take this to be among the best works of the kind for Sunday schools and Bible classes. It is Calvinistic in its views, but frank and generous toward those of other sentiments. Gould & Liucolu, 59 Washington-street, Boston.

History of Church Music in America, by Nathaniel D. Gould. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. This book is not a mere history, but contains also criticism, and some most useful hints to choirs and their leaders. Choirs are too often harmonious only in their voices—all else is discord and disorder. The instructions of Mr. Gould will not, we trust, be lost upon the musical world. It is, withal, a most readable book, and we heartily recommend it to public favor.

Lights of the World; or, Illustrations of Character, from the records of Christian Life, by Rev. John Stoughton. Facts are always more convincing than theories—example than precept. Nothing can be more impressive than living exhibitions of the power of a pure religion. Each chapter of this book is designed to present some vital element of Christianity, as manifested in the life of some prince in Zion. For instance, Tyndale is cited to illustrate labor and patience; George Whitefield, seraph-like zeal; Baxter, earnest decision; Fletcher, intense devotion; Henry Martyn, self-denial, &c. The book is well written, and deeply interesting—a work calculated to do much good. Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street.

Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian. Redfield, 110 Nassau-etrect, N. Y. The fame of this work has preceded it. Our last number contains, from an English periodical, perhaps a sufficient notice. Be this book fiction or truth, it is most graphic and interesting—the more so, as it is not the life of a hero, but of one of the people, and may be esteemed as but one instance among thousands furnished by every-day life in Italy. The book cannot fail to have an extensive circulation.

Gems from Fable Land, by William Oland Bourne, is a collection of Fables, illustrated by facts. Both the fables and facts are selected with a high regard to mental improvement, the refinement of the heart, and the cultivation of the noblest virtues. We wish this book could be placed in the hands of all our youth. Talleyrand and Arnold, at the close of our article on the Treason of Arnold, is from this work. Charles Scribner, 145 Nassaut-street, New York.

Applegate & Co., 45 Main-street, Cincinnati, have laid upon our table Notes on the Twentyfive Articles of Religion, as received and taught by the Methodists in the United States, by Kev. A. A. Jimenon, M. D. The twenty-five articles of religion in the Methodist Discipline are abridged from the thirty-nine articles of the English Church, with alterations and additions adapting them to the Methodist Episcopal Church. We are glad to see an attempt to elucidate these articles and reduce them to a system. A cursory examination of this book has led us to believe that Mr. Jimeson has succeeded well. The work is a neat volume of four hundred pages, with a full alphabetical index. We shall hope to see a review from the right quarter.

The Cyropedia of Xenophon, according to the Text of L. Dindorf; with Notes, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By John J. Owen, D. D. Second Edition. New-York: Leavitt & Co., 1849. The learned author of this fine classic has done the students and lovers of ancient literature a service which they will highly appreciate. In a stout, handsome volume, he gives the most approved text of the original, and subjoins copious notes, prepared with much judgment and discrimination. Their aim is to render the study of the Greek tongue both pleasing and profitable to the student; by not, on the one hand, allowing him to grope unguided through dark passages, and stumble unlighted over exegetical difficulties, and, on the other, by not

nursing his indolence and destroying his selfdependence with too much help. This should be, but is not always, the golden mean with classical commentators.

Voices of the Heart, by Fanny Fules. Boston: B. B. Musney & Co., 1853. A small volume of short poems, on a variety of well-chosen themes. Most of those we have read are pervaded by the spirit of genuine poesy. The book has a very neat exterior, and is creditable both to author and publisher. We hope the fair author may find many readers.

The Methodist Quarterly Review.—The October number of this sterling Quarterly has been laid upon our table, but at too late a moment for a full notice. The following are its contents:—

I. The Bacon of the Nineteenth Century. (Second paper.)

II. The Ground of Moral Obligation, by Rev.

Israel Chamberlayne, III. On the Second Epistle of St. Paul to

Timothy, by Rev. Dr. Bangs.
IV. Davidson's Biblical Criticism, by James

Strong, Esq.
V. The Origin of Evil and the Fall, by Rev.
B. H. Nadal.

VI. Anselm of Canterbury.

VII. Miscellanies.

VIII. Short Reviews and Notices of Books.

There are few Quarterlies of our country which are up to this in real ability, and none before it. This is our sober judgment, after no little familiarity with this department of American literature. It it a bad indication, not only for the Methodist Church but for the country, that such a work should suffer for want of patronage.

A most timely and valuable book is before us, entitled China, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical; to which is appended some account of Ara and the Burnese, Siam, and Anam. It contains a map, and nearly one hundred illustrations. It will be recommendation enough to say, that it is one of the volumes of Bohn's London Illustrated Library. Bangs, Brother, & Co., New-York.

We have experienced a mournful pleasure in examining Tribulation exchanged for Glory, a funeral discourse on the death of the wife of Rev. James M. Freeman, of New-Jersey Conference, preached by Rev. N. Vansant. The sermon will long be treasured by her many friends.

We have now received parts eleven and twelve of the fine reprint of Shakspeare, with the manuscript corrections, by Redfield, New-York. Also, the American Journal of Dental Science, edited by Drs. Harris and Blandy, and published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, and Armstrong & Berry, Baltimore; a valuable work we should judge. Also, the District School Journal of Education, of the State of Iowa, edited by R. R. Gilbert, and published by R. Spalding. Also, The Foreign Missionary, published by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. An American edition of Household Words is on our table, published by M'Elrath & Barker, 15 Spruce-street, New-York; a good idea. Also, The Annual Reports of the Board of Inspectors and Officers of the Massachusetts State-Prison. Also, The Catalogue of the Wesleyan Female Institute, Staunton, Va., Rev. John Wilson, A. M., Principal; sixty-nine students.

Literary Record.

DURING a late debate in the House of Commons, it was stated that the Catalogue of the Library of the Beitieh Museum, now in process of compilation, has already cost a hundred thousand pounds, and is so far from being complete that it cannot be finished in less than forty years. This catalogue already fills twelve thousand folio volumes. When completed it will form "a neat and portable work of thirteen thousand volumes."

Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and the editor of the London Quarterly Review, has been compelled by indisposition to cease, for a season, from all literary labor. He is about to seek the benefit of an Italian sky.

The Czar has ordered that in the higher educational establishments, for civilians in Russia, the *Greek language* shall be taught, with the modern Greek pronunciation.

The Rev. E. E. E. Bragdon, A. M., has accepted a call to a professorship in the Ohio State University, and removed from the city. The Rev. E. R. Kryes, A. M., succeeds him as paster of the Vestry-street (M. E.) Church, New-York.

The endowed schools and colleges of Great Britain possess property to the amount of three hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars. A society has been formed recently for the single purpose of investigating and exposing the abuses in the administration of this vast property.

Miss Mary Legare has made a donation of thee thousand dollars to found a Female College at West Point, Iowa, to be under the auspices of the Presbytery of Iowa, and Rev. Salmon Cowles has been appointed its Principal. She makes prospective offers of a liberal character as to fature endowments.

Mr. Halliwell, the Shakspearian editor, has published a new tract entitled "Curiosities of Modern Shakspearian Criticism." It is a justification of his manner of editing Shakspeare.

The State of New-York has placed eight thousand five hundred copies of Noah Webster's Quarto American Dictionary in her district schools.

The Great Scal of England.—The Great Scal wherewith Queen Victoria signifies to her subjects her royal will and pleasure is no wafer and scaling-wax affair, such as suffices in this Republican country, but a solid cake of wax some six inches in diameter by two inches in thickness, and weighing at least three pounds. It is tied to the document of which it forms a part, by two or three yards of ribin. On the seal are various inscriptions and devices, among which is a figure of the queen on horseback.

A National Convention of Librarians was held in New-York in September, for the purpose of devising measures for the management of libraries, and to increase their prosperity and usefulness.

In the Roman Catholic Schedule of Female Education, great stress is laid upon music, dancing, and French. Among the boys at their colleges, the effort is to familiarize the mind with the classics—and that by the oldest and now exploded methods. The mathematics, natural, mental, and moral science play a subordinate part, while our own language and literature, the noblest in the world, are overlooked.

Dr. Wayland has generously presented the copy-right of his new work to the widow of Dr. Judson, and she has already been offered twenty thousand dollars for it, but has been advised by her friends not to sell it.

The remark was once made to Moore, the poet, that it was supposed his verses slipped off his tongue as if by magie, and a passage of great case was quoted: "Why, sir," Moore replied, "that line cost me hours, days, and weeks of attrition before it would come."

The New-York Mercantile Library Association was founded in 1820. Its library of seven hundred volumes was opened in 1821. Since then it has steadily increased, until it now numbers forty thousand volumes. The Astorplace Opera-House has been purchased by the Association, and is to be disemboweled and fitted up for the reception of its handsome library. On the first floor will be the reading-room, sixty-two feet by eighty-five, with all the accommodations of tables and desks, where from three hundred to four hundred persons may read without inconvenience.

The Chicago Democratic Press contains the following statements respecting the Methodist Book Establishments at New-York and Cincinnati. They were made at the late meeting of the Rock River Conference in that city:—

The total assets of the New-York establishment amount to the very large sum of \$706,733 05. Its real estate in New-York, buildings, and the requisite materials for printing, binding, &c., amount to \$243,947 It has invested in public stocks some \$49,500. Its present cash assets are given at \$16,947. Its books and sheet-stock on hand is worth \$176,130 35. There are due in notes and accounts \$210,207 10. The liabilities are only \$29,858 56, which, deducted from total assets, leaves the actual capital of the concern \$676,874 49. The sales during the past year amounted to \$182,757 80. The sum received for periodicals for the same time was \$69,890 77, making a total of \$252,648 57.

The Cincinnati establishment has a capital of \$242,802 69. The value of its real estate is put down at \$65,000. Its stock on hand,

materials, &c., are estimated at \$60,853. Its eash and stock amount to \$22,044 15. Its notes and accounts amount to \$111,417 26. The liabilities are \$16,530 91, leaving as the net capital of the concern, \$226,271 78. The profits for the year ending March 31st, 1853, were \$10,068 25.

In addition to these two immense establishments, the General Conference has published, much under its immediate supervision, a paper at Pittsburgh, at Buffalo, at Chicago; a Sabbath-school Journal, with an immense circulation, a Quarterly Review, and two Monthlies.

For the various papers thus issued, as well as for all the books published, each traveling and local preacher of the denomination is an authorized agent.

At the last session of the General Conference, that body determined to make Chicago a base for newspaper and book operations. Accordingly, a branch of the Cincinnati Book Concern was opened some ten months since. On the first of January the Northwestern Christian Advacate was also established. By reports made to the Rock River Conference, we learn that the sales of the first have already amounted to \$19,000, and the circulation of the latter has reached four thousand two hundred.

There are in Greece three hundred and thirtyeight primary schools for boys, and forty-nine for girls, attended, the former by thirty-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-four boys, and the latter by six thousand three hundred and twenty-three girls. There are eighty-six secondary ancient Greek schools, with one hundred and fifty-eight teachers, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-three pupils; seven gymnasiums, or superior schools, with forty professors, and one thousand and seventy-seven pupils; and a university, with thirty-nine professors, and five hundred and ninety students. Besides these, there is a Normal school for the formation of schoolmasters, an ecclesiastical seminary, besides the faculty of theolgy, a polytechnic school, a school of agriculture, and other establishments necessary for instruction, such as the National Library, the Botanic Garden, the Astronomical Observatory, and the museums. The state expends, yearly, for public instruction, \$701,573.

Dr. J. Newell, of Harvard, Worcester County, Mass., a descendant of the old English martyr, John Rogers, has in his possession one of the oldest Bibles in this country. It is printed in the Latin tongue, at Geneva, by Petrum Santandreanum, 'A. D. MDLXXXIII—1583—two hundred and seventy years ago.

It is reported that the third volume of Macaulay's History of England will not be published until the latter part of 1854. The story that he is a confirmed opium-eater, is asserted to be a fabrication.

Madame de Stail, one night expatiating on the merits of the French language, and iilustrating her meaning by the word "sentiment," which has no exact equivalent in English, Lord Palmerston answered her that we had a phrase which to a nicety expressed the "sentiment" of the French—namely, "T is all my eye and Betty Martin."

Religious Summary.

The Marquesas Islands have recently sent one of their chiefs, a man of great energy and strength of character, to the Sandwich Islands, to solicit a visit from some of the mission aries. The people had heard of the mission recently sent to the Micronesian Islands, and determined to throw open their islands to the gospel.

The friends of the Madiai, in England, are busily engaged in raising a thousand pounds, by penny subscriptions; the sum to be applied to the purchase of an annuity for those unfortunate people. Copies of the subscription paper have been sent to this country. The Madiai are still at Geneva, and are gradually recovering their health. The success with which the good providence of God has crowned the efforts made in their favor has encouraged some of the most eminent Christians in Europe to set about establishing a society which shall especially take in hand the cause everywhere of Christians suffering for their faith.

The King of Bavaria, during his recent visit to Rome, received from the Pope a rare relic, declared to be a small piece of the robe of the Virgin Mary, set in a valuable gold frame.

Romanism in Baltimore.—Baltimore is one of the strongholds of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. Yet even there, it has church accommodations for only eleven thousand six hundred persons. Other sects accommodate over seven times that number.

The total membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, consists in round numbers, of whites, 400,000; of colored, 150,000: total, 550,000

Protestant Christianity is said to be making great progress in Syria, in consequence of the labors of the American Protestant missionaries, and the influence of their schools, publications, and religious services. Copies of the Bible in Arabic have been widely distributed, and may now be seen in most of the villages in the Durse Mountains, where controversial discussions on religious subjects are very common, particularly among the lower orders of the people. As yet, however, the only Protestant congregation distinctly recognized by the government, is in Hasbeya, at the foot of Mount Hermon, and numbers about two hundred members.

Rev. J. L. Wilson, a returned missionary of the Old School Presbyterian Church, from Africa, recently stated, as among the results of missionary labor in Africa, the gathering of more than one hundred Christian Churches, containing ten thousand hopeful converts; the establishment of a hundred and fifty Christian schools, in which from twelve to fifteen thousand youth were receiving Christian and other instruction. The Bible had been translated, and its truths brought into contact, directly or indirectly, with a million of human minds.

Mr. Seymour has stated, on the authority of an official visitor of the Roman convents, that one-half of the nuns die raving mad before they have reached the age of twenty-five. It is not otherwise with their unhappy sisters of Tuscany. A gentleman, whose veracity and whose means of information are unquestionable, informs me that in one of the best managed convents in Florence, three girls have died during the course of the last year, screaming, foaming, and cursing the system to which their youth had been offered up.

The Journal de Bruxelles says, that the Pope has sent the Duke of Brabant a fragment of the wood of the manger which formed the cradle of our Saviour. When this precious relic was presented to His Royal Highness, he is said to have been much affected.

Bishop Boone, of the Episcopal Church, proposes (D. V.) to sail for China toward the close of October, and hopes to carry with him a sufficient reinforcement of fellow-laborers for the mission at Shanghae.

The Dutch Reformed Churches are considering the propriety of dropping the word "Dutch" from the name of their denomination.

A "devotion train" is organizing at Lyons and Marseilles for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; the fare to be one thousand francs there and back.

Thomas Scott, now of Chillicothe, Ohio, and better known as Judge Scott, is the oldest living Methodist traveling preacher in the West, and probably in America, and was admitted into the Western Conference in the year 1789. Joshua Wells, now resident somewhere in the vicinity of Baltimore, entered the Western Conference at the same time—a period of some sixty-four years since.

Rev. John Hickling is the oldest of the Wesleyan Methodist preachers in Great Britain, He was ordained by Mr. Wesley over sixty-five years ago, and is now about ninety years old. He made a very feeling and sensible address before the late British Conference.

An exciting controversy is going on at Pittaburgh, with reference to the propriety of permitting omnibuses to continue their trips through the streets on Sunday the same as on other days.

In 1818, the population of England and Wales being then 11,642,683, the number of Sunday schools was 5,463; of scholars, 477,225. In 1851, with a population of 17,927,000, there were 23,984 schools, and 2,407,409 scholars.

The Episcopal Diocese of Virginia has 175 parishes, and only 107 clergymen of all orders; the number of communicants reported is 5,299. The Diocese of Rhode Island has 23 parishes and 28 clergymen, with 2,201 communicants. The Diocese of Western New-York has 125 clergymen, and a missionary fund amounting to \$10,000.

The Metropolitan Methodist Church, of Washington city, it is said, will be of stone, three stories in hight, and seventy feet wide by one hundred in length. It will not cost less than fifty thousand dollars, exclusive of the lot.

Mins Martha Whiting, late the accomplished Principal of the Charlestown Female Seminary, who died at Hingham a few days since, has left between five and six thousand dollars to objects of religious benevolence, and from a moderate income gave probably even more than this during her lifetime.

There are now in Kentucky some six or seven Free Churches—having no fellowship with slavery. These have met with opposition and persecution, although this is dayly diminishing.

At Favalo, in Sardinia, near the Gulf of Genoa, a very interesting movement is in progress, the result of a single Bible sent there; forty persons, belonging to seven branches of one peasant family, have given themselves to Christ, and are diffusing light amid the surrounding darkness. It is wholly a native work, foreigners having had nothing to do with it.

The danger of touching and tasting has received a melaneholy illustration in the case of Rev. Mr. Alder, a prominent Wesleyan minister in England, who has forfeited his membership in the Conference by becoming a drunkard. Three elergymen, of the Established Church of Scotland, have recently been expelled for the same reason.

The Pope has recently appointed eleven new bishops for the United States.

The subject of Ministerial Education in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is eliciting much discussion, calling out the ablest minds of that denomination,

Rev. Mr. Van Maasdyk, a Fleming, who labors in Brussels, states that his Church, which eleven years ago had not twenty members, has now one thousand, mostly rescued from the Church of Rome; and members of this Church, in the outskirts of the city, are formed into little groups, for maintaining worship among themselves, and bringing others to the knowledge of the truth.

At a late monthly meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bibbe Society, a grant of \$100 was made to the Reformed Church to purchase Arabic Scriptures for their mission in Syria; and an appropriation of \$3,000 was made for a new edition of the Armeno-Turkish Scriptures.

The Congregationalist states that a large Protestant bookstore has been opened in Constantinople, in the very heart of the city. On its shelves are found copies of the Scriptures in twelve different languages, and thence have gone forth, during the past year, more than ten thousand copies of the word of God, besides other religious books and tracts in the various languages of that part of the world. §400 worth of the Scriptures in the Ararat dialect have been sent into Russia during the same period.

Some one thousand six hundred acres of land have recently been purchased in Iowa on which a colony of monks have settled. Among their peculiar habits may be mentioned that they never mingle with the world, and when they put on a new suit of clothes, that suit is kept on, waking or sleeping, till it falls off, or becomes unit for wear. At a meeting of the San Francisco Association, of the Baptist denomination, the California Baptist Education Society was formed. It is expected they will take early measures for the founding of a literary and theological institution, at some suitable place within the bounds of that State.

A German traveler has discovered a race of negroes, near the kingdom of Bambara, that are Jewe in their religious rites and observances. Nearly every family have among them the law of Moses, written on parchment; and, although they speak of the prophets, they have none of their writings.

Two missionaries of the Old School Presbyterian Church, viz., Rev. Edwin T. Williams, and William Clemens, with their wives, have taken passage in the bark Gem, from New-York, for the Island of Carisco, on the coast of Africa. This is intended to be a point for a new American colony, having a magnificent bay and a healthy climate, with superior advantages for commerce.

In Northern Oregon, generally, there is a great dearth of moral, religious, and educational institutions. Rev. D. E. Blain, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was recently appointed a missionary to the northern part of the territory.

The erection of a beautiful building is progressing on Fayette-street, in the city of Baltimore, for the use of the American Bible and the Maryland Treet Society. The dimensions are to be forty-eight feet front by seventy-four feet deep, three stories high.

A society has been formed in London "for exploring the ruins of Assyria and Babylonia, with especial reference to Biblical illustration," under the patronage of Prince Albert. The plan is to raise \$50,000, and commence operations at once in various parts of Mesopotamia, and to sustain necessary activity during three years; \$25,000 is to be expended the first year. A committee of twenty-eight noblemen and literati has been formed to carry the design into execution; and there appears to be no doubt of its success.

A very interesting case has recently been decided in Ireland, in which it was declared by the court that a nun could succeed to an estate as the lawful heir. The case is regarded as important, making void, so far as the law can, the vow of poverty taken by professed nuns. The decision is taken to the British House of Lords on appeal.

A chronological list of the generals of the "Society of Jegus," from St. Ignatius, the founder, to Pere Roothaan, recently deceased, shows that no American, Englishman, or Frenchman, is found among the twenty-one generals who have controlled this Society. Loyola, a Spaniard, was elected 19th of April, 1511.

Only four young men graduated at the late commencement of the Uniterian Dieinity School, Cambridge. A few years ago there were two or three times that number.

The Rev. Autoinette L. Brown was recently ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in South Butler, N. Y. The sermon was preached by Rev. Luther Lee, of Syracuse. Gerrit Smith was present, and addressed the congregation.

Arts and Sciences.

A MONUMENT to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, is soon to be shipped at Leghorn, for Baltimore. It is from the studio of Bartholomew, whose beautiful works are now attracting much attention in Rome.

Mr. Robert Langton, wood engraver and draughtsman, of Cross-street, Manchester, has discovered a method of applying photography to blocks of polished boxwood, such as are ordinarily used in his own art for wood engraving, thus rendering the blocks ready for the application of the engraver's burin. The specimens are exceedingly beautiful; and the discovery will prove of great utility to the arts.

A rich proprietor, who has gained an immense fortune by gas speculation, has proposed to warm all Paris by a concentrated gas of his invention, and he urgently solicits authority commence with one of the quartiers. No decision has yet been made upon this singular project.

One of the huge granite boulders on the summit of Mount Washington, has been selected and set aside for the apex or crowning-stone of the Washington Monument, and measures will be immediately taken to have this gigantic stone on its way to the national capital.

The effect of the means adopted for checking disease in England, France, and Germany, during the past century, are such, that while formerly one out of every thirty of the population died each year, now the average is one out of every forty-five, reducing by one-half the number of deaths in those countries. In the year 1700, one out of every twenty-five of the population died in each year, in England. In 1801 the proportion was one in thirty-five; in 1811, one in thirty-eight; and in 1848, one in forty-five; so that the chances of life have nearly doubled in England within eighty years. In the middle of the last century the rate for Paris was one in twenty-five; now it is one in thirty-two.

We have been informed that the valuable cabinet of many thousand specimens in Comparative Anatomy, Mineralogy, and other seiences, collected in the course of years by that distinguished suvent, Professor Agassiz, has been purchased for the University at Cambridge, at the price, as is rumored, of twelve thousand five hundred dollars; the greater part of which, it is said, was obtained by private subscription.

At the sale of the late Duchem (Downger) of Bedford'n property, "The Highland Cabin," a painting by Landseer, was sold for £770; "The Three Dogs," by Landseer, £225; "The Highland Toilet," by Wilkie, £540; "A Landseape," by Nesmyth, £400; "Coast Scenery," by Bonnington, £220; "Dead Game," by Landseer, was purchased by Mr. Graves for £1,200, (said to be purchased for Her Majesty;) "The Tower of the Cathedral of St. Rombald," by Roberts, £110; "A River View in Scotland, by Landseer, £198; "The Hermit," by Landseer, £400.

The Marquis of Tweedals has succeeded perfectly in working plows by steam-power. The distinguished English agriculturist, Mr Meche, in a late article, says, there can be no doubt but that very shortly every agriculturist must use steam-power if he is to stand his ground in the race of agricultural competition.

A singular phenomenon was witnessed during a thunder-storm some weeks since, in the neighborhood of West Fitchburgh. A gentleman, passing under a railroad bridge, was completely surrounded with electrical lights: every nailhead in the bridge being brilliantly illuminated, as well as the buckles on the harness of his horse, while the lightning played silently along the iron bolts of the bridge, contrasting most beautifully with the intense blackness succeeding each flash. He experienced several slight shocks while passing the bridge.

Electro-magnetism has been applied to locks; the principle being to attach a plate of soft iron to the door, which, when shut, is in contact with the poles of an electro-magnet, the fastening and opening of the lock being effected by the forming and breaking of the circuit. Any number of locks throughout the house may be secured or opened at the same time.

A Bostonian has invented a "chronometrical lock," which, fixed to a door, cannot be opened before the time determined on beforehand. It operates by clock-work, and the absence of a key-hole precludes all attempts to pick it.

Mr. Adams communicated to the Royal Society, at the closing meeting of their session in London, that he had discovered that the principle of Laplace's calculations of the secular motion of the moon is positively erroneous. This is a discovery which affects the whole range of lunar astronomy, seeing that all the calculations made on the assumption that the moon really was in the place assigned to her, are wrong.

Mr. J. B. Lindsay, of Dundee, who is at present in Glasgow, propounds a startling theory-that of forming an electric telegraph betwixt Great Britain and America without employing submerged wires, or wires of any kind. At a meeting in the Athengum Mr. Lindsay illustrated his method. A large trough of saltwater was employed, across which he transmitted the electric current, without any metallic conductor, the water itself being the only medium of communication. Mr. Lindsay explained that he had obtained similar results over a breadth of sixty feet of water. calculations have been made in regard to the expense, and Mr. Lindsay computes, according to his present information, that the cost of the necessary battery and land wires to establish a communication between England and America would not exceed £60,000.

The Indian papers announce that the munificent Parsec, Sir Jamsetjec Jeejeebloy, has made over \$50,000 to government, for the purpose of endowing a School of Design at Bombay. Sound affects particles of dust in a sunbeam; cobwebs and water in musical glasses; it shakes small pieces of paper off a string in concord. Deaf persons may converse through deal rods held between the teeth, or held to their throat or breast.

The odorous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark their odor is diminished, but restored in the light; and it is strongest in sunny climates. The fractuella takes fire in hot evenings, by bringing a candle near its root.

A monument to Copernicus has been erected at Thorn, in Prussia, his native place. It bears the inscription drawn up by Baron Humboldt, "Nicolaus Copernicus, Torunensis, terræ motor, solis cœlique stator," on one side, and on the other, "Natus anno 1473, obiit anno 1543."

A Bavarian naturalist, Dr. Autenrieth, traveling in New Grenada, has, it is said, while excavating in the neighborhood of Panama, disinterred a terra cotta vase containing three hundred and sixty-four Roman Coins in bronze. They belong to the third and fourth centuries, and bear the effigies of the Emperors Maximian, Diocletian, and Constantine the First.

The contents of the Egyptian Galleries of the Louvre at Paris have been re-arranged, and a portion of the discoveries made by M. Mariette, in the Temple at Memphis, has been added to them. The principal additions consist of a number of statuettes of the time of the fourth and fifth dynasties; a statue of Apis, a sphinx, and three lions, a bass-relief bearing the name of King Menkehor, and a number of inscriptions.

A monument to Justus Lipsius, the great scholar and critic of Brabant, has been creeted at Overyssche, near Brussels, his native place. It consists of his bust placed on a pedestal, with a Latin inscription.

An effort is being made to erect a monument on Plymouth Rock, in honor of the landing of the Pilgrims. The residents of Plymouth have subscribed \$6,000.

One of the largest and finest collections of engraved English portraits that has been made since the great days of Walpole and Sykes, was recently sold at auction in London. The highest price given for any one print was \$132—for "Oliver Cromwell, standing in armor between two pillars."

The Corriere Mercantile of Genoa, quotes a letter of the 15th, mentioning the discovery at Pompeii of three human skeletons, evidently belonging to one family, together with that of a dog. The postures in which they were found lead to the presumption that they were engaged in flight at the time of the eruption, but were overtaken by the lava, the dog refusing to leave his master. They had bags of gold and silver coin with them; one of the skeletons, still displaying rings and ornaments, was that of a young girl, probably the daughter of the fugitives.

Mr. Hays, a painter in India, is preparing a series of fifty pictures, or scenes, representing the entire story of "Uncle Tom," from the first to the last chapter. A gentleman named Finch, in Pittsburgh, has discovered, it is alleged, a mode of puddling iron, by which the common gray Alleghany iron is made equal to the best Juniata. The strength of the iron when pulled in the direction of its length, is sixty thousand nine hundred pounds per square inch; and Mr. Finch is confident he can make an advance on this of four thousand pounds to the square inch.

Curiosities of the Locomotive .- Our first-class narrow-gauge engines weigh, empty, forty-four thousand pounds, and are worth sixteen cents per pound. They will consume one cord of wood and one thousand two hundred gallons of water per hour, and will generate two hundred and seventy-five thousand cubic feet of steam per hour, of a pressure equal to that of atmosphere. Their heating surface is of the extent of the bottom of a boiler thirty-four feet in diameter. The strain upon the iron of the shell or boiler, to burst it open lengthwise of the boiler, is from six thousand five hundred to eleven thousand five hundred pounds per square inch, under ordinary pressures. There is also an additional strain of about four thousand pounds per square inch exerted lengthwise of the boiler to pull it apart crosswise. The whole the boiler to pull it apart crosswise. pressures exerted against all the internal surfaces of the boiler amount to twenty millions of pounds, or ten thousand tons! The usual distance traveled by the locomotive being in motion but about one-eighth of the time, is equal to once around the globe every year.

Colonel J. F. Gaines mentions the discovery of an iron mountain in Scott County, Ark. He sent several specimens of the different minerals from that section of the country, lead, silver, and iron.

A Mr. Whitworth has invented a very modestlooking little apparatus which can determine easily the one-millionth of an inch. The use of such an instrument is chiefly for copying or regulating the standards of weights and measures, and in the construction of delicate philosophical instruments.

Large lumps of sulphur are found in various parts of *Iceland*. They seem to be the result of the heat that steams up through the ground, as the sulphur collects upon everything. Hotsprings are numerous in this country, and jets of steam rush out of the mountains with a loud and terrible roaring.

An iron tubular bridge is being prepared at London, intended to be thrown across the Nile at Bentra. The trains will pass along the top of the tube. A foot-path will be made on each side of the rails. The bridge will be twenty feet above the ordinary level of the water, and the center portion of it is constructed to swing on a pivot, so that the boat traffic may be secured during the rising of the Nile.

The Paris correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser states that the vapor of chloroform, as a motive power, is to be applied upon an immense scale. A company has been formed, the money is subscribed, and the invention of M. du Trembly is bought. Twenty-four vessels are to be constructed, to sail between Havre and New-York, and several other ports.





Notices of the Press.

We have given abundant verdicts from the press respecting this monthly. They have become more and more hearty with each successive issue. The Christian Witness, of Boston, (Protestant Episcopal.) says, "We think it the best and cheapest of the monthly publications." A Rhode Island editor, (Kent County Atlas.) challenges his readers thus respecting it: "We wish all our readers would take and read it: and if they then regret the payment of their money, let them come to us and we will make it up to them." The Indian American says, "This is to be the Magazine, and it may as well take its position at once." John G. Saxe, the poet, pronounces it, in his Burlington Sentinel, "The best Magazine of its class extant." The Maine Rockland Gazette says, "We value it as superior to any of the Magazines for a solid and pure literature, and with our exchanges we think it is the cheapest Magazine published." An Ohio paper (the Toledo Blade) says, "We no sooner read one number of inis excellent monthly than we become impatient for the next unmber. It leads off with the literary monthlies." Another Ohio paper, (the Zanesville Times.) after culogizing it highly, adds. "We give this notice unsolicited by either publishers, agents, or friends, but merely because the work has fallen under our observation, and we have before spoken of this work, and we now repeat that its the best family Magazine with which we are acquainted." The Boston Commonwealth says, "It is one of the leading monthlies in our country. It abounds in valuable reading, which can be taken with confidence into any family. Through the whole of its licetature there is a cheerful, genial spirit of Christianity, which is like the calumess of a summer's evening. It is edited by Abel Stevens, and the letter-press and engravings are in every respect equal—we had almost said superior—to Harper's Monthly."—Christian Advocate and Journal.

This princely monthly is in the style of, and equal to the Harria, in mechanical execution. Each possesses all the excellencies of the typographical art. For cheap popular literature, The NATIONAL MAGAZINE has no superior. Each number embraces nearly one hundred pages, at a price of eighteen and three quarter cents, the editor and publishers have succeeded in making it worthy the high expectations which arose simultaneously with its conception: and its true merits need only be known to give it an almost unbounded circulation. Either in numbers, or when bound, it forms an legant parlor companion. It is the very book for public watering-places, steamboats, hotels, and readingnous. Though the selected articles, the illustrations, and the racy, catholic glow of the editorial pieces, combend it most strongly to the leisure hours of the private sindy, as a whole, it is a compilation by which the man of business, the scholar, or the divine, may upon any perpeal have his thoughts enriched. One, and perhaps the chief excellency of this periodical, is the agency which it is destined to exert in molding the character of the vontiful members of the family into which it is introduced:—carly familiarizing the mind with the best models of taste; communicating a pure literature, when the subject of the warfer requires it, the claims of an enlightened Christianity to the youthful heart.—Central Christian Advocate.

It contains a rich and agreeable variety of articles, designed to benefit as well as interest the reader. The National has already become a universal favorite; and its popularity is a hopeful omen, indicating that the popular taste is not entirely vitiated by the literary poison affort in the shape of monthlies.—Western Recorder.

While it excludes fictitious writings from its pages, it is not lacking in variety, and the moral and religious articles are of such a tone and character as to add to the value of the work, judged of merely by the standard of literary merit. The contents give evidence of talent, care, and taste.—Country Gentleman, N. Y.

We like the National: it is far above the three-dollar monthlies of the day, not only in its moral effect, but in its literary pretensions. It is not a repertory of third-rate sentimental love tales, nor a re-publication of European novels, but a real magazine.—Memphis Christian Advocate, Tenn.

This is one of the best and cheapest monthlies in the country, and contains the most spicy and chaste literature. We commend it to all who desire an interesting and valuable family literary Magazine.—Independent Chronick.

We have before referred to this excellent Magazine, and must here repeat our conviction, that it is the best and cheapest publication in our country. We admire its religious tone, its pure morality, and literary character. It has the best editor this side the Atlantic.—Literary Choice.

This work happily combines the departments of literature, art, and religion; and is conducted with great spirit and ability by its talented and indefatigable editor.—Southern Methodist Quarterty.

No family in the land, possessing the slightest appreciation of a pure and lofty literature, should be without the National.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

The last number of this execllent periodical will add to its reputation. Mr. Stoddard continues his sketches of the poets, by an essay on the Life and Genius of Edgar Allan Poe. The Rev. Dr. Curry continues his able article on the Life and Times of Johnson. Miss Imagen Mercein's paper on the Five Points will be found interesting to philanthropists. We find, also, a well-seasoned article by the editor, on "The Christianity Required by the Times," in which he shows most conclusively that the general inculcation of religious truth, without its specific application to public evils, is not a sufficient mission for the Church. Pauperism, intemperance, and many other evils, sadly need the energetic, reforming hand of religion. The extracts from foreign journals are selected with judgment, and the numerous illustrations are exceedingly well executed.—Evening Post, N. Y.

We repeat our conviction, that in editorial management, typographical appearance, and literary excellence, it is unsurpassed in this country.—Toledo Blade, Ohio.

In the multitude of Magazines with which the country is flooded, none have risen more rapidly in the estimation of the public, or have been more deserving of popular favor, than this. It is certainly "one of the cheapest, choicest, and most beautiful periodicals of this prelific age."—Whig and Advocate.

"We are free to pronounce this magazine, in many respects, the best of the monthlies. It contains selected and original articles of great value; and its whole tone is such as a Christian parent would choose to have pervade the literature which finds its way periodically into his family."—Boston Evening Traveler.

his family."—Boston Evening Traveter.

The Circhiain Review (a Eaptist Quarterly) says in its last issue: "Considering its pure religious tendency, its high literary character, the superior style of its embelishments, and the beauty of its letter-press, we are prepared to express our decided preference for it over any of the magazines now before the public, either new or old. The wood engravings are the best we have seen executed in this country. We commend this excellent work to our neonle."

The Springfield Evening Post, Ohio, says: "This magazine is taking the front rank among the choicest literary publications of the country."

literary publications of the country."

Dr. Elliott, of the Wastern Christian Advocate, (Cin., Ohio.) says: "Several notices of it, which we have seen, consider it the best in the United States. It is not our habit, properly speaking, to puff or eulogize beyond what we think to be the true issues of the press. Many others far excel us in eulogies. Our intention is to give a fair and honest view of books and pamphlets, without exaggeration. There is no justification for error, whether it be from the pulpit or the press; and the press should be as truthful as the pulpit. Those who have families will do well to have the National Magazine for their perusal, as it will furnish them with an amount of reading that will greatly benefit them. In our judgment the National Magazine is the very best that issues from the American press. Such is our decision, after having an opportunity of comparing it with all the others. In these days of Satanic issues of the press, families should banish all such from their abodis, and read the National Magazine, and those of similar character."

Without the boastful pretension of some of the three-

Without the boastful pretension of some of the three-dollar magazines, this is in fact a much more meritorious work than many of them, while at the same time it is afforded at a dollar less. True, it is not so large; but its limited size compels the editor to winnow more carefully, and there is no chaff found with the wheat. We have already given our readers some specimens of the sterling articles to be found in its pages, and promise to cater further for them from the same source.—Eastern Mail. Maile.



The National Magazine for March is the best number yet issued of that excellent periodical. In the elegance of its typography and wood-cuts it surpasses all the other magazines, and the reading matter is of high order.—

Cumming's Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia.

This work is a rare specimen of the first class Magzzines. It is edited with great care and ability. Mr. Stevens has few equals in his department in this country. Its pages are rare, beautifully printed, and beautifully embellished; and as to its matter, it must pass into other hands before it can be chargeable with deficiency in the most valuable qualities we look for in a work like this. It needs only continuance in its course and a persevering exhibition of its present qualities, and ample patronage is in store, and will of its own accord hasten to greet is. —New American, Cleaveland, Ohio.

The perusal of this Magazine in this age of "yellow eover" literature is truly refreshing. Every page teems with the solid gold of literature, highly polished; no grosser metals are admitted. Its editor, Abel Stevens, is one of our most talented writers, and makes a most excellent editor.—Belmont Chronicle, Ohio.

The National, in our estimation, is in advance of all the monthlies, both in the style of its execution and the quality of its matter,—Mount Morris (III.) Gaz. It has already established itself on a firm basis, and by the able original papers, its judicious selections from our rent foreign literature, its next and appropriate pictorial illustrations, and, above all, by its talented and discreet editorial conduct, has an the approval of the best judges in all parts of the consety. Its price (18 cents per No.) is very low, and we corrilally recommend it as the best magazine of its class, extant.—Suze's Burlington Sent.

The publishers of the National Magazine will accept our thanks for the back numbers of their valuable periodical. We desired them because we deen it one of the very best serials for binding in the country; and we hope all who want a really high-toned and instructive periodical, will call and examine the National at Murray & Stock's book-store.—Saturday Express, Pts.

This is an excellent Magazine and a miracle of cheapness. In the beauty of its mechanical execution it resembles English works of this class, and it is filled with reading matter of a choice kind. Such a periodical, properly conducted, must of necessity be a very useful one: and, judging from the number before us, its editor. Abel Stevens, is just the man for the work.—Eastern Mail.

Indeed it is altogether superior to any other work of the kind issued in the United States, not excepting Harper's.—Independent Press.

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